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GIFT OF HIS CHILDREN.

JANUARY, 1896.

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Cover
L E T T E R S,

WRITTEN BY

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN,

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1703 TO 1740.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

WITH

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL,

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL. D.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

V O L U M E III.

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Ruffel-Street, Covent-Garden;
R. DAVIS, in Piccadilly; L. DAVIS and C. REYMERS,
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L E T T E R S

FROM AND TO

DOCTOR SWIFT.

LETTER CCLXXVIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, Nov. 8, 1730.

SO you are determined never to write to me again: but, for all that, you shall not make me hold my tongue. You shall hear from me (the post-office willing) whether you will or no. I see none of the folks you correspond with, so that I am forced to pick up intelligence concerning you, as I can; which hath been so very little, that I am resolved to make my complaints to you as a friend, who I know loves to relieve the distressed: and in the circumstances I am in, where should I apply, but to my best friend? Mr. *Pope*, indeed, upon my frequent enquiries, hath told me, that the letters, which are directed to him, concern me as much as himself: but what you say of yourself, or of me, or to me, I know nothing at all. Lord *Carteret* was here yesterday, on his return from the *Isle of Wight*, where he had been a shooting,

and left seven pheasants with us. He went this morning to the *Bath*, to lady *Carteret*, who is perfectly recovered. He talked of you three hours last night, and told me, that you talk of me. I mean, that you are prodigiously in his favour, as he says; and, I believe, that I am in your's; for I know you to be a just and equitable person, and it is but my due. He seemed to take to me, which may proceed from your recommendation; though, indeed, there is another reason for it, for he is now out of employment, and my friends have been generally of that sort: for I take to them, as being naturally inclined to those who can do no mischief. Pray do you come to *England* this year? He thinks you do. I wish you would; and so does the duchess of *Queensberry*. What would you have more to induce you? Your money cries, come spend me; and your friends cry, come see me. I have been treated barbarously by you. If you knew how often I talk of you, how often I think of you, you would now and then direct a letter to me, and I would allow Mr. *Pope* to have a share in it. In short, I don't care to keep any man's money, that serves me so. Love or money I must have; and if you will not let me have the comfort of the one, I think I must endeavour to get a little comfort by spending some of the other. I must beg, that you will call at *Amesbury*, in your way to *London*; for I have many things to say to you; and I can assure you, you will be welcome to a three-pronged fork. I remember your prescription, and I do ride upon the downs; and, at present,

sent, I have no asthma. I have killed five brace of partridges, and four brace and half of quails : and I do not envy either Sir *Robert*, or *Stephen Duck*, who is the favourite poet of the court*. I hear sometimes from Mr. *Pope*, and from scarce any body else. Were I to live ever so long, I believe I should never think of *London* ; but I cannot help thinking of you. Were you here, I could talk to you, but I would not for you† ; you shall have all your share of talk, which was never allowed you at *Twickenham*. You know this was a grievance you often complained of ; and so, in revenge, you make me write all, and answer nothing. I beg you to make my compliments to Dr. *Delaney*. I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately,

J. GAY.

I ended the letter as above, to go to the duchess, and she told me I might go down, and come a quarter of an hour hence. I had a design to have asked her to sign the invitation, that I have made you. As I don't know how much she may have to say to you, I think it will be prudent to leave off, that she may not be stinted for want of room. So much I will say, that, whether she signs it, or no, both the duke and duchess would be very glad you would come to *Amesbury* ; and you must be persuaded, that

* *Stephen Duck* was a poor thrasher, who having written some verses, they were shewed to the late queen, who made him her library-keeper at *Richmond*. He afterwards took orders, and was preferred to a living, but growing melancholy, he at last drowned himself.

† Mr. *Gay* was reserved in his conversation.

I say this without the least private view. For, what is it to me whether you come or not ; for I can write to you, you know.

Postscript by the Duchess of Q——.

I would fain have you come. I can't say you'll be welcome ; for I don't know you, and perhaps I shall not like you ; but if I do not, (unless you are a very vain person) you shall know my thoughts as soon as I do myself.

C. Q.

L E T T E R CCLXXIX.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Indorsed, " November, 1730."

THE passage in Mr. *Pope's* letter about your health does not alarm me : both of us have had the distemper these thirty years. I have found that steel, the warm gums, and the *Bath*, all do good in it. Therefore, first take the vomit A ; then, every day, the quantity of a nutmeg in a morning, of the electuary marked B ; with five spoonfuls of the tincture marked D. Take the tincture, but not the electuary, in the afternoon. You may take one of the pills marked C, at any time, (when you are troubled with it) or thirty of the drops marked E, in any vehicle, even water. I had a servant of my own that was cured merely with vomiting. There is another medicine not mentioned, which you may try ; the pulvis rad. Valerianæ sylvestris, about a scruple

scruple of it twice a day. How came you to take it into your head that I was queen's physician? When I am so, you shall be a bishop, or any thing you have a mind to. *Pope* is now the great reigning poetical favourite. Your lord lieutenant* has a mind to be well with you. Lady *Betty Germain* complains you have not wrote to her since she wrote to you. I have shewed as much civility to Mrs. *Barber* as I could, and she likewise to me. I have no more paper, but what serves to tell you, that I am, with great sincerity, your most faithful humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

I recommended Dr. *Helsham* to be physician to the lord lieutenant. I know not what effect it will have.

A.

℞ Pulv. rad. ipocacoanæ, ʒ.

B.

℞ Conserv. flavedin. aurant. absynth Rom. ana ʒvj. rubigin. Martis in pollin. redact. ʒiij. syrup e succo kermes, q. s.

C.

℞ As. foetid. ʒij. tinctur. castor. q. s. fiant pilulæ xxiv.

D.

℞ Cortic. Peruviani elect. rubigin. Martis ana ʒj. digere tepide in vini alb. Gallic. ℥ ij per 24 horas: postea fiat colatura.

* The Duke of Dorset.

B 3

E.

E.

℞ Sp. cor. cerv. sp. lavendul. tinctur. castor. ana
3ij. misce. *

L E T T E R CCLXXX.

The Earl of C————D to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Hague, Dec. 15, N. S. 1730.

YOU need not have made any excuses to me for your solicitation: on the contrary, I am proud of being the first person, to whom you have thought it worth the while to apply since those changes, which, you say, drove you into distance and obscurity. I very well know the person you recommend to me, having lodged at his house a whole summer at *Richmond*. I have always heard a very good character of him, which alone could incline me to serve him; but your recommendation, I can assure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court-suitors, nor I lie under the imputation of making court-promises, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to serve him.

* As these receipts may possibly be useful to some person troubled with the Dean's complaint of giddiness, Dr. *Arbuthnot's* receipt of bitters, for strengthening the stomach, is added.

Take of zadoary root one drachm; galangal and Roman wormwood, of each two drachms; orange-peel, a drachm; lesser cardamon seeds, two scruples. Infuse all in a quart of boiling spring-water for six hours; strain it off, and add to it four ounces of greater compound wormwood water.

When

When first I had this office *, I took the resolution of turning out no-body; so that I shall only have the disposal of those places, that the death of the present possessors will procure me. Some old servants, that have served me long and faithfully, have obtained the promises of the first four or five vacancies; and the early solicitations of some of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But, after having satisfied these engagements, I do assure you, Mr. *Launcelot* shall be my first care. I confess, his prospect is more remote than I could have wished it; but as it is so remote, he won't have the uneasiness of a disappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets something, we shall both be pleased.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner of pain about them. Were he a *Tory*, I would venture to serve him, in the just expectation, that should I ever be charged with having preferred a *Tory*, the person, who was the author of my crime, would likewise be the author of my vindication. I am with real esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

C————D.

* ‘ Of lord steward of the king's household, in which he succeeded the duke of *Dorset*, appointed lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.’

L E T T E R CCLXXXI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, Dec. 6, 1735.

BOTH your letters, to my great satisfaction, I have received. You were mistaken as to my being in town; for I have been here ever since the beginning of *May*. But the best way is to direct your letters always to the duke's house, in *London*; and they are sent hither by his porter. You say, we deserve envy: I think, we do; for I envy no man, either in town or out of it. We have had some few visitors, and every one of them such, as one would desire to visit. The duchess is a more severe check upon my finances than ever you were; and I submit, as I did to you, to comply to my own good. I was a long time, before I could prevail with her to let me allow myself a pair of shoes with two heels; for I had lost one, and the shoes were so decayed, that they were not worth mending. You see by this, that those, who are the most generous of their own, can be the most covetous for others. I hope you will be so good to me, as to use your interest with her, (for, whatever she says, you seem to have some) to indulge me with the extravagance suitable to my fortune.

The lady you mention, that dislikes you, hath no discernment. I really think, you may safely venture to *Amesbury*, though indeed the lady here likes
to

to have her own way as well as you ; which may sometimes occasion disputes : and, I tell you beforehand, that I cannot take your part. I think her so often in the right, that you will have great difficulty to persuade me, that she is in the wrong. Then, there is another thing, that I ought to tell you, to deter you from this place ; which is, that the lady of the house is not given to shew civility to those she does not like. She speaks her mind, and loves truth. For the uncommonness of the thing, I fancy, your curiosity will prevail over your fear ; and you will like to see such a woman. But I say no more, till I know whether her grace will fill up the rest of the paper.

The Duchess of Q——.

Write I must, particularly now, as I have an opportunity to indulge my predominant passion of contradiction. I do, in the first place, contradict most things Mr. *Gay* says of me, to deter you from coming here ; which if you ever do, I hereby assure you, that, unless I like my own way better, you shall have yours ; and in all disputes you shall convince me, if you can. But, by what I see of you, this is not a misfortune, that will always happen ; for I find you are a great mistaker. For example, you take prudence for imperiousness : 'tis from this first, that I determined not to like one, who is too giddy-headed for me to be certain whether or no I shall ever be acquainted with. I have known people take great delight in building castles in the air ; but I should

should chuse to build friends upon a more solid foundation. I would fain know you ; for I often hear more good likeable things than 'tis possible any one can deserve. Pray, come, that I may find out something wrong ; for I, and I believe most women, have an inconceivable pleasure to find out any faults, except their own. Mr. *Gibber* is made poet laureat. I am, Sir, as much your humble servant as I can be to any person I don't know,

C. Q.

P. S. Mr. *Gay* is very peevish that I spell and write ill ; but I don't care : for neither the pen nor I can do better. Besides, I think you have flattered me, and such people ought to be put to trouble.

Mr. GAY's Postscript.

Now I hope you are pleased, and that you will allow for so small a sum as 200*l.* you have a lumping pennyworth.

LETTER CCLXXXII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Dec. 24, 1730.

SINCE you, with a modest assurance, affirm you understand and practise good manners better than any other person in either kingdom, I wish you would therefore put into very handsome terms my excuse to dean *Swift*, that I have not answered his
letter

letter that I received before the last. For even prebendary *Head* assured my brother *Harry*, that he, in all form and justice, took place of a colonel, as being major-general in the church ; and therefore you need not have called a council to know, whether you or I were to write last ; because, as being but a poor courtesy lady, I can pretend to no other place but what other people's goodness gives me. This being settled, I ought not to have writ again ; but however, I fear I should have been wrong enough to have desired the correspondence to be kept up, but that I have been ill for a fortnight, and of course lazy, and not in a writing mood.

First, as to Mrs. *Barber*, as I told you before, so I tell you the same again, that, upon your recommendation, I shall be very glad to serve her, though I never did see her ; and as I had not your letter till I went from *Tunbridge*, she passed unmarked by me in the crowd ; nor have I met with her since. She writ to me to present ——'s poems to the duke and duchess of *Dorset*. I answered her letter, and obeyed her commands. And as to her own, I shall most willingly subscribe ; though I am of the opinion, we ladies are not apt to be good poets, especially if we can't spell : but that is by the way of inviolable secret between you and me. So much for this letter. Now to your last epistle, for which it seems I am to give you thanks, for honouring me with your commands. Well, I do so, because this gets a proof, that, after so many years acquaintance, there is one, that will take my word ; which is a certain sign,

that I have not often broke it. Therefore behold the consequence is this ; I have given my word to the duke of *Dorset*, that you would not so positively affirm this fact concerning Mrs. *Fox*, without knowing the certain truth, that there is no deceit in this declaration of trust. And though it has been recommended to him, as you say, he never did give any answer to it, nor designed it, till he was fully satisfied of the truth ; and even then, I believe, would not have determined to have done it, because it is an easy way of securing a place for ever to a family ; and were this to be an example, be it so many pence, or so many pounds, for the future they would be inheritances.

So now, not to shew my power with his grace (in spite of his dependants, who may cast their eyes on it) for that I dare affirm there never will be need of, where justice or good nature is necessary ; but to shew you his dependance on your honour and integrity, he gives me leave to tell you, it shall certainly be done ; nor does this at all oblige you to give the thanks you seem so desirous to have ; for at any time, whensoever you have any business, service, or request to make to his grace of *Dorset* (whether my proper business or no) till you two are better acquainted with one another's merits, I shall be very glad to shew how sincerely I am your friend and faithful humble servant.

L E T-

LETTER CCLXXXIII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Feb. 9, 1730.

AMONG the many compliments I have received from my friends on the birth of my son, I assure you none gave me greater pleasure than the kind letter you honoured me with on the occasion. When you were last in *England*, your stay was so short, that I scarce had time, and very few opportunities, to convince you how great a desire I had to bear some share of your esteem; but, should you return this summer, I hope you will continue longer among us. Lord *Bolingbroke*, lord *Bathurst*, *Pope*, myself, and others of your friends, are got together in a country neighbourhood, which would be much enlivened, if you would come and live among us. Mrs. *Pulteney* joins with me in the invitation, and is much obliged to you for remembering her. She bid me tell you, that she is determined to have no more children, unless you will promise to come over, and christen the next. You see how much my happiness, in many respects, depends upon your promise. I have always desired *Pope*, when he wrote to you, to remember my compliments; and I can assure you with the greatest truth, though you have much older acquaintances, that you have not in *England* a friend that loves and honours you more than I do, or can be, with greater sincerity, than I am, your most humble and obedient servant,

W. PULTENEY.

P. S. If any of our pamphlets (with which we abound) are ever sent over to *Ireland*, and you think them worth reading, you will perceive how low they are reduced in point of argument on one side of the question. This has drove certain people to that last resort of calling names. Villain, traitor, seditious rascal, and such ingenious appellations, have frequently been bestowed on a couple of friends of yours. Such usage has made it necessary to return the same polite language; and there has been more *Billingsgate* stuff uttered from the press* within these two months, than ever was known before. Upon this Dr. *Arbuthnot* has wrote a very humorous treatise†, which he shewed me this morning; wherein he proves, from many learned instances, that this sort of altercation is ancient, elegant, and classical; and that what the world falsely imagines to be polite, is truly *Gothic* and barbarous. He shews how the gods and goddesses used one another; dog, bitch, and whore, were pretty common expressions among them: kings, heroes, ambassadors, and orators abused one another much in

* ‘ Among the pamphlets published within that period, was one intitled *Sedition and Defamation displayed, in a letter to the Author of the Craftsman*, published in Jan. 1730-31. It was generally, though falsely, imputed to lord *Hervey*.’

† ‘ Probably that published in the *Miscellaneous works of the late Dr. Arbuthnot*, Vol. I. p. 40. Printed at *Glasgow*, in 1731. The title of the piece is, *A brief account of Mr. John Gingham's treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients*.’

the same way; and he concludes, that it is a pity this method of oburgation should be lost. His quotations from *Homer*, *Demosthenes*, *Æschines*, and *Tully* are admirable, and the whole is very humorously conducted. I take it for granted he will send it you himself as soon as it is printed.

L E T T E R CCLXXXIV.

Lady B——— G——— to Dr. Swift.

Feb. 23, 1730-1.

NOW were you in vast hopes you should hear no more from me, I being slow in my motions: but don't flatter yourself; you began the correspondence, set my pen a-going, and God knows when it will end; for I had it by inheritance from my father, ever to please myself when I could; and though I don't just take the turn my mother did of fasting and praying; yet to be sure that was her pleasure too, or else she would not have been so greedy of it. I don't care to deliver your message this great while to lieutenant *Head*, he having been dead these two years. And though he had, as you say, a head, I loved him very well; but, however, from my dame *Wadgar's** first impression, I have ever had a natural antipathy to spirits.

I have not acquaintance enough with Mr. *Pope*, which I am sorry for, and expect you should come

* The deaf housekeeper at lord *Berkeley's*.

to *England*, in order to improve it. If it was the queen, and not the duke of *Grafton*, that picked out such a laureat*, she deserves his poetry in her praise.

Your friend Mrs. *Barber* has been here. I find she has some request; but neither you nor she has yet let it out to me what it is: for certainly you cannot mean That by subscribing to her book; if so, I shall be mighty unhappy to have you call That a favour. For surely there is nothing so easy as what one can do one's self, nor any thing so heavy as what one must ask other people for; though I don't mean by this, that I shall ever be unwilling, when you require it; yet shall be much happier, when it is in my own power to shew, how sincerely I am my old friend's most faithful humble servant.

Mrs. *Floyd* is much yours; but dumber than ever, having a violent cold.

L E T T E R CCLXXXV.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

March 20, 1730-1.

I Think it is a above three months since I wrote to you, in partnership with the duchess. About a fortnight since I wrote to you from *Twickenham*, for Mr. *Pope* and myself. He was then disabled from writing by a severe rheumatic pain in

* *Colley Cibber*.

his arm ; but is pretty well again, and at present in town. Lord *Oxford*, lord *Bathurst*, he, and I dined together yesterday at *Barnes*, with old *Jacob Tonson*, where we drank your health. I am again, by the advice of physicians, grown a moderate wine-drinker, after an abstinence of above two years ; and now look upon myself as qualified for society as before.

I formerly sent you a state of the accounts between us. Lord *B——* hath this day paid me your principal and interest. The interest amounted to 12*l.* and I want your directions how to dispose of the principal, which must lie dead, till I receive your orders. I had a scheme of buying two lottery tickets for you, and keeping your principal intire. And as all my good fortune is to come, to shew you that I consult your advantage, I will buy two more for myself, and then you and I will go halves in the ten thousand pounds. That there will be a lottery is certain : the scheme is not yet declared, but I hear it will not be the most advantageous one ; for we are to have but 3*l. per cent.*

I solicit for no court favours, so that I propose to buy the tickets at the market price, when they come out, which will not be these two or three months. If you do not like to have your money thus disposed of ; or if you like to trust to your own fortune, rather than to share in mine, let me have your orders ; and at the same time, tell me what I shall do with the principal sum.

I came to town the 7th of *January* last, with the duke and duchess, about business, for a fortnight.

As it depended upon others, we could not get it done till now. Next week we return to *Amesbury*, in *Wiltshire*, for the rest of the year; but the best way is always to direct to me at the duke's, in *Burlington-gardens*, near *Piccadilly*. I am ordered by the duchess to grow rich in the manner of Sir *John Cutler*. I have nothing, at this present writing, but my frock that was made at *Salisbury*, and a bob periwig. I persuade myself that it is shilling-weather as seldom as possible; and have found out, that there are few court-visits that are worth a shilling. In short, I am very happy in my present independency. I envy no man; but have the due contempt of voluntary slaves of birth and fortune. I have such a spite against you, that I wish you may long for my company, as I do for yours. Though you never write to me, you cannot make me forget you; so that if it is out of friendship you write so seldom to me, it doth not answer the purpose. Those who you like should remember you, do so whenever I see them. I believe they do it upon their own account; for I know few people who are solicitous to please or flatter me. The duchess sends you her compliments, and so would many more, if they knew of my writing to you.

L E T.

L E T T E R CCLXXXVI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

April 11, 1731.

THE fortune of the person you interest yourself in, amounts to at present (all debts paid) above three thousand four hundred pounds ; so that, whatever other people think, I look upon him, as to fortune, to be happy ; that is to say, an independent creature. I have been in expectation, post after post, to have received your directions about the disposal of your money. I left that sum, with 200*l.* of my own, in Mr. *Hoare*'s hands, at my coming out of town. If I hear nothing from you, I shall do with it, as I do with my own. I made you a proposal about purchasing lottery tickets, in partnership with myself ; that is to say, four tickets between us. This can be done with the overplus, the interest-money I have received ; but in this I will do nothing, till I hear from you.

I am now got to my residence at *Amesbury*, getting health, and saving money. Since I have got over the impediment to a writer, water-drinking, if I can persuade myself that I have any wit, and find I have inclination, I intend to write ; though as yet I have another impediment ; for I have not provided myself with a scheme. Ten to one but I shall have a propensity to write against vice, and who can tell

how far that may offend? But an author should consult his genius, rather than his interest, if he cannot reconcile them. Just before I left *London*, I made a visit to Mrs. *Barber*. I wish I could any ways have contributed to her subscription. I have always found myself of no consequence, and am now of less than ever; but I have found out a way, in one respect, of making myself of more consequence, which is by considering other people of less. Those who have given me up, I have given up; and in short, I seek after no friendships, but am content with what I have in the house. They have subscribed, and I proposed it before *Jo. Taylor*, who, upon hearing she was a friend of yours, offered his subscription, and desired his compliments to you. I believe she hath given you an account that she hath some prospect of success from others recommendations to those I know; and I have not been wanting upon all occasions to put in my good word, which I fear avails but little. Two days ago I received a letter from Dr. *Arbuthnot*, which gave me but a bad account of Mr. *Pope's* health. I have writ to him; but have not heard from him since I came into the country. If you knew the pleasure you gave me, you would keep your contract of writing more punctually; and especially you would have answered my last letter, as it was a money affair, and you have to do with a man of business.

Your letter was more to the duchess than to me; so I now leave off, to offer her the paper.

Post-

Postscript by the D U C H E S S.

It was Mr. *Gay*'s fault that I did not write sooner ; which if I had, I should hope you would have been here by this time ; for I have to tell you, all your articles are agreed to ; and that I only love my own way, when I meet not with others whose ways I like better. I am in great hopes that I shall approve of yours ; for to tell you the truth, I am at present a little tired of my own. I have not a clear or distinct voice, except when I am angry ; but I am a very good nurse, when people don't fancy themselves sick. Mr. *Gay* knows this ; and he knows too how to play at backgammon. Whether the parson of the parish can, I know not ; but if he cannot hold his tongue, I can. Pray set out the first fair wind, and stay with us as long as ever you please. I cannot name my fixed time, that I shall like to maintain you and your equipage ; but if I don't happen to like you, I know I can so far govern my temper, as to endure you for about five days. So come away directly ; at all hazards you'll be allowed a good breathing time. I shall make no sort of respectful conclusions ; for till I know you, I cannot tell what I am to you.

Mr. G A Y's Postscript.

The direction is to the duke of *Queensberry*'s, in *Burlington-gardens, Piccadilly*. Now I have told you this, you have no excuse from writing but one, which is coming ; get over your law-suit, and receive your money.

The duchess adds, “he shall not write a word more from *Amesbury*, in *Wiltshire*. Your groom was mistaken; for the house is big enough, but the park is too little.”*

L E T T E R CCLXXXVII.

Lord B——— to Dr. SWIFT.

April 19, 1731.

I Never designed to have wrote to you any more, because you bantered and abused me so grossly in your last. To flatter a man, from whom you can get nothing, nor expect any thing, is doing mischief for mischief-sake, and consequently highly immoral. However, I will not carry my resentments so far, as to stand by and see you undone, without giving you both notice and advice. Could any man but you think of trusting *John Gay* with his money? None of his friends would ever trust him with his own, whenever they could avoid it. He has called in the 200*l.* I had of yours; I paid him both principal and interest. I suppose by this time he has lost it. I give you notice, you must look upon it as annihilated.

Now, as I have considered, your deanry brings you in little or nothing, and that you keep servants and horses, and frequently give little neat dinners,

* The letters of Dr. Swift, which are answered by the duchess of *Queensberry* and Mr. *Gay*, may be found in Pope's works, Vol. X.

which

which are more expensive than a few splendid entertainments; besides which, you may be said to water your flock with *French* wine, which altogether must consume your substance in a little while; I have thought of putting you in a method, that may retrieve your affairs. In the first place, you must turn off all your servants, and sell your horses (I will find exercise for you.) Your whole family must consist of only one sound wholesome wench. She will make your bed, and warm it; besides washing your linen, and mending it, darning your stockings, &c. But to save all expence in house-keeping, you must contrive some way or other, that she should have milk; and I can assure you, it is the opinion of some of the best physicians, that womens milk is the wholesomest food in the world.

Besides, this regimen, take it altogether, will certainly temper and cool your blood. You will not be such a *boutefeu*, as you have been, and be ready, upon every trifling occasion, to set a whole kingdom in a flame. Had the *Drapier* been a milk-sop, poor *Wood* had not suffered so much in his reputation and fortune. It will allay that fervour of blood, and quiet that hurry of spirits, which breaks out every now and then into poetry, and seems to communicate itself to others of the chapter. You would not then encourage *Delaney* and *Stopford* in their idleness, but let them be as grave as most of their order are with us. I am convinced they will sooner get preferment then, than in the way they now are. And I shall not be out of hopes of seeing you a bishop in

time, when you live in that regular way, which I propose. In short, in a few years, you may lay up money enough to buy even the bishopric of *Durham*. For if you keep cows, instead of horses, in that high-walled orchard, and cultivate by your own industry a few potatoes in your garden, the maid will live well, and be able to sell more butter and cheese, than will answer her wages. You may preach then upon your temperance with a better grace, than now, that you are known to consume five or six hogsheads of wine every year of your life. You will be mild and meek in your conversation, and not frighten parliament-men, and keep even lord-lieutenants in awe. You will then be qualified for that slavery, which the country you live in, and the order you profess, seem to be designed for. It will take off that giddiness in your head, which has disturbed yourself and others. The disputes between Sir *Arthur* * and my lady, will for the future be confined to prose, and an old thorn may be cut down in peace, and warm the parlour chimney, without heating the heads of poor innocent people, and turning their brains.

You ought to remember what St. *Austin* says, *Poesis est vinum dæmonum*. Consider the life you now lead :

* Sir *Arthur Acheson*, at whose seat, in a village called *Market-Hill* in *Ireland*, the Dean sometimes made a long visit. The dispute between Sir *Arthur* and my lady, here alluded to, is whether *Hamilton's* bawn (a place near the house, inclosed with mud or stone walls, to keep the cattle from being stolen in the night) should be turned into a barrack, or a malt-house? The *Old Thorn*, is that cut down at *Market-Hill*, the subject of a little poem written by *Swift*, vol. vii. p. 121, 141. edit. 1754.

you

you warm all that come near you with your wine and conversation; and the rest of the world, with your pen dipped deep in St. *Austin's vinum dæmonum*.

So far for your soul's health. Now, as to the health of the body; I must inform you, that part of what I prescribe to you, is the same which our great friar *Bacon* prescribed to the pope, who lived in his days. Read his *Cure of old Age, and Preservation of Youth*, chap. the 12th. You used to say, that you found benefit from riding. The *French*, an ingenious people, use the word *chevaucher*, instead of *monter à cheval*, and they look upon it as the same thing in effect.

Now, if you will go on after this, in your old ways, and ruin your health, your fortune, and your reputation, it is no fault of mine. I have pointed out the road, which will lead you to riches and preferment; and that you may have no excuse from entering into this new course of life, upon pretence of doubting, whether you can get a person properly qualified to feed you, and compose your new family, I will recommend you to *John Gay*, who is much better qualified to bring increase from a woman, than from a sum of money. But if he should be lazy, (he is so fat, that there is some reason to doubt him) I will without fail supply you myself, that you may be under no disappointments. *Bracton* says, *Conjunctio maris et fœminæ est jure naturæ*. Vide *Cook* upon *Littleton*. *Calvin's case*, 1st vol. *Reports*.

This I send you from my closet at *Richkings**,

* 'A seat of his lordship's, in *Buckinghamshire*.'

where

where I am at leisure to attend serious affairs ; but when one is in town, there are so many things to laugh at, that it is very difficult to compose one's thoughts, even long enough to write a letter of advice to a friend. If I see any man serious in that crowd, I look upon him for a very dull or designing fellow. By the bye, I am of opinion, that folly and cunning are nearer allied than people are aware of. If a fool runs out his fortune, and is undone, we say, the poor man has been outwitted. Is it not as reasonable to say of a cunning rascal, who has lived miserably, and died hated and despised, to leave a great fortune behind him, that he has outwitted himself? In short, to be serious about those trifles, which the majority of mankind think of consequence, seems to me to denote folly ; and to trifle with those things, which they generally treat ludicrously, may denote knavery. I have observed that, in comedy, the best actor plays the part of the droll, whilst some scrub rogue is made the hero, or fine gentleman. So in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, whilst fools only are serious. Adieu.

Continue to be merry and wise ; but never turn serious, or cunning.

L E T T E R CCLXXXVIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, April 27, 1731.

YOURS, without a date, I received two days after my return to this place from *London*, where I stayed
only

only four days. I saw Mr. *Pope*, who is much better: I dined with him at lord *Oxford's*, who never fails drinking your health, and is always very inquisive after every thing that concerns you. Mr. *Pulteney* had received your letter, and seemed very much pleased with it; and I thought you too very much in the favour of the lady. Sir *William Wyndham*, whom you will hear hath buried lady *Catherine*, was at *Dawley* in great affliction. Dr. *Arbuthnot* I found in good health and spirits. His neighbour, Mr. *Lewis*, was gone to *Bath*. Mrs. *Patty Blount* I saw two or three times, who will be very much pleased, when she knows you so kindly remember her. I am afraid Mrs. *Howard* will not be so well satisfied with the compliment you send her. I breakfasted twice with her at Mrs. *Blount's*; and she told me, that her indisposition had prevented her answering your letter. This she desired me to tell you, that she would write to you soon; and she desires you will accept of her compliments in the mean time, by me. You should consider circumstances before you censure. It will be too long for a letter to make her apology; but when I see you, I shall convince you, that you mistake her*. The day before I left *London*, I gave orders for buying two *South Sea* or *India* bonds for you, which carry 4*l. per cent.* and are as easily turned into ready money, as bank-bills; which, by this time, I suppose is done.

* See a further defence of this lady, in the letters of lady
B—— G—— CCCX. CCCXIV.

Whenever

Whenever you come to *England*, if you will put that confidence in me, to give me notice, I will meet you at your landing place, and conduct you hither. You have experience of me as a traveller; and, I promise, I will not drop you on the road for any visit whatever. You tell me of thanks I have not given. I don't know what to say to people who are continually laying one under obligations: my behaviour to you, shall convince you that I am very sensible of them, though I never once mention them. I look upon you as my best friend and counsellor. I long for the time when we shall meet and converse together. I will draw you into no great company, besides those I live with. In short, if you insist upon it, I will give up all great company for yours. These are conditions, that I can hardly think you will insist upon, after your declarations to the duchess, who is more and more impatient to see you: and all my fear is, that you will give up me for her, which, after my ungallant declaration, would be very ungenerous. But we will settle this matter together, when you come to *Amesbury*. After all, I find I have been saying nothing; for speaking of her I am talking as if I were in my own power. You used to blame me for over-solicitude about myself. I am now grown so rich, that I don't think myself worth thinking on; so that I will promise you never to mention myself, or my own affairs; but you owed it all to the inquisitiveness of your friendship; and ten to one but you will every now and then draw me in to talk of myself again. I sent you a gross
state

state of my fortune already. I have not room to draw it out in particulars. When you come over, the duchess will state it to you. I have left no room for her to write, so that I will say nothing till my letter is gone; but she would not forgive me, if I did not send her compliments.

L E T T E R CCLXXXIX.

Lady B———— G———— to Dr. SWIFT.

June 5, 1731.

I Fancy you have comforted yourself a long time with the hopes of hearing no more; but you may return your thanks to a downright fit of the gout in my foot, and as painful a rheumatism that followed immediately after in my arm, which bound me to my good behaviour. So you may perceive I should make a sad nurse to Mr. *Pope*, who finds the effects of age and a crazy carcase already. However, if it is true what I am informed, that you are coming here soon, I expect you should bring us together; and if he will bear me with patience, I shall hear him with pleasure.

I don't know what number of chaplains the duke of *Dorset* intends to carry over; but as yet, I have heard of but one that he has sent, and he is as worthy, honest, sensible a man, as any I know, Mr. *Brandreth*, who I believe was recommended to your acquaintance. I believe you will find by my writing, that it
is

is not quite easy to me, so I will neither teaze you, nor trouble myself longer, who am most sincerely your faithful humble servant,

E. G.

L E T T E R CCXC.

Duchess of ——— and Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

The DUCHESS.

July 18, 1731.

YOU are my dear friend, I am sure, for you are hard to be found: that you are so, is certainly owing to some evil genius. For if you say true, this is the very properest place you can repair to. There is not a head here upon any of our shoulders, that is not, at sometimes, worse than yours can possibly be at the worst; and not one to compare with yours, when at best, except your friends are your sworn liars. So in one respect, at least, you will find things just as they could be wished. It is farther necessary to assure you, that the duchess is neither healthy nor young; she lives in all the spirits she can, and with as little grandeur as she can possibly. She too, as well as you, can scold, and command; but she can be silent, and obey, if she pleases; and then for a good nurse, it is out of dispute, but she must prove an excellent one, who has been so experienced in the infirmities of others, and of her own. As for talking nonsense, provided you do it on purpose, she has no objection: there is some sense in nonsense,
when

when it does not come by chance. In short, I am very sure, that she has set her heart upon seeing you at this place. Here are women enough to attend you, if you should happen not to approve of her. She has not one fine lady belonging to her, or her house. She is impatient to be governed, and is cheerfully determined, that you shall quietly enjoy your own will and pleasure as long as ever you please.

Mr. GAY.

You shall ride, you shall walk, and she will be glad to follow your example: and this will be doing good at the same time to her and yourself. I had not heard from you so long, that I was in fears about you, and in the utmost impatience for a letter. I had flattered myself, your law-suit was at an end, and that your own money was in your own pocket; and about a month ago, I was every day expecting a summons to *Bristol*. Your money is either getting or losing something; for I have placed it in the funds. For I am grown so much a man of business, that is to say, so covetous, that I cannot bear to let a sum of money lie idle. Your friend Mrs. *Howard*, is now countess of *Suffolk*. I am still so much a dupe, that I think you mistake her. Come to *Amesbury*, and you and I will dispute this matter; and the duchess shall be judge. But I fancy you will object against her; for I will be so fair to you, as to own, that I think she is of my side: but, in short, you shall chuse any impartial referee you please. I have heard from
her;

her; Mr. *Pope* hath seen her; I beg you will suspend your judgement till we talk over this affair together; for I fancy by your letter, you have neither heard from her, or seen her, so that you cannot at present be as good a judge as we are. I'll be a dupe for you at any time, therefore I beg it of you, that you would let me be a dupe in quiet.

As you have had several attacks of the giddiness you at present complain of, and that it hath formerly left you, I will hope at this instant you are perfectly well; though my fears were so very great, before I received your letter, that I may probably flatter myself, and think you better than you are. As to my being a manager for the duke, you have been misinformed. Upon the discharge of an unjust steward, he took the administration into his own hands. I own, I was called in to his assistance, when the state of affairs was in the greatest confusion. Like an ancient Roman, I came, put my helping hand to set affairs right, and as soon as it was done, I am retired again as a private man.

The DUCHESS.

What you imagined you heard her say, was a good deal in her stile: it was a thousand to one she had not said so, but I must do her the justice to say, that she did not, either in thought or word. I am sure she wants to be better acquainted with you, for which she has found out ten thousand reasons, that we'll tell you, if you come.

Mr.

Mr. GAY.

By your letter, I cannot guess whether we are like to see you or no. Why might not the *Amesbury* downs make you better?

The DUCHESS.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. *Gay* tells me, I must write upon his line for fear of taking up too much room. It was his fault, that I omitted my duty in his last letter, for he never told me one word of writing to you, till he had sent away his letter. However, as a mark of my great humility, I shall be ready and glad, to ask your pardon upon my knees, as soon as ever you come, though not in fault. I own this is a little mean-spirited, which I hope will not make a bad impression, considering you are the occasion. I submit to all your conditions, so pray, come; for, I have not only promised myself, but Mr. *Gay* also, the satisfaction to hear you talk as much nonsense as you can possibly utter.

Mr. GAY.

You will read in the *Gazette* of a friend of yours, who hath lately had the dignity of being disgrac'd*: for he, and every body, except five or six, look

* ‘*William Pulteney, Esq; who, on the 1st of July, 1731, was, by order of king George II. struck out of the list of the privy-council, and put out of all the commissions of the peace.*’

upon it in the same light. I know, were you here, you would congratulate him upon it. I have no scheme at present, either to raise my fame or fortune. I daily reproach myself for my idleness. You know, one cannot write when one will. I think and reject: one day or other, perhaps, I may think on something that may engage me to write. You and I are alike in one particular (I wish to be so in many;) I mean, that we hate to write upon other folks hints. I love to have my own scheme, and to treat it in my own way. This, perhaps, may be taking too much upon myself, and I may make a bad choice; but I can always enter into a scheme of my own with more ease and pleasure, than into that of any other body. I long to see you; I long to hear from you; I wish you health; I wish you happiness; and I should be very happy myself to be witness that you enjoyed my wishes.

L E T T E R CCXCI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

August 2, 1731.

I Am indebted to you, my reverend Dean, for a letter of a very old date: the expectation of seeing you from week to week, which our friend *Gay* made me entertain, hindered me from writing to you a good while; and I have since deferred it by waiting an opportunity of sending my letter by a safe hand.

That opportunity presents itself at last, and Mr. *Ecklin* will put this letter into your hands.

You will hear from him, and from others, of the general state of things in this country, into which I returned, and where I am confined for my sins. If I entertained the notion, which by the way I believe to be much older than Popery, or even than Christianity, of making up an account with heaven, and demanding the balance in bliss, or paying it by good works and sufferings of my own, and by the merits and sufferings of others, I should imagine that I had expiated all the faults of my life, one way or other, since my return into *England*. One of the circumstances of my situation, which has afflicted me most, and which afflicts me still so, is the absolute inutility I am of to those whom I should be the best pleased to serve. Success in serving my friends would make me amends for the want of it in diserving my enemies. It is intolerable to want it in both, and yet both go together generally.

I have had two or three projects on foot for making such an establishment here as might tempt you to quit *Ireland*. One of them would have succeeded, and would have been agreeable in every respect, if engagements to my lady's kinsman (who did not, I suppose, deserve to be your clerk) had not prevented it. Another of them cannot take place, without the consent of those, who would rather have you a dean in *Ireland*, than a parish priest in *England*; and who are glad to keep you, where your sincere friend, my late lord *Oxford*, sent you. A third was wholly in

our power ; but when I enquired exactly into the value, I found it less than I had believed ; the distance from those parts was great ; and besides all this, an unexpected and groundless dispute about the right of presentation (but still such a dispute as the law must determine) had arisen. You will please to believe, that I mention these things for no other reason than to shew you, how much those friends deserve you should make them a visit at least, who are so desirous to settle you amongst them. I hope their endeavours will not be always unsuccessful.

I received, some time ago, a letter from Dr. *Delaney*; and very lately Mr. *Pope* sent me some sheets, which seem to contain the substance of two sermons of that gentleman's. The *philosophia prima* is above my reach, and especially when it attempts to prove, that God has done, or does so and so, by attempting to prove, that doing so and so is essential to his attributes, or necessary to his design ; and that the not doing so and so would be inconsistent with the former, or repugnant to the latter. I content myself to contemplate what I am sure he has done, and to adore him for it in humble silence. I can demonstrate, that every cavil, which has been brought against the great system of the world, physical and moral, from the days of *Democritus* and *Epicurus* to this day, is absurd ; but I dare not pronounce why things are made as they are, state the ends of infinite wisdom, and shew the proportion of the means*.

* Yet this appears to have been the attempt of Mr. *Pope*, in his *Essay on Man*, in which he professes to have adopted lord *Bolingbroke's* principles.

Dr. *Delaney*, in his letter to me, mentioned some errors in the critical parts of learning, which he hoped he had corrected, by shewing the mistakes, particularly of Sir *John Marsham*, on whose authority those errors were built. Whether I can be of use to him, even in this part, I know not; for having fixed my opinion long ago concerning all ancient history and chronology, by a careful examination into the first principles of them, I have ever since laid that study totally aside. I confess, in the letter I writ lately to the doctor, notwithstanding my great respect for Sir *John Marsham*, that his authority is often precarious, because he leans often on other authorities, which are so. But to you I will confess a little more; I think, nay I know, that there is no possibility of making any system of that kind, without doing the same thing; and that the defect is in the subject, not in the writer. I have read the writings of some who differ from him; and of others who undertook particularly to refute him. It seems plain to me, that this was the case. All the materials of this sort of learning are disjointed and broken. Time has contributed to render them so, and the unfaithfulness of those, who have transmitted them down to us, particularly of that vile fellow *Eusebius**, has done even more than time itself. By

“Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend;” and which lord *Bolingbroke*, in a subsequent part of this very letter says, was undertaken at his instigation; approving, at the same time, of the first three books, which he had seen and considered.

* ‘The learned bishop of *Cæsarea*, in the fourth century, in his *Chronicon*, published by *Joseph Scaliger*, with notes, at *Leyden*,

throwing these fragments into a different order, by arbitrary interpretations (and it is often impossible to make any others) in short, by a few plausible guesses for the connection and application of them, a man may, with tolerable ingenuity, prove almost any thing by them. I tried formerly to prove, in a learned dissertation, by the same set of authorities, that there had been four *Assyrian* monarchies; that there had been but three; that there had been but two; that there had been but one; and that there never had been any. I puzzled myself, and a much nobler man than myself, the friend to whom I lent the manuscript, and who has, I believe, kept it. In short, I am afraid that I shall not be very useful to Dr. *Delaney*, in making remarks on the work he is about. His communication of this work may be useful, and I am sure it will be agreeable to me. If you and he are still in *Ireland*, pray give my best services to him; but say no more than may be proper of all I have writ to you.

I know very well the project you mean, and about which you say, that *Pope* and you have often teased me. I could convince you, as he is convinced, that a publication of any thing of that kind would have been wrong on many accounts, and would be so even now. Besides, call it pride, if you will, I shall never make, either to the present age, or to posterity, any apology for the part I acted in the late queen's reign*. But I will apply myself

in 1606, folio, and reprinted at *Amsterdam*, with great additions to the notes, in 1658.'

* This probably alludes to a tract called *Letters on the spirit of Patriotism*, &c. of which lord *Bolingbroke* permitted a few copies to

very seriously to the composition of just and true relations of the events of those times, in which both I, and my friends and my enemies, must take the merit, or the blame, which an authentic and impartial deduction of facts will assign to us. I will endeavour to write so as no man could write, who had not been a party in those transactions, and as few men would write, who had been concerned in them. I believe I shall go back, in considering the political interests of the principal powers in *Europe*, as far as the *Pyrennean treaty*; but I shall not begin a thread of history till the death of *Charles* the second of *Spain*, and the accession of queen *Anne* to the throne of *England*. Nay, even from that time downwards, I shall render my relations more full, or *piu magra*, the word is father *Paul's*, just as I have, or have not, a stock of authentic materials. These shall regulate my work, and I will neither indulge my own vanity, nor other men's curiosity, in going one step farther than they carry me. You see, my dear *Swift*, that I open a large field to myself: with what success I shall expatiate in it, I know as little, as I know whether I shall live to go through so great a work; but I will begin immediately, and will make it one principal business of the rest of my life. This advantage, at least, I shall reap from it, a great advantage it will be, my attention will be diverted from the present scene. I shall grieve less at those to be taken, for his particular friends, and which afterwards found its way into the world by Mr. *Pope's* means. *Gent Mag.* Vol. XIX. p. 195, 196.

things which I cannot mend; I shall dignify my retreat; and shall wind up the labours of my life in serving the cause of truth.

You say, you could easily shew, by comparing my letters for twenty years past, how the whole system of my philosophy changes by the several gradations of life. I doubt it. As far as I am able to recollect, my way of thinking has been uniform enough for more than twenty years. True it is, to my shame, that my way of acting has not been always conformable to my way of thinking. My own passions, and the passions and interests of other men still more, have led me aside. I launched into the deep before I had loaded ballast enough. If the ship did not sink, the cargo was thrown over-board. The storm itself threw me into port. My own opinion, my own desires, would have kept me there; the opinion, the desires, of others sent me to sea again. I did, and blamed myself for doing what others, and you, among the rest, would have blamed me, if I had not done. I have paid more than I owed to party, and as much, at least, as was due to friendship. If I go off the stage of public life, without paying all I owe to my enemies, and to the enemies of my country, I do assure you the bankruptcy is not fraudulent. I conceal none of my effects.

Does *Pope* talk to you of the noble work, which, at my instigation, he has begun in such a manner, that he must be convinced, by this time, I judged better of his talents than he did? The first epistle,
 3 which

which considers man, and the habitation of man, relatively to the whole system of universal being. The second, which considers him in his own habitation, in himself, and relatively to his particular system. And the third, which shews how an universal cause works to one end, but works by various laws; how man, and beast, and vegetable are linked in a mutual dependency, parts necessary to each other, and necessary to the whole; how human societies were formed; from what spring true religion and true policy are derived; how God has made our greatest interests and our plainest duty indivisibly the same. These three epistles, I say, are finished. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble subject; he pleads the cause of God. I use *Seneca's* expression, against that famous charge which atheists in all ages have brought, the supposed unequal dispensations of providence; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting*. You

* To prove that the dispensations of providence in the present state are not unequal, is certainly very desirable; but there is reason to fear, that those who blame divines for admitting an inequality, have not succeeded in the attempt.

The philosophers, both ancient and modern, who have endeavoured to justify the ways of God to man, by proving that happiness does not consist in externals, in order to shew that his dispensations are equal, have yet placed happiness in virtue chiefly, as a principal of active benevolence.

“ Happier as kinder in each due degree,

“ And height of bliss, but height of charity.”

Now there seems to be an inconsistency between these two principles, of which they are not aware.

It

admit it indeed for an extreme good purpose, and you build on this admission the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments. But what if you should find, that this future state will not account for God's justice* in the present state, which you give up, in opposition to the atheist? Would it not have been better to defend God's justice in this world, against these daring men, by irrefragible reasons, and to have rested the other point on revelation? I do not like concessions made against demonstration, repair or supply them how you will. The epistles I have mentioned will compose a first book; the plan of the second is settled. You will not understand by what I have said, that *Pope* will go so deep into the argument, or carry it so far as I have hinted. You enquire so kindly after my wife, that I must tell you something of her. She has fallen upon a remedy, invented by a surgeon abroad, and which has had

It may reasonably be asked, what virtue, as a principle of active benevolence, has to bestow? Can it bestow upon others any thing more than externals? If not, it either has not the power of communicating happiness, or happiness is to be communicated in externals. If it has not the power of communicating happiness, it is indeed a mere name; the subject receives nothing; the agent gives nothing. The bliss of charity is founded on a delusion; on the false supposition of a benefit communicated by externals, which externals cannot communicate. If happiness can be communicated by externals, and consequently is dependent upon them, and these externals are unequally distributed, how is the dispensation of Providence, with respect to happiness in the present state, equal?

* *i. e.* Will not reconcile the present unequal distribution of the divine justice.

great

great success in cases similar to hers. This remedy has visibly attacked the original cause of all her complaints, and has abated, in some degree, by one gentle and uniform effect, all the grievous and various symptoms. I hope, and surely with reason, that she will receive still greater benefit from this method of cure, which she will resume as soon as the great heat is over. If she recovers, I shall not, for her sake, abstract myself from the world, more than I do at present in this place. But if she should be taken from me, I should most certainly yield to that strong desire, which I have long had, of secluding myself totally from the company and affairs of mankind; of leaving the management, even of my private affairs, to others; and of securing, by those means, for the rest of my life, an uninterrupted tenor of philosophical quiet.

I suppose you have seen some of those volumes of scurrility, which have been thrown into the world against Mr. P—— and myself, and the *Craftsman*, which gave occasion to them. I think it is the sense of all my friends, that the person, who published the *Final Answer**, took a right turn, in a very nice and very provoking circumstance. To answer all the falsities, misrepresentations, and blunders, which a club of such scoundrels, as *Arnold*, *Concanen*,

* This pamphlet was written by lord *Bolingbroke*, in his own vindication, in 1731. It is intitled, *A Final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication of his two honourable Patrons; and to all the Libels which have come, or may come, from the same Quarter, against the person last mentioned in the Craftsman of the 22d of May*,

and

and other pensioners of the minister, crowded together, would have been equally tedious and ridiculous, and must have forced several things to be said. To have explained some points, and to have stopped at others, would have given strength to that impertinent suggestion, Guilt alone is silent in the day of inquiry. It was therefore right to open no part of the scene of the late queen's reign, nor submit the passages of her administration, and the conduct of any of her ministers, to the examination of so vile a tribunal. This was still the more right, because, upon such points as relate to subsequent transactions, and as affect me singly, what the *Craftsman* had said, was justified unanswerably; and what the remarker had advanced, was proved to be infamously false. The effect of this paper has answered the design of it; and, which is not common, all sides agree, that the things said ought to have been said. The public writers seem to be getting back, from these personal altercations, to national affairs, much against the grain of the minister's faction. What the effect of all this writing will be, I know not; but this I know, that when all the information which can be given, is given; when all the spirit which can be raised, is raised, it is to no purpose to write any more. Even you men of this world have nothing else to do, but to let the ship drive till she is cast away, or till the storm is over. For my own part, I am neither an owner, an officer, nor a foremastman. I am but a passenger, said my lord *Carbury*.

It

It is well for you I am got to the end of my paper ; for you might else have a letter as long again from me. If you answer me by the post, remember whilst you are writing, that you write by the post. Adieu, my reverend friend.

L E T T E R CCXCII.

Lady B——— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

Drayton, Sept. 7, 1731.

TO shew how strictly I obey your orders, I came from the duchess of *Dorset's* country-house to my own, where I have rid and walked as often as the weather permitted me. Nor am I very nice in that; for, if you remember, I was not bred up very tenderly, nor a fine lady; for which I acknowledge myself exceedingly obliged to my parents: for had I that sort of education, I should not have been so easy and happy as, I thank God, I now am. As to the gout, indeed, I do derive it from my ancestors; but I may forgive even that, since it waited upon me no sooner; and especially since I see my elder and two younger brothers so terribly plagued with it; so that I am now the only wine-drinker in my family; and, upon my word, I am not increased in that since you first knew me.

I am sorry you are involved in law-suits; it is the thing on earth I most fear. I wish you had met with as complaisant an adversary as I did; for my lord

Peterborow

Peterborow plagued Sir *John** all his life-time ; but declared if ever he gave the estate to me, he would have done with it ; and accordingly has kept his word, like an honourable man.

I hope I shall soon hear of the duke and duchess of *Dorset*'s safe landing ; and I do not question the people of *Ireland*'s liking them as well as they deserve. I desire no better for them ; for if you don't spoil him there, which I think he has too good sense to let happen, he is the most worthy, honest, good-natur'd, great-soul'd man that ever was born. As to the duchess, she is so reserved, that perhaps she may not be at first so much admired ; but, upon knowledge, I will defy any body upon earth, with sense, judgement, and good nature, not only not to admire her, but must love and esteem her as much as I do, and every one else does, that is really acquainted with her. You know him a little ; so, for his own sake, you must like him : and, till you are better acquainted with them both, I hope you will like them for mine. Your friend *Biddy* † is just the same as she was ; laughs sedately, and makes a joke sily. And I am, as I ever was, and hope I ever shall be, your most sincere friend, and faithful humble servant,

E—— G——.

* Husband to lady E—— G——.

† Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCXCIII.

The Countess of ——— to Dr. SWIFT*.

SIR,

Hampton-Court, Sept. 25, 1731.

YOU seem to think that you have a natural right to abuse me, because I am a woman, and a courtier. I have taken it as a woman, and as a courtier ought, with great resentment, and a determined resolution of revenge. The number of letters that have been sent, and thought by many to be yours, (and thank God they were all silly ones) has been a fair field to execute it. Think of my joy to hear you suspected of folly; think of my pleasure when I entered the list for your justification! indeed I was a little disconcerted to find Mr. *Pope* took the same side; for I would have had the man of wit, the dignified divine, the *Irish Drapier*, have found no friend but the silly woman and the courtier. Could I have preserved myself alone in the list, I should not have despaired, that this monitor of princes, this *Irish* patriot, this excellent man at speech and pen, should have closed the scene under suspicion of having a violent passion for Mrs. *Barber* and lady *M—or*: Mrs.

* Three letters recommending Mrs. *Barber*, the wife of a tradesman in *Ireland*, who had failed, to the queen, in order to forward a subscription for some poems, were forged in the Dean's name, and sent to her majesty. The Dean wrote an account of the fraud, and a justification of himself, to the countess of S——, in a letter, to which this is an answer. See one of the counterfeit letters, and the Dean's to lady S——, in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

Haywood

*Haywood** has writ the progress of it. Now to my mortification, I find every body inclined to think that you had no hand in writing those letters ; but I every day thank Providence that there is an epitaph in St. *Patrick's* cathedral†, that will be a lasting monument of your imprudence. I cherish this extremely ; for, say what you can to justify it, I am convinc'd I shall as easily argue the world into the belief of a courtier's sincerity, as you (with all your wit and eloquence) will be able to convince mankind of the prudence of that action. I expect to hear if peace shall ensue, or war continue between us. If I know but little of the art of war, you see I do not want courage ; and that has made many an ignorant soldier fight successfully. Besides, I have a numerous body of light armed troops to bring into the field, who, when single, may be as considerable as a *Lilliputian*, yet ten thousand of them embarrassed captain *Gulliver*. If you send honourable articles, they shall be signed. I insist that you own you have been unjust to me ; for I have never forget you ; for I have made others send my compliments, because I was not able to write myself. If I cannot justify the advice I gave you, from the success of it, I gave you my reasons for it : and it was your business to have judged of my capacity, by the solidity of my arguments. If the principle was false, you ought not to have acted upon it. So you have

* Mrs. *Haywood*, a well-known writer of scandal in novels.

† On the duke of *Schomberg*. See the letter to which this is an answer, in Mr. *Deane Swift's* collect.

been only the dupe of your own ill judgment, and not my falshood. Am I to fend back the crown and the plaid, well packed up, in my own character, and continue very truly and very much your humble servant,
 _____?

L E T T E R CCXCIV.

Lady B——— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 4, 1731.

I Believe in my conscience, that though you had answered mine before, the second was never the less welcome. So much for your topscript, not postscript; and in very sincere earnest I heartily thank you for remembring me so often. Since I came out of the country, my riding days are over; for I never was for your *Hyde-Park* courses, although my courage serves me very well at a hand-gallop in the country for six or seven miles, with one horseman, and a ragged lad, a labourer's boy, that is to be cloathed when he can run fast enough to keep up with my horse, who has yet only proved his dexterity by escaping from school. But my courage fails me for riding in town, where I should have the happiness to meet with plenty of your very pretty fellows, that manage their own horses to shew their art; or that think a postilion's cap, with a white frock, the most becoming dress. These and their grooms I am most bitterly afraid of; because, you must know, if my complaisant friend, your presbyterian house-
 VOL. III. E keeper

keeper*, can remember any thing like such days with me, that is a very good reason for me to remember that time is past; and your toupees would rejoice to see a horse throw an ancient gentlewoman.

I am sorry to hear you are no wiser in *Ireland* than we *English*; for our birth-day was as fine as hands could make us; but I question much whether we all paid ready money. I mightily approve of my duchess's being dressed in your manufacture†; if your ladies will follow her example in all things, they cannot do amiss. And I dare say you will soon find that the more you know of them both, the better you will like them; or else *Ireland* has strangely depraved your taste, and that my own vanity will not let me believe, since you still flatter me.

Why do you tantalize me! Let me see you in *England* again, if you dare; and choose your residence, summer or winter, *St. James's Square*, or *Drayton*. I defy you in all shapes; be it dean of *St. Patrick's* governing *England* or *Ireland*, or politician *Drapier*. But my choice should be the parson in lady *Betty's* chamber. Make haste then, if you have a

* In a former edition the editor, through mistake, supposed the presbyterian housekeeper to be Mrs. *White-Way*.—This was a great oversight; Mrs. *Brent* the housekeeper being mentioned as such in several of the Dean's letters.——Mrs. *White-Way* was his near relation, who never lived in his house, but frequently visited him, and especially in the latter part of his life.

† The duchess also appeared at the castle in *Dublin*, wholly clad in the manufactures of *Ireland*, on his majesty's birth-day in 1753, when the duke was a second time lord lieutenant.

mind to oblige your ever sincere and hearty old friend.

L E T T E R CCXCV.

Mr. GAY and the Duke of ————— to
Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 8, 1731.

FOR about this month or six weeks past, I have been rambling from home, or have been at what I may not improperly call other homes, at *Dawley*, and at *Twickenham*; and, I really think, at every one of my homes you have as good a pretension as myself. For I find them all exceedingly disappointed by the law-suit that has kept you this summer from us. Mr. *Pope* told me, that affair was now over, that you have the estate which was your security; I wish you had your own money; for I wish you free from every engagement that keeps us from one another. I think you decyphered the last letter we sent you very judiciously. You may make your own conditions at *Amesbury*, where I am at present; you may do the same at *Dawley*; and *Twickenham*, you know, is your own. But if you rather chuse to live with me (that is to say, if you will give up your right and title) I will purchase the house you and I used to dispute about over-against *Ham* walks, on purpose to entertain you. Name your day, and it shall be done. I have lived with you, and I wish to do so again in any place, and upon any terms. The duchess

does not know of my writing; but I promised to acquaint the duke the next time I wrote to you, and for aught I know he may tell the duchess, and she tell Sir *William Wyndham*, who is now here; and for fear they should all have something to say to you, I leave the rest of the paper till I see the duke.

THE DUKE.

Mr. *Gay* tells me, you seem to doubt what authority my wife and he have to invite a person hither, who, by agreement, is to have the government of the place during his stay; when at the same time it does not appear, that the present master of these demesnes hath been consulted in it. The truth of the matter is this: I did not know whether you might not have suspected me for a sort of a pert coxcomb, had I put in my word in the late correspondence between you and my wife. Ladies (by the courtesy of the world) enjoy privileges not allowed to men; and in many cases the same thing is called a favour from a lady, which might perhaps be looked upon as an impertinence from a man. Upon this reflection, I have hitherto refrained from writing to you, having never had the pleasure of conversing with you otherwise; and as that is a thing I most sincerely wish, I would not venture to meddle in a negotiation that seemed to be in so fair a way of producing that desirable end. But our friend *John* has not done me justice, if he has never mentioned to you how much I wish for the pleasure of seeing you here; and tho' I have not till now avowedly taken any steps
towards

towards bringing it about, what has passed conducive to it has been all along with my privacy and consent, and I do now formally ratify all the preliminary articles and conditions agreed to on the part of my wife; and will undertake to the due observance of them. I depend upon my friend *John* to answer for my sincerity. I was not long at court. I have been a country gentleman for some time.

Poll manus sub linus darque dds five nig ig gnipite gnaros.

L E T T E R CCXCVI.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan. 11, 1731-2.

IT is well for Mr *Pope* your letter came as it did, or else I had called for my coach, and was going to make a thorough search at his house; for that I was most positively assured that you were there in private, the duke of *Dorset* can tell you. *Non credo* is all the *Latin* I know, and the most useful word upon all occasions to me. However, like most other people, I can give it up for what I wish; so for once I believed, or at least went half way in what I hoped was true, and then, for the only time, your letter was unwelcome. You tell me you have a request, which is purely personal to me: *non credo* for that; for I am sure you would not be so disagreeable as not to have made it, when you know 'tis a pleasure and satisfaction to me to do any thing you desire, by which you may find you are not *sans consequence* to me.

I met with your friend Mr. *Pope* the other day. He complains of not being well, and indeed looked ill. I fear that neither his wit or sense do arm him enough against being hurt by malice; and that he is too sensible of what fools say: the run is much against him on the duke of *Chandois's* * account; but I believe their rage is not kindness to the duke, but they are glad to give it vent with some tolerable pretence. I wish your presence would have such a miraculous effect as your design on Mrs. *Biddy's* † speech: you know formerly her tongue was not apt to run much by inclination; but now every winter is kept still *per* force, for she constantly gets a violent cold that lasts her all the winter. But as to that quarrelsome friend of the duke of *Dorset's*, I will let her loose at you, and see which can get the better. Miss *Kelly* was a very pretty girl when she went from hence, and the beaux shew their good taste by liking her. I hear her father is now kind to her; but if she is not mightily altered, she would give up some of her airs and equipage to live in *England*.

Since you are so good as to enquire after my health, I ought to inform you I never was better in my life than this winter. I have escaped both head-achs and gout: and that your's may not be endangered by reading such a long letter, I will add no more, but bid adieu to my dear Dean.

E—— G——.

* It was said that Mr. *Pope* intended the character of *Timon*, in his epistles on the use of riches in works of taste, addressed to the earl of *Burlington*, for the duke of *Chandois*.

† Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCXCVII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Jan. 18, 1731-2.

IT is now past nine o'clock. I deferred sitting down to write to you, in expectation to have seen Mr. *Pope*, who left me two or three hours ago to try to find lord *Burlington*, within whose walls I have not been admitted this year and half; but for what reason I know not. Mr. *Pope* is just this minute come in, but had not the good luck to find him; so that I cannot give you any satisfaction in the affair you writ last about. He designs to see him to-morrow; and if any thing can be done, he says you shall hear from him.

By the beginning of my letter you see how I decline in favour; but I look upon it as my particular distinction, that as soon as the court gains a man, I lose him. It is a mortification I have been used to, so I bear it as a philosopher should. The letter which you writ to me and the duke I received, and Mr. *Pope* shewed me that directed to him, which gave me more pleasure than all the letters you have writ since I saw you, as it gives me hopes of seeing you soon.

Were I to acquaint the duke and duchess of my writing, I know that they would have something to say to you, and perhaps would prevent my sending the letter this post, so I chuse to say nothing about

it. You are in great favour and esteem with all those that love me, which is one great reason that I love and esteem them.

Whenever you will order me to turn your fortune into ready money, I will obey you; but I chuse to leave it where it is, till you want it, as it carries some interest; though it might be now sold to some advantage, and is liable to rises and falls with the other stocks. It may be higher as well as lower; so I will not dispose of it till I hear from you. I am impatient to see you, so are all your friends. You have taken your resolution, and I shall henceforth every week expect an agreeable surprize. The bellman rings for the letter, so I can say no more,

L E T T E R CCXCVIII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 23, 1731-2.

I Like to know my power (if it is so) that I can make you uneasy at my not writing; tho' I shan't often care to exert it, lest you should grow weary of me and my correspondence; but the slowness of my answer does not come from the emptiness of my heart, but the emptiness of my head; and that you know is nature's fault, not mine. I was not learned enough to know *non credo* has been so long in fashion; but every day convinces me more of the necessity of it, not but that I often wish against myself;

self; as *per* example, I would fain believe you are coming to *England*, because most of your acquaintance tell me so; and yet turn, and wind, and sift your letters to find any thing like it being true; but instead of that, there I find a law-suit, which is a worse tie by the leg than your lameness. And pray what is “this hurt above my heel?” Have you had a fellow-feeling with my lord lieutenant * of the gout, and call it a sprain as he does? who has lain † so long and often to disguise it, that I verily think he has not a new story left. Does he do the same in *Ireland*; for there I hoped he would have given a better example?

I find you are grown a horrid flatterer, or else you could never have thought of any thing so much to my taste as this piece of marble you speak of for my sister *Penelope* ‡, which I desire may be at my expence. I cannot be exact, neither as to the time, nor year, but she died soon after we came there, and

* The duke of *Dorset*.

† This seems to be humourously made the participle of *lie*, *mentior*.

‡ Lady *Penelope Berkeley* died in *Dublin*, whilst her father was in the government, and was interred in *St. Andrews's* church under the altar. No monument was erected to her memory till about this time, when *Dr. Swift* caused a plate of black marble to be fixed in the wall over the altar piece, with this inscription.

“ Underneath lieth the body of the lady
 “ *Penelope Berkeley*, daughter of the right
 “ honourable *Charles* earl of *Berkeley*. She
 “ died *September* the 3d, 1699.”

we did not stay quite two years, and were in *England* some months before king *William* died. I wish I had my dame *Wadgar*'s, or Mr. *Ferrers*'s memorandum head, that I might know whether it was at the time * of gooseberries.

Surely your *Irish* air is very bad for darts; if Mrs. *Kelly*'s are blunted already, make her cross father let her come over, and we won't use her so in *England*. If my duchess † sees company in a morning, you need not grumble at the hour; it must be purely from great complaisance, for that never was her taste here, though she is as early a riser as the generality of ladies are: and, I believe, there are not many dressing-rooms in *London*, but mine, where the early idle come.

Adieu abruptly; for I will have no more formal humble servants, with your whole name at the bottom, as if I was asking you your catechism.

* In the petition of *Frances Harris* to the lord justices, upon loosing her purse, there are these verses.

“ Yes, says she, the steward I remember, when I was at
“ my lady *Shrewsbury*'s,

“ Such a thing as this happened just about the time of
“ gooseberries.”

This steward, was Mr. *Ferrers*; and dame *Wadgar*, was the old deaf housekeeper in lord *Berkeley*'s family, when he was one of the lords justices of *Ireland*.

† The duchess of *Dorset*.

L E T T E R CCXCIX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Indorsed. "Received April 12, 1732."

I Hope this unlucky accident of hurting your leg will not prevent your coming to us this spring, though you say nothing about it. All your friends expect it, and particularly my landlord and landlady, who are my friends as much as ever; and I should not think them so, if they were not as much your's. The downs of *Amesbury* are so smooth, that neither horse or man can hardly make a wrong step, so that you may take your exercise with us with greater security. If you prevail with the duchess, to ride and walk with you, you will do her good; but that is a motive I could never prevail with her to comply with. I wish you would try whether your oratory could get over this difficulty. General *Dormer*, Sir *Clement Cottrell*, and I, set out to-morrow morning for *Rousham*, in *Oxfordshire*, to stay ten days or a fortnight. The duchess will undertake to commend the lords of her acquaintance to attend Mr. *Ryves* his cause, if it should come on before our return: the duke will do the same. Her grace too hath undertaken to answer your letter. I have not disposed of your *South-Sea* bonds; there is a year's interest due at *Lady-day*. Were I to dispose of them at present, I should lose a great deal of the premium I paid for them: perhaps they may fall lower, but

I cannot prevail with myself to sell them. The rogueries that have been discovered in some other companies, I believe, makes them all have less credit. I find myself dispirited for want of having some pursuit. Indolence and idleness are the most tiresome things in the world. I begin to find a dislike to society. I think I ought to try to break myself of it, but I cannot resolve to set about it. I have left off almost all my great acquaintance, which saves me something in chair-hire, though in that article the town is still very expensive. Those who were your old acquaintance, are almost the only people I visit; and indeed, upon trying all, I like them best. Lord *Cornbury* refused the pension that was offered him; he is chosen to represent the university of *Oxford*, (in the room of Mr. *Bromley*) without opposition. I know him, and I think he deserves it. He is a young nobleman of learning and morals, which is so particular, that I know you will respect and value him; and, to my great comfort, he lives in our family, Mr. *Pope* is in town, and in good health. I lately passed a week with him, at *Twickenham*. I must leave the rest to the duchess; for I must pack up my shirts, to set out to-morrow, the 14th of *March*, the day after I received your letter. If you would advise the duchess to confine me four hours a day to my own room, while I am in the country, I will write; for, I cannot confine myself as I ought.

LETTER

L E T T E R C C C .

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, May 13, 1732.

I AM sorry my writing should inconvenience your eyes; but I fear, it is rather my stile, than my ink, that is so hard to be read; however, if I do not forget myself, I will enlarge my hand to give you the less trouble, Their graces are at last arrived in perfect health, in spite of all their perils and dangers, though I must own, they were so long in their voyage, that they gave me an exceeding heart-ach; and, if that would be any hindrance, they shall never have my consent to go back to *Ireland*, but remain here, and be only king of *Knowle* and *Drayton**; and I do not think it would be worse for him, either in person or pocket. I dare say he won't need a remembrancer's office for any thing you have spoke to him about; but however, I will not fail in the part you have set me.

I find you want a strict account of me, how I pass my time. But first, I thank you for the nine hours out of the twenty-four you allowed me for sleeping; one or two of them, I do willingly present you back again. As to quadrille, though I am, generally speaking, a constant attendant on it every day, yet I will most thankfully submit to your allowance of

* *Knowle*, a fine old seat of the duke of *Dorset's*, near *Seven Oaks*, in *Kent*.

time;

time ; for when complaisance draws me on farther, it is with great yawnings, and a vast expence of my breath, in asking, Who plays? Who's called? And, what's trumps? If you can recollect any thing of my former way of life, such as it was, so it is. I never loved to have my hands idle; they were either full of work, or had a book; but as neither sort was the best, or most useful, so you will find forty years have done no more good to my head, than they have to my face. You old friend *Biddy* * is much your humble servant, and could she get rid of her cough, her spleen would do her and her friend no harm; for she loves a fly sedate joke, as well as ever you knew her do. The duke and duchess are just come in, who both present their service to you, and will take it as a favour, if you will bestow any of your time that you can upon † lord *George*.

Adieu, for the duchess, the countess of S——, Mr. *Charden*, and I, are going to quadrille.

L E T T E R C C C I.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, May 19, 1732.

TO-morrow we set out for *Amesbury*, where I propose to follow your advice, of employing myself about some work next winter. You seemed not to

* Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*.

† Lord *George Sackville* was at this time a student in the university of *Dublin*.

approve

approve of my writing more fables. Those I am now writing, have a prefatory discourse before each of them, by way of epistle, and the morals of them most are of the political kind; which makes them run into a greater length than those I have already published. I have already finished fifteen or sixteen; four or five more would make a volume of the same size as the first. Though this is a kind of writing that appears very easy, I find it is the most difficult of any I ever undertook. After I have invented one fable, and finished it, I despair of finding out another; but I have a moral or two, which I wish to write upon. I have also a sort of scheme to raise my finances by doing something for the stage: with this, and some reading, and a great deal of exercise, I propose to pass my summer. I am sorry it must be without you. Why can't you come and saunter about the downs a horseback, in the autumn, to mark the partridges for me to shoot for your dinner? Yesterday I received your letter, and notwithstanding your reproaches of laziness, I was four or five hours about business, and did not spend a shilling in a coach or chair. I received a year's interest on your two bonds, which is 8*l*. I have four of my own. I have deposited all of them in the hands of Mr. *Hoare*, to receive the half year's interest at *Michaelmas*. The premium of the bonds is fallen a great deal since I bought yours. I gave very near 6*l*. on each bond, and they are now sold for about 50*s*. Every thing is very precarious, and I have no opinion of any of their public securities; but, I believe

believe, the parliament next year intend to examine the *South-Sea* scheme. I do not know, whether it will be prudent to trust our money there till that time. I did what I could to assist Mr. *Ryves*; and I am very glad that he hath found justice. Lord *Bathurst* spoke for him and was very zealous on bringing on his cause. The duchess intended to write in my last letter, but she set out all on a sudden, to take care of lord *Drumlanrig**, who was taken ill of the small pox at *Winchester* school. He is now perfectly well recovered, (for he had a favourable kind) to the great joy of our family. I think she ought, as she intends, to renew her correspondence with you at *Amesbury*. I was at *Dawley* on Sunday. Lady *Bolingbroke* continues in a very bad state of health, but still retains her spirits. You are always remembered there with great respect and friendship. Mrs. *Pope* is so worn out with old age, but without any distemper, that I look upon her life as very uncertain. Mr. *Pope*'s state of health is much in the same way as when you left him. As for myself, I am often troubled with the cholic. I have as much inattention, and have, I think, lower spirits than usual, which I impute to my having no one pursuit in life. I have many compliments to make you from the duke and duchess, and lords *Bolingbroke*, *Bathurst*, Sir *William Wyndham*, Mr. *Pultney*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, Mr. *Lewis*, &c. Every one of them is disappointed in your not

* Her son.

coming among us. I have not seen dean *Berkeley*, but have read his book *, and like many parts of it; but in general think, with you, that it is too speculative, at least for me. Dr. *Delaney* I have very seldom seen; he did not do me the honour to advise with me about any thing he hath published †. I like your thoughts upon this sort of writing, and I should have advised him as you did, though I have lost his good opinion. I write in very great haste; for I have many things to do before I go out of town. Pray make me as happy as you can, and let me hear from you often. But I am still in hopes to see you, and will expect a summons one day or other to come to *Bristol*, in order to be your guide to *Amesbury*.

L E T T E R CCCII.

Lady CATHERINE JONES to Dr. SWIFT.

June 15, 1732.

THE return of my humble thanks to Mr. Dean, by the date it bears, looks more like a slumber of gratitude, than the quick sense of that rare virtue which I owe to you, Sir, for the trouble you have

* ‘*Alciphron: Or, The Minute Philosopher*. Printed at London in 1732, in two volumes 8vo.’

† ‘He published at London, in this year 1732, in 2 vol. 8vo, *Revelation examined with Candour: Or, a fair Inquiry into the Sense and Use of the several Revelations expressly declared, or sufficiently implied, to be delivered to Mankind from the Creation, as they were found in the Bible*. By a professed Friend to an honest Freedom of Thought in religious Inquiries.

so willingly undertaken, in executing what I so much desired ; since the manner you have done it in answers my wishes in every respect. The proposal you made, I acquainted my sister *Kildare*, and niece *Fanny Coningsby* with ; for being but one part of the family, I cannot act farther than they will consent, which is, that they will settle twenty shillings *per* year, that you may never be liable to any more trouble upon the same occasion *.

I need not inform you, Mr. Dean, that the world teaches us, that relations and friends look like two different species : and, though I have the honour to be allied to my lord *Burlington*, yet since the death of my good father and his, the notice he takes of me, is, as if I was a separated blood ; or else, I am vain enough to say, we are sprung from one ancestor, whose ashes keep up a greater lustre than those who are not reduced to them.

I cannot conclude without saying, that were I worthy in any way to have the pleasure of seeing dean *Swift*, I do not know any passion, even envy would not make innocent, in my ambition of seeing the author of so much wit and judicious writing, as I have had the advantage of. Your most humble and obliged servant,

CATHERINE JONES.

Your opinion of Mr. *French* is just, and his due.

* The repairs of her grandfather archbishop *Jones's* monument in *St. Patrick's Cathedral*. See her letter dated *June 11, 1729*. This lady and the late Earl of *Burlington* were second cousins, being both lineally descended from the first Earl of *Corke*.

L E T T E R CCCIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

July 18, 1732.

I Write this letter, in hopes that *Pope*, a man scattered in the world (according to the *French* phrase) will soon procure me an opportunity of conveying it safely to you, my reverend dean. For my own part, half this wicked nation might go to you, or half your nation might come to us, and the whole migration be over before I knew any thing of the matter. My letter will concern neither affairs of state, nor of party : and yet I would not have it fall into the hands of our minister : it might pass in their excellent noddles for a piece of a plot against themselves, if not against the state, or, at least it might furnish them with an opportunity of doing an ill-natured, and disappointing a good-natured thing; which being a pleasure to the malicious and the base, I should be sorry to give it on any occasion, and especially on this, to the *par nobile fratrum* *.

After this preamble, I proceed to tell you, that there is in my neighbourhood, in *Berkshire*, a clergyman, one Mr. *Talbot*, related to the solicitor-general, and protected by him. This man has now the living of *Burfield* †, which the late bishop of *Durham* held before, and for ought I know, after he was

* ‘ Sir Robert Walpole, and his brother Horace.’

† ‘ A rectory in *Berkshire*.’

bishop of *Oxford*. The living is worth 400*l.* per ann. over and above a curate paid, as Mr. *Correy*, a gentleman who does my business in that country, and who is a very grave authority, assures me. The parsonage-house is extremely good, the place pleasant, and the air excellent, the distance from *London* a little day's journey, and from hence (give me leave to think this circumstance of some importance to you) not much above half a day's, even for you who are not a great jockey. Mr. *Talbot* has many reasons, which make him desirous to settle in *Ireland* for the rest of his life, and has been looking out for a change of preferments some time. As soon as I heard this, I employed one to know whether he continued in the same mind, and to tell him, that an advantageous exchange might be offered him, if he could engage his kinsman to make it practicable at court. He answered for his own acceptance, and his kinsman's endeavours. I employed next some friends to secure my lord *Dorset*, who very frankly declared himself ready to serve you in any thing, and in this, if you desired it. But he mentioned a thing, at the same time, wholly unknown to me, which is, that your deanry is not in the nomination of the crown, but in the election of the chapter. This may render our affair perhaps more easy; more hard, I think, it cannot be; but in all cases, it requires other measures to be taken. One of these I believe must be, to prepare Dr. *Hoadly* bishop of *Salisbury*, if that be possible, to prepare his brother the archbishop of *Dublin*. The light, in which the proposition

sition must be represented to him, and to our ministers, (if it be made to them) is this, that though they gratify you, they gratify you in a thing advantageous to themselves, and silly in you to ask. I suppose it will not be hard to persuade them, that it is better for them you should be a private parish priest in an *English* county, than a dean in the metropolis of *Ireland*, where they know, because they have felt, your authority and influence. At least, this topic is a plausible one for those who speak to them, to insist upon, and coming out of a whig's mouth, may have weight. Sure I am, they will be easily persuaded, that quitting power for ease, and a greater for a less revenue, is a foolish bargain, which they should by consequence help you to make.

You see now the state of this whole affair, and you will judge better than I am able to do, of the means to be employed on your side of the water : as to those on this, nothing shall be neglected. Find some secure way of conveying your thoughts and your commands to me ; for my friend has a right to command me arbitrarily, which no man else upon earth has. Or rather, dispose of affairs so as to come hither immediately. You intended to come some time ago. You speak in a letter *Pope* has just now received from you, as if you still had in view to make this journey before winter. Make it in the summer, and the sooner the better. To talk of being able to ride with stirrups, is trifling : get on Pegasus, bestride the hippogryph, or mount the white nag in the *Revelations*. To be serious ; come any how,

and put neither delay nor humour in a matter which requires dispatch and management. Though I have room, I will not say one word to you about *Berkeley's* * or *Delany's* books †, some part of the former is hard to be understood; none of the latter is to be read. I propose, however, to reconcile you to metaphysics, by shewing how they may be employed against the metaphysicians; and that whenever you do not understand them, nobody else does, no not those who write them.

I know you are inquisitive about the health of the poor woman who inhabits this place; it is tolerable, better than it has been in some years. Come and see her; you shall be nursed, foundled, and humoured. She desires you to accept this assurance, with her humble service. Your horses shall be grazed in summer, and fothered in winter; and you and your man shall have meat, drink, and lodging. Washing I can't afford, Mr. Dean, for I am grown saving. Thanks to your sermon about frugality.

L E T T E R CCCIV.

Lady B——— G——— to Dr. SWIET.

Drayton, July 19, 1732.

I Believe you won't wonder at my long silence, when I tell you, that Mrs. *Floyd* ‡ came ill

* 'Alciphron: Or, the Minute Philosopher.'

† 'Revelation examined with Candour.' ‡ Mrs. Biddy Floyd.
here,

here, but that she kept pretty much to herself; and ever since she has been here, till within these two or three days, I have had no hopes of her life. You may easily guess what I must have suffered for a so long tried, prudent, useful, agreeable companion and friend. And God knows, she is now excessively weak, and mends but slowly: however, I have now great hopes, and I am very good at believing what I heartily wish. As I dare say, you will be concerned for her, you may want to know her illness, but that is more than I can tell you. She has fancied herself in a consumption a great while: but though she has had the most dreadful cough I ever heard in my life, all the doctors said, it was not that; but none of them did say what it was. The doctor here, who is an extraordinary good one, (but lives fourteen long miles off) has lately been left ten thousand pounds, and now hates his business; he says, it is a sharp humour that falls upon her nerves, sometimes on her stomach and bowels; and indeed what he has given her, has, to appearance, had much better effect than the millions of things she has been forced to take. After this, you will not expect, I should have followed your orders, and ride, for I have scarcely walked; although I dare not be very much in her room, because she constrained herself to hide her illness from me.

The duke and duchess of *Dorset* have not been here yet, but I am in hopes they will soon. I don't know whether you remember Mrs. *Crowther* and Mrs. *Acourt*: they and Mr. *Parfode* are my com-

pany ; but as I love my house full, I expect more still. My lady —— talks of making me a short visit. I have been so full of Mrs. *Floyd*, that I had like to have forgot to tell you, that I am such a dunderhead, that I really do not know what my sister *Pen*'s age was, but I think, she could not be above twelve years old. She was the next to me, but whether two or three years younger I have forgot ; and what is more ridiculous, I do not exactly know my own, for my mother and nurse used to differ upon that notable point. And I am willing to be a young lady still, so will not allow myself to be more than forty-eight next birth-day ; but if I make my letter any longer, perhaps you will wish I never had been born. So adieu, dear Dean.

L E T T E R C C C V.

Mr. GAY and the Ducheſs of —— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, July 24, 1732.

AS the circumstances of our money affairs are altered, I think myself obliged to acquaint you with them as soon as I can ; which if I had not received your letter last post, I should have done now. I left your two *South-Sea* bonds, and four of my own, in Mr. *Hoare*'s hands, when I came out of town, that he might receive the interest for us, when due ; or, if you should want your money, that you might receive it upon your order. Since I came out of town,

town, the *South-Sea* company have come to a resolution to pay off 50 *per cent.* of their bonds, with the interest of the 50 *per cent.* to *Michaelmas* next. So that there is now half of our fortunes in Mr. *Hoare's* hands at present, without any interest going on. As you seem to be inclined to have your money remitted to *Ireland*, I will not lay out the sum that is paid into his hands in any other thing, till I have your orders. I cannot tell what to do with my own. I believe I shall see Mr. *Hoare* in this country very soon; for he hath an house not above six miles from us, and I intend to advise with him; though, in the present situation of affairs, I expect to be left to take my own way. The remaining 50 *per cent.* were it to be sold at present, bears a premium. I do not know whether I write intelligibly upon the subject. I cannot send you the particulars of your account, though I know I am in debt to you for interest, besides your principal; and you will understand so much of what I intend to inform you, that half of your money is now in Mr. *Hoare's* hands without any interest. So since I cannot send you the particulars of your account, I will now say no more about it.

I shall finish the work I intended this summer; but I look upon the success in every respect to be precarious. You judge very right of my present situation, that I cannot propose to succeed by favour; and I don't think, if I could flatter myself that I had any degree of merit, much could be expected from that unfashionable pretension.

I have

I have almost done every thing I proposed in the way of fables; but have not set the last hand to them. Though they will not amount to half the number, I believe they will make such another volume as the last. I find it the most difficult task I ever undertook; but have determined to go through with it; and, after this, I believe I shall never have courage enough to think any more in this way. Last post I had a letter from Mr. *Pope*, who informs me, he hath heard from you; and that he is preparing some scattered things of yours and his for the press. I believe I shall not see him till the winter; for, by riding and walking, I am endeavouring to lay in a stock of health, to squander in the town. You see, in this respect, my scheme is very like the country gentlemen in regard to their revenues. As to my eating and drinking, I live as when you knew me; so that in that point we shall agree very well in living together; and the duchess will answer for me, that I am cured of inattention; for I never forget any thing she says to me.

The duchess here takes up the rest of the line.

For he never hears what I say, so cannot forget. If I served him the same way, I should not care a farthing ever to be better acquainted with my *Tunbridge* acquaintance, whom, by my attention to him, I have learned to set my heart upon. I began to give over all hopes, and from thence began my neglect. I think this a very philosophical reason, though there might be another given. When fine
ladies

ladies are in *London*, it is very genteel and allowable to forget their best friends; which, if I thought modestly of myself, must needs be you, because you know little of me. Till you do more, pray don't persuade Mr. *Gay*, that he is discreet enough to live alone; for I do assure you he is not, nor I either. We are of great use to one another; for we never flatter nor contradict, but when it is absolutely necessary, and then we do it to some purpose; particularly the first agrees mightily with our constitutions. If ever we quarrel, it will be about a piece of bread and butter; for somebody is never sick, except he eats too much. He will not quarrel with you for a glass or so; for by that means he hopes to gulp down some of that forty millions of schemes that hindred him from being good company. I would fain see you here, there is so fair a chance that one of us must be pleased; perhaps both, you with an old acquaintance, and I with a new one: it is so well worth taking a journey for, that if the mountain will not come to *Mahomet*, *Mahomet* must go to the mountain. But before either of our journies are settled, I desire you would resolve me one question, whether a man, who thinks himself well where he is, should look out for his house and servants before 'tis convenient, before he grows old, or before a person, with whom he lives, pulls him out by the sleeve in private (according to oath) and tells him, they have enough of his company? He will not let me write one word more, but that I have a very great regard for you, &c.

The

The duke is very much yours, and will never leave you to your wine *. Many thanks for your drum. — wish to receive your congratulations for the other boy, you may believe —.

L E T T E R CCCVI.

Mrs. CÆSAR † to Dr. SWIFT.

Aug. 6, 1732.

PERmit me to congratulate you upon the return of Mrs. *Barber*, with thanks for pleasures enjoyed in her company; for had she not come recommended by the dean of *St. Patrick's*, likely I had passed her by unheeded, being apt to follow a good author, in shunning those of my own coat. But hold; I must look if it runs not from corner to corner, which I more fear than length. For *Pope* says, though sometimes he finds too many letters in my words, never too many words in my letters. So, with Mr. *Cæsar's* and my best wishes, thou worthy, witty, honest Dean, farewell.

M. ADELMAR CÆSAR.

* When the Dean was with Mr. *Pope* at *Twickenham*, he used to desert them soon after supper, with, "Well gentlemen, I leave you to your wine."

† Wife to the treasurer of the navy during lord *Oxford's* administration, in the reign of queen *Anne*.

L E T T E R CCCVII.

Lady WORSLEY* to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Aug. 6, 1732.

I Flatter myself, that if you had received my last letter, you would have favoured me with an answer; therefore I take it for granted it is lost.

I was so proud of your commands, and so fearful of being supplanted by my daughter, that I went to work immediately, that her box might not keep her in your remembrance, whilst there was nothing to put you in mind of an old friend, and humble servant. But Mrs. Barber's long stay here (who promised me to convey it to you) has made me appear very negligent. I doubt not but you think me unworthy of the share you once told me I had in your heart. What if I am a great-grandmother, I can still distinguish your merit from all the rest of the world; but it is not consistent with your good breeding to put me in mind of it; therefore I am determined not to use my interest with Sir Robert for a living in the *Isle of Wight*, though nothing else could reconcile me to the place. But if I could make you archbishop of *Canterbury*, I should forget my resentments for sake of the flock, who very much want a careful shepherd. Are we to have the honour of

* Frances lady Worsley, wife of Sir Robert Worsley, bart. and mother of lady Carteret, wife of John lord Carteret, afterwards earl Granville.

seeing

seeing you, or not? I have fresh hopes given me; but I dare not please myself too much with them, lest I should be again disappointed. If I had it as much in my power as my inclination to serve Mrs. *Barber*, she should not be kept thus long attending; but I hope her next voyage may prove more successful. She is just come in, and tells me you have sprained your foot, which will prevent your journey till the next summer; but assure yourself the *Bath* is the only infallible cure for such an accident. If you have any regard remaining for me, you'll shew it by taking my advice; if not, I'll endeavour to forget you, if I can. But, till that doubt is cleared, I am, as much as ever, the Dean's obedient humble servant,

F. WORSLEY.

L E T T E R CCCVIII.

Mr. GAY and the Duchess of——to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Amelbury, Aug. 28, 1732.

MR. *Hoare* hath a hundred and odd pounds of yours in his hands, which you may have whenever you will please to draw upon me for it. I know I am more indebted to you, I mean, besides the *South Sea* bond of an hundred, that still subsists; but I cannot tell you exactly how your account stands till I go to town. I have money of my own too in Mr. *Hoare's* hands, which I know not at present how to dispose of. I believe I shall leave it without interest till

till I go to town, and shall then be at the same loss how to dispose of it as now. I have an intention to get more money next winter; but I am prepared for disappointments, which I think it is very likely I shall meet with; yet as you think it convenient and necessary that I should have more than I have, you see I do what I can to oblige you. If my designs should not take effect, I desire you will be as easy under it as I shall be; for I find you so solicitous about me, that you cannot bear my disappointments as well as I can. If I don't write intelligibly to you, it is because I would not have the clerks of the post-office know every thing I am doing. If you would come here this summer, you might, with me, have helped to have drank up the duke's wine, and saved your money. I am grown so saving of late, that I very often reproach myself with being covetous; and I am very often afraid that I shall have the trouble of having money, and never have the pleasure of making use of it. I wish you could live among us; but not unless it could be to your ease and satisfaction. You insist upon your being minister of *Amesbury*, *Dawley*, *Twickenham*, *Risking*, and a prebendary of *Westminster*. For your being minister in those places, I cannot promise you; but I know you might have a good living in every one of them. Gambadoes I have rid in, and I think them a very fine useful invention; but I have not made use of them since I left *Devonshire*. I ride and walk every day to such excess, that I am afraid that I shall take a surfeit of it. I am sure, if

I am

I am not better in health after it, it is not worth the pains. I say this, though I have this season shot nineteen brace of partridges. I have very little acquaintance with our vicar; he doth not live among us, but resides in another parish. And I have not played at backgammon with any body since I came to *Amesbury*, but lady *Harold*, and lady *Bateman*. As Dr. *Delaney* hath taken away a fortune from us *, I expect to be recommended in *Ireland*. If authors of godly books are intitled to such fortunes, I desire you would recommend me as a moral one; I mean, in *Ireland*, for that recommendation would not do in *England*.

The D U C H E S S begins.

The duchess will not lend you two or three thousand pounds to keep up your dignity, for reasons to *Strada dal Poe*; but she had much rather give you that, or ten thousand pounds more, than lay it out in a fine petticoat, to make herself respected.

I believe, for all you give Mr. *Gay* much good advice, that you are a very indiscreet person yourself, or else you would come here to take care of your own affairs; and not be so indiscreet, as to send for your money over to a place where there is none. Mr. *Gay* is a very rich man; for I really think he does not wish to be richer; but he will, for he is doing what you bid him; though, if it may not be allowed, he will acquire greater honour,

* The doctor married Mrs. *Tennison*.

and less trouble. His covetousness, at present, is for health, which he takes so much pains for, that he does not allow himself time to enjoy it. Neither does he allow himself time to be either absent or present. When he began to be a sportsman, he had like to have killed a dog ; and now every day I expect he will kill himself, and then the bread and butter affair can never be brought before you. It is really an affair of too great consequence to be trusted in a letter ; therefore pray come on purpose to decide it. If you do, you will not hear how familiar I am with goody *Dobson* ; for I have seen goody *Dobson* play at that with so ill a grace, that I was determined never to risque any thing so unbecoming. I am not beloved, neither do I love any creature, except a very few, and those for not having any sort of merit, but only because it is my humour. In this rank Mr. *Gay* stands first, and yourself next, if you like to be respected upon these conditions. Now do you know me ? He stands over me, and scolds me for spelling ill, and is very peevish (and sleepy) that I do not give him up the pen ; for he has yawn'd for it a thousand times. We both once heard a lady (who at that time we both thought well of) wish that she had the best living in *England* to give you. It was not I ; but I do wish it with all my heart, if Mr. *Gay* does not hang out false lights for his friend.

Mr. G A Y goes on here.

I had forgot to tell you, that I very lately received a letter from *Twickenham*, in which was this para-

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graph:

graph : “ *Motte* and another idle fellow, I find, have
 “ been writing to the Dean, to get him to give them
 “ some copy-right, which surely he will be not so
 “ indiscreet as to do, when he knows my design,
 “ and has done these two months and more. Surely
 “ I should be a properer person to trust the distribu-
 “ tion of his works with, than so common a book-
 “ feller. Here will be nothing but the ludicrous
 “ and little things; none of the political, or any
 “ things of consequence, which are wholly at his own
 “ disposal. But, at any rate, it would be silly in
 “ him to give a copy-right to any, which can only
 “ put the manner of publishing them hereafter out
 “ of his own and his friend’s power into that of
 “ mercenaries.”

I really think this is a very useful precaution, considering how you have been treated by these sort of fellows.

The duke is fast asleep, or he would add a line,

L E T T E R CCCIX.

Sir WILLIAM FOWNES to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Island Bridge, Sept. 9, 1732.

IT has been the observation of travellers (as I have been frequently told) that, in all the countries they have seen, they never met with fewer public charitable foundations than in this kingdom.

Private charities, no doubt, will have their reward; but public are great incitements: and good examples

examples often draw others on, though grudgingly ; and so a good work be done, no matter who are the workmen.

When I was lord-mayor, I saw some miserable lunatics exposed, to the hazard of others, as well as themselves. I had six strong cells made at the workhouse for the most outrageous, which were soon filled ; and by degrees, in a short time, those few drew upon us the solicitations of many, till by the time the old corporation ceased, we had, in that house, forty and upwards. The door being opened, interest soon made way to let in the foolish, and such like, as mad folks. These grew a needless charge upon us, and had that course gone on, by this time the house had been filled with such. The new corporation got rid of most of these by death, or the care of friends, and came to a resolution not to admit any such for the future ; and the first denial was to a request of the earl of *Kildare*, which put a full stop to all farther applications. As I take it, there are, at this time, a number of objects which require assistance ; and probably many may be restored, if proper care could be taken of them. There is no public place for their reception, nor private undertakers, as about *London*. Friends and relations here would pay the charge of their support and attendance, if there were a place for securing such lunatics.

I own to you, I was for some time averse to our having a public *Bedlam*, apprehending we should be overloaded with numbers, under the name of mad.

Nay, I was apprehensive our case would soon be like that in *England*; wives and husbands trying who could first get the other to *Bedlam*. Many, who were next heirs to estates, would try their skill to render the possessor disordered, and get them confined, and soon run them into real madness. Such like consequences I dreaded, and therefore have been silent on the subject till of late. Now I am convinced that regard should be had to those under such dismal circumstances; and I have heard the primate and others express their concern for them; and no doubt but very sufficient subscriptions may be had to set this needful work on foot. I should think it would be a pleasure to any one, that has any intention this way, to see something done in their life-time, rather than leave it to the conduct of posterity. I would not consent to the proceeding on such a work in the manner I have seen our poor-house and Dr. *Stevens's* hospital, *viz.* to have so expensive a foundation laid, that the expence of the building should require such a sum, and so long a time to finish, as will take up half an age.

My scheme for such an undertaking should be much to this effect.

First, I would have a spot of ground fixed on, that should be in a good open air, free from the neighbourhood of houses; for the cries and exclamations of the outrageous would reach a great way, and ought not to disturb neighbours: which was what you did not think of, when you mentioned a spot in a close place; almost in the heart of the city.

There

There are many places, in the out-skirts of the city, I can name, very proper.

Next to the fixing of a proper spot, I would, when that is secured, (which should be a good space) have it well inclosed with a high wall, the cost of all which must be known. Then I would have the cells of the *Royal Hospital Infirmary*, lately made for mad people, be examined, how convenient, and how in all points they are adapted to the purpose, with the cost of those cells, which I take to be six or eight pounds. Then I would proceed to the very needful house for the master and the proper servants. Then another building, to which there should be a piazza for a stone gallery, for walking dry; and out of that several lodging cells for such as are not outrageous, but melancholy, &c. This may be enlarged in length, or by a return; and over head the same sort of a gallery, with little rooms, or cells, opening the doors into the gallery; for, by intervals, the objects affected may be permitted to walk at times in the galleries.

This is according to the custom of *London*. Annexed to the master's house must be the kitchen and offices.

This proceeding may be so contrived, as to be enlarged from time to time, as there shall be a fund, and occasion to require the additions. There is no necessity for any plans or architects; but an ordinary capacity may contrive those enlargements. Perhaps there may appear some well-disposed persons, who will say, they will make this enlargement; and, by

such helps, they may be sufficiently done to answer all purposes.

It comes just now into my head, that there is a very proper * spot, which I think the chapter of *St. Patrick* let to one *Lee*, a bricklayer, or builder. It lies back of *Aungier-street* east, comes out of *York-street*, down a place called the *Dunghill*, runs down to the end of *King-street*, facing *William street*; at the north end of which some alms-houses are built by *Dowling* and others. Also there stands, to the front of the street, a large stone building, called an *Alms-house*, made by *Mrs. Mercer*; though by the bye, I hear she is weary of her project, and does little in supplying that house, or endowing it. Perhaps the ground may be easily come at from *Lee's* heirs; and by your application, I know not but *Mrs. Mercer* may give her house up to promote so good a work. This will go a good way, and being followed by subscriptions, a great and speedy progress may be made, in which I will readily join my interest and labour. If that spot fails, we will pitch upon another. Whatsoever may be your future intentions, don't deny me the consideration of the good your appearance and help may now do. I would not make a step in this affair, if it shall not be agreed, that all matters, which require the consent by votes, shall be determined by the method of a balloting-box, that no great folks, or their speeches, should

* The ground here mentioned by Sir *William Fownes* does not belong to the dean and chapter of *St. Patrick's*, but to the corporation of *vicars coral* in that cathedral.

carry what they please, by their method of scoring upon paper, and seeing who marks, &c. too much practised.

If there be nothing in this paper, worth your attention, you know how to dispose of it. You have the thoughts of your assured humble servant,

W. FOWNES.

THE PROPOSAL.

I. That an hospital, called *Bedlam*, be built in the city of *Dublin*, or liberties, for the reception of lunatics from any parts of the kingdom.

II. In order to promote so good a work, let subscriptions be taken in *Dublin*, and in every city and town in the kingdom; and that the chief magistrate of each place be desired to recommend the subscription paper sent to him for that purpose.

III. That when public notice is given in print, that ground is secured for building the hospital of *Bedlam*, the subscription be collected, and sent to *Dublin*, and paid into the hands of

Query, Mr. *Thorn*, steward to the *Blue-Coat* hospital, a very proper person.

IV. That upon notice given by Mr. *Thorn*, that he has received 200*l.* a meeting shall be held of all subscribers who happen to be in *Dublin*, at a proper time and place.

V. Such persons as subscribe 5*l.* or upwards, to have a vote at such meeting.

VI. That Mr. *Thorn*, giving security, be continued to receive and pay out the money subscribed

for one year, and be allowed only six-pence *per* pound, for receiving and paying.

VII. That the money first laid out shall be for the building of six or eight strong cells, for outrageous lunatics to be confined in, and after the form of those made at the infirmary of the *Royal Hospital*.

VIII. That the college of physicians be desired to contribute to this good work, by appointing two or three of their body to be present at the first meeting, and to give their opinion, as to the convenience of the cells, what boilers are proper to be set up in a kitchen, and what food is proper to be provided for such lunatics.

IX. That near the cells be made a kitchen, small at first, and in such manner, as capable to be enlarged. That over this kitchen be a middle room, and over it a garret, to lodge the cook-maid, and one other maid.

X. That adjoining the kitchen may be made one room, of 18 feet by 18, which may serve for Mr. *Thorn* to attend in, and where the doctors, or any subscribers, may meet on occasion. And over this room another, to serve for a store-room; and a garret to lodge a porter or two, that must attend the lunatics.

XI. That these buildings be made plain and strong, with as little cost as can be.

XII. That the charge of these be computed separate, and that of the inside necessities; so that the work may go on as fast as the subscription fund can be got in.

XIII. That

XIII. That subscribers at the first meeting, do elect seven of their number, such as are knowing in carrying on of the work, and willing to attend at needful times. That any three or more, at any meeting of the hospital, may give directions for proceeding on the buildings agreed upon to be made at the first meeting of the subscribers; at which first meeting a second meeting may be agreed upon, and so from time to time.

The walling-in of the piece of ground intended for this use may go on as the fund will bear, without obstructing the first useful buildings. And whereas there are lunatics of several kinds, as the melancholy, &c. and some that are unruly by fits, a building must be designed for this sort; the floors not lofty, but made sufficiently airy, twenty feet wide, whereof ten for a gallery, and ten for lodges; each lodge eight or ten feet broad.

Dear Sir,

Herewith you have my thoughts of the affair you mentioned to me. I wish I could prevail on you to patronize it, and lay down your own scheme. I am most confident it cannot fail going on briskly. You have friends and interest enough to set it a going, although there may be some grandees would rather other hands had the conduct of it; yet the work speaks so much for itself, they must be ashamed not to contribute, much more to obstruct it.

In the paper called *The Proposal*, I have considered the privatest and least expensive way of going to work,

work, avoided public forms, and grandees interposing. *Tom Thorn* by chance I thought upon, for that reason, and for preventing jobs, &c. Do what you please with my papers. I am just ditto.

L E T T E R C C C X.

Lady B——G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 7, 1732.

I Should have answered yours sooner, but that I every day expected another from you, with your orders to speak to the duke; which I should with great pleasure have obeyed, as it was to serve a friend of yours. Mrs. *Floyd* is now, thank God, in as good health as I have seen her these many years, though she has still her winter cough hanging upon her; but that, I fear, I must never expect she should be quite free from at this time of day. All my trouble with her now is, to make her drink wine enough, according to the doctor's order, which is not above three or four glasses, such as are commonly filled at sober houses; and that she makes so great a rout with, so many faces, that there is nobody that did not know her perfectly well, but would extremely suspect she drinks drams in private.

I am sorry to find our tastes so different in the same person; and as every body has a natural partiality to their own opinion, so it is surprising to me to find lady S—— dwindle in yours, who rises infinitely in mine, the more and the longer I know her.

her. But you say, you will say no more of courts, for fear of growing angry; and indeed, I think you are so already, since you level all without knowing them, and seem to think that none who belongs to a court can act right. I am sure this cannot be really and truly your sense, because it is unjust: and if it is, I shall suspect there is something of your old maxim in it, (which I ever admired and found true) that you must have offended them, because you don't forgive. I have been about a fortnight from *Knowle* *, and shall next *Thursday* go there again for about three weeks, where I shall be ready and willing to receive your commands, who am most faithfully and sincerely yours.

L E T T E R CCCXI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Nov. 16, 1732.

I Am at last come to *London* before the family, to follow my own inventions. In a week or fortnight I expect the family will follow me. You may now draw upon me for your money, as soon as you please. I have some of my own too that lies dead: and I protest I do not know which way at present to dispose of it, every thing is so precarious. I paid Mr. *Lancelot* 12*l.* and pay myself the five guineas you had of me, and have deducted your loss, by paying off one of the *South-Sea* bonds: and I find I have remaining of yours 21*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* And I

* In *Kent*, the seat of the Duke of *Dorset*.

believe

believe over and above that sum, there will be more owing to you upon account of interest on the bonds, about four or five pounds. Mr. *Hoare* hath done this for me, but I have not had time to call upon him yet, so that I cannot be more particular. As the money now lies in Mr. *Hoare's* hands, you see it is ready on demand. I believe you had best give notice when you draw on me for it, that I may not be out of the way. I have not as yet seen Mr. *Pope*, but design in a day or two to go to him, though I am in hopes of seeing him here to-day or to-morrow. If my present project succeeds, you may expect a better account of my own fortune a little while after the holidays; but I promise myself nothing, for I am determined, that neither any body else, or myself, shall disappoint me. I wish the arguments made use of to draw you here, were every way of more consequence. I would not have you change one comfort of life for another. I wish you to keep every one of those you have already, with as many additional ones as you like. When I sit down to consider on the choice of any subject, to amuse myself by writing, I find I have a natural propensity to write against vice, so that I don't expect much encouragement; though I really think in justice, I ought to be paid for stifling my own inclination; but the great are ungrateful. Mr. *Pulteney's* young son hath had the small pox, and is perfectly recovered. He is not in town, but is expected in about a week from the *Bath*. I must answer the letter you writ to the duchess and me, when her grace comes to town ;

town; for I know she intended to have a part in it. Why can't you come among us in the beginning of the new year? The company will be then all in town, and the spring advancing upon us every day. What I mean by the company is, those who call themselves your friends, and I believe are so. It is certain the parliament will not meet till the middle of *January*. I have not been idle while I was in the country; and I know your wishes in general, and in particular, that industry may always find its account. Believe me, as I am, unchangeable in the regard, love, and esteem I have for you.

L E T T E R CCCXII.

Mr. ROBERT ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Rouen, Jan. 2, 1732-3.

I Have flattered myself these many years, that vapours or company could have brought you over seas to *Spaw*, or to some such place, and that you would have taken *Paris* in your way; and so I should have had the pleasure of seeing you in some place of my own. I wonder much that a person of so much good humour can let yourself grow old, or die without seeing some other country than your own. I am not quite so wicked as to wish you any real illness to bring you to us, though I should not be sorry that you thought you had need of the change of air. I wish you a happy new year, and many more; and (whatever interest I have against it) good health, and

and prosperity, and every thing that I can wish to one that I much honour and esteem.

I recommend to your friendship and acquaintance, the bearer, Mr. *Delamere*. His brother, now dead, has been with you in *Ireland*: and this gentleman deserves from me all the kindness my friends can shew him. Adieu, dear Sir. If I can serve you in any thing, command me always; for I am with great esteem your most humble and most obedient servant.

ROB. ARBUTHNOT.

L E T T E R CCCXIII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, Jan, 13, 1732-3.

I Had the pleasure of receiving one from you by Mr. ——. I thank you for the opportunity it gave me of being acquainted with a very agreeable ingenious man. I value him very much for his music, which you give yourself an air of contemning; and I think I treated him in that way to a degree of surprise.

I have had but a melancholy sorrowful life for some time past, having lost my dear child, whose life, if it had so pleased God, I would willingly have redeemed with my own. I thank God for a new lesson of submission to his will, and likewise for what he hath left me.

* ‘ Probably the reverend Mr. *Pilkington*, who came over to be chaplain to alderman *Barber*, when lord mayor of *London*.’

We have all had another loss of our worthy and dear friend Mr. Gay *. It was some alleviation of my grief to see him so universally lamented by almost every body, even by those who knew him only by reputation. He was interred at *Westminster-Abbey*, as if he had been a peer of the realm, and the good duke of *Queensberry*, who lamented him as a brother, will set up a handsome monument upon him. These are little affronts put upon vice and injustice, and is all that remains in our power. I believe the *Beggar's Opera*, and what he had to come upon the stage, will make the sum of the diversions of the town for some time to come. *Curll* (who is one of the new terrors of death) has been writing letters to every body for memoirs of his life. I was for sending him some, particularly an account of his disgrace at court, which, I am sure, might have been made entertaining: by which I should have attained two ends at once, published truth, and got a rascal whipped for it. I was over-ruled in this. I wish you had been here, though I think you are in a better country. I fancy to myself, that you have some virtue and honour left, some small regard for religion. Perhaps Christianity may last with you at least twenty or thirty years longer. You have no companies or stock-jobbing; are yet free of excises; you are not insulted in your poverty, and told with a sneer, that you are a rich and a thriving nation. Every man that takes neither place nor

* He died *December 4, 1732.*

pension, is not deemed with you a rogue, and an enemy to his country.

Your friends of my acquaintance are in tolerable good health. Mr. *Pope* has his usual complaints of head-ach and indigestion, I think, more than formerly. He really leads sometimes a very irregular life, that is, lives with superior health and strength. You will see some new things of his, equal to any of his former productions. He has affixed to the new edition of his *Dunciad*, a royal declaration against the haberdashers of points and particles, assuming the titles of critics and restorers, wherein he declares, that he has revised carefully this his *Dunciad*, beginning and ending so and so, consisting of so many lines, and declares this edition to be the true reading; and it is signed by *John Barber, major civitatis Londini*.

I remember you, with your friends, who are my neighbours: they all long to see you. As for news, there is nothing here talked of but the new scheme of excise. You may remember that a ministry in the queen's time, possessed of her majesty, the parliament, army, fleet, treasury, confederate, &c. put all to the test, by an experiment of a silly project of the trial of a poor parson *. The same game, in my mind, is playing over again, from a wantonness of power, *Miraberis quam pauca sapientia mundus regitur*. I have considered the grievance of your wine: the friend that designed you good wine, was abused by

* *Sacheverel*.

an agent that he intrusted this affair to. It was not this gentleman's brother, whose name is *Delamere*, to whom shew what friendship you can.

My neighbour the profeman is wiser, and more cowardly and despairing than ever. He talks me into a fit of vapours twice or thrice a week. I dream at night of a chain, and rowing in the gallies. But, thank God, he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accustomed to in my discourse, (even with the greatest persons to whom I have access) in defending the cause of liberty, virtue, and religion: for the last, I have the satisfaction of suffering some share of the ignominy that belonged to the first confessors. This has been my lot, from a steady resolution I have taken of giving these ignorant impudent fellows battle upon all occasions. My family send you their best wishes, and a happy new year; and none can do it more heartily than myself, who am, with the most sincere respect, your most faithful, humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCXIV.

Lady B——— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 8, 1732-3.

I Received yours of the 8th of *January*, but last week, so find it has lain long on the road after the date. It was brought me whilst at dinner, that very lady sitting close to me, whom you seem to think such an absolute courtier *. She knew your

* The countess of S———.

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Your friends of my acquaintance are in tolerable good health. Mr. *Pope* has his usual complaints of head-ach and indigestion, I think, more than formerly. He really leads sometimes a very irregular life, that is, lives with superior health and strength. You will see some new things of his, equal to any of his former productions. He has affixed to the new edition of his *Dunciad*, a royal declaration against the haberdashers of points and particles, assuming the titles of critics and restorers, wherein he declares, that he has revised carefully this his *Dunciad*, beginning and ending so and so, consisting of so many lines, and declares this edition to be the true reading; and it is signed by *John Barber, major civitatis Londini*.

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* The countess of S———.

hand, and enquired much after you, as she always does; but I, finding her name frequently mentioned, not with that kindness I am sure she deserves, put it into my pocket with silence and surprise. Indeed, were it in people's power, that live in a court with the appearance of favour, to do all they desire for their friends, they might deserve their anger, and be blamed, when it does not happen right to their minds; but that, I believe, never was the case of any one: and in this particular of Mr. Gay, thus far I know, and so far I will answer for; that she was under very great concern, that nothing better could be got for him: the friendship upon all other occasions in her own power, that she shewed him, did not look like a double-dealer.

As to that part concerning yourself and her, I suppose, it is my want of comprehension, that I cannot find out why she was to blame to give you advice, when you asked it, that had all the appearance of sincerity, good nature, and right judgment. And if after that, the court did not do what you wanted, and she both believed and wished they would, was it her fault? At least, I cannot find out, that you have hitherto proved it upon her. And though you say, you lamented the hour you had seen her, yet I cannot tell how to suppose that your good sense and justice can impute any thing to her; because it did not fall out just as she endeavoured, and hoped it would.

As to your creed in politics, I will heartily and sincerely subscribe to it.—That I detest avarice in courts;

courts ; corruption in ministers ; schisms in religion ; illiterate fawning betrayers of the church in mitres. But at the same time, I prodigiously want an infallible judge, to determine when it is really so : for as I have lived longer in the world, and seen many changes, I know those out of power and place always see the faults of those in, with dreadful large spectacles ; and, I dare say, you know many instances of it in lord *Oxford's* time. But the strongest in my memory is, Sir *R* — *W* —, being first pulled to pieces in the year 1720, because the *South-Sea* did not rise high enough ; and since that, he has been to the full as well banged about, because it did rise too high. So Experience has taught me, how wrong, unjust, and senseless party-factions are ; therefore, I am determined never wholly to believe any side or party against the other ; and to shew that I will not, as my friends are in and out of all sides, so my house receives them all together ; and those people meet here, that have, and would fight in any other place. Those of them that have great and good qualities and virtues I love and admire ; in which number is lady — ; and I do like and love her, because I believe, and as far as I am capable of judging, know her to be a wise, discreet, honest and sincere courtier, who will promise no farther than she can perform, and will always perform what she does promise : so, now, you have my creed as to her *.

* This spirited defence of lady —, against a man of *Swift's* ability and disposition, does lady *B. G.* more honour than she

I thought I had told you in my last, at least I am sure I designed it, that I desire you would do just as you like about the monument ; and then, it will be most undoubtedly approved by your most sincere and faithful servant.

L E T T E R CCCXV.

The Duchess of ——— to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Feb. 21, 1732-3.

SOON after the death of Mr. *Gay* I found myself more inclined to write to you, than to allow myself any other entertainment. But considering that might draw you into a correspondence, that most likely might be disagreeable, I left off all thoughts of this kind, till Mr. *Pope* shewed me your letter to him, which encourages me to hope we may converse together as usual ; by which advantage, I will not despair to obtain in reality some of those good qualities, you say, I seem to have. I am conscious of only one, that is, being an apt scholar ; and, if I have any good in me, I certainly learned it insensibly of our poor friend, as children do any strange language. It is not possible to imagine the loss his death is to me ; but as long as I have any memory, the happiness of ever having had such a friend can never be lost to me.

would have deserved by writing the best satire against all the courts and courtiers in the world.

As

As to himself, he knew the world too well to regret leaving it; and the world in general knew him too little to value him as they ought. I think it my duty to my friend, to do him the justice, to assure you, he had a most perfect and sincere regard for you. I have learned a good deal of his way of thinking on your account; so that, if at any time you have any commands in this part of the world, you will do me a pleasure to employ me, as you would him: and, I shall wish it could ever be in my power to serve you in any thing essential. The duke of —— meant to write, if I had not, concerning your money-affairs. We both thought of it, as soon as we could of any thing; and, if you will only write word what you would have done with it, great care shall be taken, according to your order. I differ with you extremely, that you are in any likelihood of dying poor or friendless: the world can never grow so worthless. I again differ with you, that it is possible to comfort one's self for the loss of friends, as one does upon the loss of money. I think, I could live on very little, nor think myself poor, or be thought so, but a little friendship could never satisfy one; and I could never expect to find such another support as my poor friend. In almost every thing, but friends, another of the same name may do as well; but friend is more than a name, if it be any thing.

Your letter touched me extremely; it gave me a melancholy pleasure. I feel much more than you wrote, and more, than I hope, you will continue

except your condescending to have any regard for me ; and therefore, all you say upon the subject of friendship, I heartily allow. But I doubt you are a perverter ; for sure I was never capable of comparing the loss of friends with the loss of money. I think we never lament the death of a friend upon his own account, but merely on account of his friends, or the public, or both ; and his, for a person in private life, was as great as possible. How finely you preach to us who are going out of the world, to keep our spirits, without informing us where we shall find materials ! Yet I have my flatterers too, who tell me, I am allowed to have retained more spirits than hundreds of others who are richer, younger, and healthier than myself ; which considering a thousand mortifications, added to the perfect ill-will of every creature in power, I take to be a high point of merit, as well as an implicit obedience to your grace's commands. Neither are those spirits (such as they be) in the least broken by the honour of lying under the same circumstances with a certain great person, whom I shall not name, of being in disgrace at court. I will excuse your blots upon paper, because they are the only blots that you ever did, or ever will make, in the whole course of your life. I am content, upon your petition, to receive the duke and your grace for my stewards for that immense sum ; and in proper time, I may come to thank you, as a king does the commons, for your loyal benevolence. In the mean while, I humbly intreat your grace, that the money may lie where you please, till I presume

to trouble you, with a bill, as my lord duke allows me.

One thing I find, that you are grown very touchy since I lost the dear friend who was my supporter; so that perhaps you may expect I shall be very careful how I offend you in words, wherein you will be much mistaken: for I shall become ten times worse after correction. It seems Mr. *Pope*, like a treacherous gentleman, shewed you my letter, wherein I mention good qualities that you *seem* to have. You have understroaked that offensive word, to shew it should be printed in *italic*. What could I say more? I never saw your person since you were a girl, except once in the dark (to give you a bull of this country) in a walk next the *Mall*. Your letters may possibly be false copies of your mind, and the universal, almost idolatrous esteem you have forced from every person in two kingdoms, who have the least regard for virtue, may have been only procured by a peculiar art of your own, I mean, that of bribing all wise and good men to be your flatterers. My literal mistakes are worse than your blots. I am subject to them, by a sort of infirmity wherein I have a few fellow sufferers; I mean, that my heart runs before my pen, which it will ever do in a greater degree, as long as I am a servant to your grace, I mean, to the last hour of my life and senses. I am with the greatest respect and utmost gratitude, Madam, your grace's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant.

I desire

I desire to present my most humble respects and thanks to my lord duke of——. For a man of my level, I have as bad a name almost as I desire; and I pray God, that those who give it me, may never have reason to give me a better.

L E T T E R CCCXVII.

Lord C———— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

March 24, 1732-3.

I Had the favour of your letter of the 19th of *February*. A gentleman left it at my door. I have not heard from him since, though he said he would call again, and who he is, I don't know. I shewed it to my wife and lady *Worsley*, who will not fail to obey your commands, and teize me, if I could be forgetful of your orders, to attend the cause of the city of *Dublin* when it comes into the house. I know by experience, how much that city thinks itself under your protection; and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of *St. Patrick's*. I never doubted their compliance with you in so trivial a point as a recorder *. You can give any one law and capacity in half an hour; and if by chance a rake should get those faculties any other way, you can make the worthy citizens believe he has them not; and you can sustain any machine in a furred gown.

* Mr. *Stanard* was about this time chosen recorder of the city of *Dublin*, chiefly at the recommendation of Dr. *Swift*.

I thank you for the letter by Mr. *Pilkington* *. I have seen him twice at a great entertainment at my lord mayor's, where you was the first toast. I like the young man very well; and he has great obligations to you, of which he seems sensible.

I hope Dr. *Delaney* is well, and that you see one another often, and then the doctor won't have leisure to pursue his dissertations †, or to answer the reverend prelate ‡ on your side, who I hear has answered him. As I have not read the dissertations, so I shall not read the answer; which, I hope, without offence, I may suppose to be your case. If so, I hope you will endeavour to keep me well with the doctor, who took it a little unkindly of me, that I would shut my eyes to such revelation so demonstrated. I have a great esteem for him, to which nothing that he can write upon those subjects can make any addition; and, therefore, I would run no risques as to altering my opinion of him by reading his books.

That health and prosperity may attend you, is my sincere wish; and I entreat you to believe that I am, with great truth, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant.

The whole family of my ladies send their compliments.

* Husband of the celebrated Mrs. *Letitia Pilkington*. Alderman *Barber* was this year lord mayor; and having complimented the Dean with the nomination of his chaplain, the Dean nominated Mr. *Pilkington*.

† ‘*Revelation examined with Candour.*’

‡ Dr. *Clayton*, then bishop of *Killala*, afterwards translated to *Corke*, and thence to *Clogher*.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCXVIII.

Lord B—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Cirencester, March 29, 1733.

MY MOST DEAR DEAN,

I Am indebted to you for several scraps of paper which you have sent me; but I waited to receive a letter from you, and then would have returned you an answer as well as I could. I obeyed your commands signified in your *Penultième*; I attended your cause; your client happened to be in the right, and we are not a little in the wrong, that we gave no costs. I should have moved for them, but I had distinguished myself in pressing lords to attend, and told so many that I had your commands so to do, that I did not think it proper to take that part upon me, and no-body else would do it; therefore give me leave to tell you, that you are bound in conscience to pay that poor man 100*l*. He would certainly have had that sum, if you had not interposed in that peremptory manner.

As to your last orders, in relation to the *Dublin* cause, I take it for granted you are in the wrong. All corporations of men are perpetually doing injustice to individuals. I will attend it, but am as much prejudiced against them, as it is possible, though I know nothing of the man, nor the matter in question. I have often reflected, (from what
cause

cause it arises, I know not) that the majority of a society are honest men, and would act, separately, with some humanity, and according to the rules of morality; yet conjunctively, they are hard-hearted determined villains. I know physicians, who, if you take them out of their practice, are very good sort of men: but, was there ever in the world a consultation of them, that tended to any thing else than robbery and murder? Do the body of lawyers think of any thing else, but to plunder and destroy the rest of mankind? In short there is no corporation to be excepted out of this general rule, but the two houses of parliament; and all assemblies of divines, wheresoever dispersed through the Christian world. So much for your *Dublin* cause.

Now, I must tell you, I want exceedingly to see you here; and I would have you come just about *Midsummer*. If you come a moment before that time, you will find the parliament sitting, all in a flame about excises; and go into what company you will, you can hear of nothing else. I reckon by that time we shall separate, and then I come down to this place *en famille*, (where I am now only a sojourner for three days) and you shall be better accommodated than you were last time you was here. I can assure you, I have made great alterations; and to speak modestly, I think, I may say, it is by much the finest place in *England*. What *Ireland* may produce I cannot tell. *Pope* has promised to come down; and it is time for him to retire,

tire, for he has made the town too hot to hold him *.

Poor *John Gay*! we shall see him no more; but he will always be remembered, by those who knew him, with a tender concern. I want to know how you do, and what you are doing. I suspect you are grown very idle; for I have not heard of any production from that fertile brain of yours a great while. And besides, the greatest mark of idleness that I know, is the minding of other people's business. You that used to be employed in supporting or pulling down ministers, in instructing or diverting mankind, in inflaming kingdoms, or pacifying contending parties, now seem to be dwindled into an *Irish* solicitor. I expect to see you in a dirty brown coat, with a little green bag under your arm. However, let me see you. If I cannot laugh with you, as I used to do, I will laugh at you; for I am resolved to laugh as long as I live. So, my dear little pettifogger, adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXIX.

Lord M————M to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, April 7, 1733.

I Hope you will excuse me that I have not answered your letter sooner; but I shall not be back,

* 'Probable by the publication of *The first satire of the second Book of Horace, imitated, in a Dialogue between Alexander Pope, Esq; on the one Part, and his learned Council on the other.* Published in February 1732-3.'

ward in obeying your commands, by attending the cause you mentioned, when it comes into the house. I shall not fail speaking to those few lords, I can be so free with, to attend also; and shall rejoice if it should be determined to your satisfaction: and I have good reason to believe it will, being fully convinced, that you can interest yourself in nothing but where justice is uppermost. We have long flattered ourselves with the hopes of having your good company here. I am sure there is no family in this kingdom wishes to see you more than that of the *M——*'s, who will always have you in remembrance, for your health and welfare. I doubt not but you hear from better hands the state of our affairs, in relation to the excising tobacco and wine, therefore shall not trouble you upon that subject; and shall only desire your farther commands wherein I am capable to serve you; assuring you, that I am, with great esteem and faith, Sir, your most faithful and humble servant.

Postscript by lady *M——*.

S I R,

There are few things in life would give me more joy than to see you again in this part of the world. Let your friends have that pleasure; for in doing it you will oblige a vast number of people; but nobody more, my dear Mr. Dean, than your affectionate humble servant.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCXX.

The Duchefs of — to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

April 12, 1733.

I Received yours of the 23d of *March*. Perpetual pains in my head have hindered me from writing till this moment; so you fee you are not the only person that way tormented. I dare believe there are as many bad heads in *England* as in *Ireland*; I am fure none worfe than my own; that I am made for pain, and pain for me; for, of late, we have been infeparable. It is a moft difpiriting diftemper, and brings on pain of mind, whether real or imaginary, it is all one.

Whilst I had that very fincere good friend, I could fometimes lay open all my rambling thoughts. and he and I often would view and difsect them; but now they come and go, and I feldom find out whether they be right or wrong, or if there be any thing in them. Poor man! he was moft truly every thing you could fay of him. I have loft, in him, the ufelefteft limb of my mind. This is an odd expreffion; but I cannot explain my notion otherwife.

I deny that I am touchy; yet I am going to feem fo again, by affuring you my letters are never falfe copies of my mind. They are often, I believe, imperfections of an imperfect mind; which, however, to do it juftice, often directs me better than I act.

Though

Though I will not take upon me, to declare my way of thinking to be eternally the same; yet whatever I write is at that instant true. I would rather tell a lye, than write it down; for words are wind ('tis said); but the making a memorandum of one's own false heart would stare one in the face immediately, and should put one out of countenance. Now, as a proof of my unsettled way of thinking, and of my sincerity, I shall tell you, that I am not so much in the wrong as you observed I was in my last: for my regard to you is lessened extremely, since I observed you are just like most other people, *viz.* disobliged at trifles, and obliged at nothings; for what else are bare words? Therefore pray never believe I wish to serve you, till you have tried me; till then protestations are bribes, by which I may only mean to gain the friendship of a valuable man, and therefore ought to be suspected. I seldom make any for that reason; so that if I have the peculiar happiness to have any wise good people my flatterers, God knows how I came by it; but sure nothing can equal such glory, except that of having the silly and bad people my enemies.

Here I think we agree. You declare, that no such can depress your spirits; and if our constitutions are alike, I will not only preach up good spirits, but prescribe the materials that have ever agreed with me. If any body has done me an injury, they have hurt themselves more than me. If they give me an ill name (unless they have my help) I shall not deserve it. If fools shun my company, it

is because I am not like them ; if people make me angry, they only raise my spirits ; and if they wish me ill, I will be well and handsome, wise and happy, and every thing, except a day younger than I am, and that's a fancy I never yet saw becoming to man or woman, so it cannot excite envy. Here I have betrayed to you the devilishness of my temper ; but I declare to you, nothing ever enlivened me half so much, as unjust ill usage, either directed to myself or my friends. The very reverse happens to me, when I am too well spoken of ; for I am sorry to find I don't deserve it all. This humbleth me as much too much, as the other exalts ; so I hope you will not be too civil, since I have declared the consequence.

I am in great hopes you will make us a visit this summer ; for though I have a sensible satisfaction by conversing with you in this way, yet I love mightily to look in the person's face I am speaking to. By that one soon learns to stop when it is wished, or to mend what is said amiss.

Your stewards will take great care of your money ; but you must first direct us to your friend Mr. *Lancelot*, and order him to give up Mr. *Gay*'s note, on his sister's paying the money, to his grace, who will give him his note for the money, or send it to you, just as you order. And as to what interest is due, I suppose you have kept some account.

By this time you must be too much tired, to bear reading one word more ; therefore I will make no excuses. Pray employ me ; for I want to be certain

tain whether I know my own mind or not: for something or other often tells me, that I should be very happy to be of any use to you. Whether it be true or false, neither you or I can be positive, till an opportunity shews; but I do really think, that I am, dear Sir, most sincerely yours, &c.

LETTER CCCXXI.

Lady B————G———— to Dr. SWIFT.

May 1, 1733.

I Should have answered yours of the 22d of *March* long ago; but that I have had some troubles and frights. The uneasiness I was under made me neglect what, at another time, would have been agreeable to myself, Mrs. *Chambers's* youngest sister, having had the small pox; but is now perfectly well. Mrs. *Floyd* too has been excessively bad with her winter cough and dispiritedness; but country air, I think, has a little revived her.

His grace of *Dorset* bids me present his humble service to you, and says, the rectory of *Churchtown* is at Mr. *Stafford Lightburn's* service. As to the countess of *Suffolk's* affair in dispute, I cannot possibly (according to your own just rule) be angry, because I am in the right. It is you ought to be angry, and never forgive her, because you have been so much in the wrong, as to condemn her, without the shew of justice; and I wish with all my heart as a judgment upon you, that you had seen her, as I did,

when the news of your friend's * death came ; for though you are a proud parson, yet (give you, devil, your due) you are a sincere, good-natured, honest one. I am extremely Mrs. *Kelly's* humble servant ; but I will never believe she is more valued for her beauty and good qualities in *Ireland* than she was in *England*. The excise you mention has caused great changes here. Some that I am sorry for ; though I will not enter into the merits of the cause, because of my aversion from politics. But if you did dislike it, why did you bestow such a costly funeral upon it, as to burn its bones on a sumptuous pile, like a *Roman* emperor ?

Adieu, my ever-honoured old friend ; and do not let me see any more respects or ladyships from you.

L E T T E R CCCXXII.

The Duchess of ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

Amesbury, May 31, 1735.

I Am now again your *Tunbridge* correspondent. His grace and I have been here this fortnight, with no other company than bricklayers and labourers. We are throwing down a parcel of walls, that blocked us up every way, and making a sunk fence round the house. This will make the place as chearful again, and we find great entertainment by inspecting the work. Since I came here, even

* Mr. *Gay*.

I have

I have often got up by six in the morning, (I designed it always) and the whole house are fast asleep before twelve. This I call good hours. I walk as much as I am able, sometimes rather more. We sometimes ride, though not often : for the evenings and mornings are very cold, and the middle of the day violently hot. North-east winds continually, and such want of rain, that the ground is hard as iron. I am the most temperate creature in my diet you ever knew ; yet, with all my care, I cannot be well. I believe if I am never guilty of a greater fault, I shall meet with very little resentment, either public or private. They are the faults in the world soonest forgot, and the seldomest truly repented. Let that be as it will, since health is undoubtedly the most valuable thing in life, I shall do all I can to obtain it. This makes me consent to a thing in the world I am most averse to, that is going to the *Spaw*, about a month or six weeks hence. I wish it was good for your complaints, that we might be there together. Really, if you think it will be of any use to you, and that you can order your affairs so as to make it possible, depend upon it we shall make it our study, and a very agreeable one too, to make you as easy and happy as it is in the power of people (not of a very troublesome disposition) to contrive. Your complaint and mine are not very different, as I imagine. Mine is a sort of dizziness, which generally goes off by the head-ach. Some learned people give it a name I do not know how to spell, a vertico, or a vertigo. Pray understand that I,

I 3

really

really and truly, do not only say, but mean, that I wish you could either meet us at the *Spaw*, or at *London*, to go on with us; and in this I am sure I shall never change my mind. If it can do you any good, I feel myself enough your friend to resent it extremely, if you miss this opportunity. This you would believe, if you knew what obligations I have to you. I am generally poor in spirit, or quarrelling with myself for being good for nothing. When a letter comes from you, it does not only entertain and revive me, but instantly I fancy I ought to have a good opinion of myself; which is of very great use to have, provided it is kept within just bounds. I shall punctually obey your commands concerning that poem; but I think you may be perfectly easy on that account; for I saw it before I left *London*, and heard several people talk of it, and the general opinion was, that you had no hand in it; but that the thing happened just as you say. I think you need not be much disturbed at it. The other trouble you mention I can allow of. Philosophy cannot make such things not be; the most it can pretend to is, to help people to patience. I am heartily sorry you have any particular occasion for any. Is your law-suit still in being? Perhaps I may be impertinent; but I remember you once mentioned something of that kind.

I am pretty well satisfied any thing is bad for the head that fills it too full; therefore I advise you to unbend your thoughts, and ask my advice; if it should prove good, take it; if not, leave it. I should

should be mighty glad to be of service to you; in making me so, you would shew kindness to the memory of your very sincere friend, and be kind to me. You may depend upon me, both for his sake and your own. I will endeavour to convey your messages to lady *Catherine* and *Charlotte* as soon as possible. The first I have not conversed with this year and half; I believe she is nobody's friend, but I more than believe that nobody is her's. I have a brother, that I dare answer you would like, if you knew him perfectly, not else. I love and honour him, and he deserves it. When his grace goes to *London*, which will be very soon, your money shall be as you ordered. He is mightily shocked at so many speeches. He is not by just now, or undoubtedly he would think you deserve to have them returned. It is lucky for me, for I am come to the end of my paper. Note, without an excuse.

L E T T E R CCCXXIII.

Lady B——— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

June 5, 1733.

HAS Mr. *Stafford Lightburne's* friend got the gout in his fingers? Or is he so busy in measuring the water, and casting a figure to know the exact time when to set his friends a swimming, that he can't find one moment to let me know that he received my letter, written a month ago, to inform you that

his grace would chearfully and readily obey your commands. However I am again ordered by him to tell you, that the warrant will be sent to *Dublin* by next post ; so pray let Mr. *Lightburne* be ready to make his personal appearance, lest they should not else know how to find him. It was well you needed no intercessor to his grace ; and that the no-promise from him, and the one word from you, is of much more weight than my rhetoric : for I have been so horridly used by a nasty griping brother black-coat in a small three and six-pence affair of my own, that I don't know whether I should not have done like you of the faction, revenge myself of the innocent, for the sake of one bishop and minister *, that I say has cheated, fleeced, and flead me, just as if they had been *South-Sea* or *East India* directors.

You are angry, if I do not mention Mrs. *Floyd* to you ; so I must tell you, she is gone for a little time into the country, to try if that will ever cure her cough. I am heartily sorry for your new friend Mrs. *Kelly*, who writes in a desponding way to Mrs. *Chambers* about her health, and talks of going to *Spaw*. This is a melancholy subject, and I hate to be vexed. So I will say no more of it, but adieu, my dear Dean, and let me hear from you soon.

* See Letters cccxxiv. and cccxxvii.

L E T T E R CCCXXIV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Knole, 9 July, 1733.

NOW, says parson *Swift* *, What the devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink? I cannot read a word of it, without more trouble than her silly scribble is worth. Why, say I again: Ay, it is the women are always accused of having bad writing implements; but to my comfort be it spoke, this is his grace my lord lieutenant's ink †. My bureau at *London* is so well furnished, that his grace and his secretary make so much use of it, that they are often obliged to give me half a crown, that I may not run out my estate in paper. It is very happy when a go-between pleases both sides, and I am very well pleased with my office; for his grace is delighted, that it was in his power to oblige you. So *treve de compliment*. Since I have declared my passion against a bishop and a parson, it is but fair, I should tell you the story, whether you care to hear it or not; but if you do not, I give you leave not to mind it, for now it is over, I am calm again.

As to the ‡ bishop, I know neither his principles nor his parts, but his diocese is *Peterborough*; and having a small park in *Northamptonshire*, which I had

* The name she called the Dean by, in the stanza which she inserted in his ballad on *The Game of Traffic*.

† Duke of *Dorset*.

‡ Dr. *Robert Clavering*.

a mind to increase by a small addition, to make my house stand in the middle of it. Three shillings and six-pence worth of land, at the largest computation, belongs to the church; for which my old parson, (who flatters me black and blue, when he comes from a *Sunday* dinner, and says he loves me better than any body in the world) has made me give him up in lieu of that land, a house and ground that lets for 40s. a year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vast favour. And the bishop has put me to ten times more charge than it is worth, by sending commissioners to view it, and making me give petitions, and dancing me through his court*; besides, a great dinner to his nasty people. Now, am I not in the right to be angry? But perhaps you will say, if I will have my fancies I must pay for them; so I will say no more about it. I hear poor Mrs. *Kelly* is not near so well as she says. and a gentleman that came from *Bristol*, says she looks dreadfully, and fears it is almost over with her, and that no mortal could know her; so ends youth and beauty! that is such a moral reflexion, that, lest it should make you melancholy, I will tell you something to please you. Your old friend Mrs. *Floyd* is perfectly recovered. I think I have not seen her so well this great while; but winter is always her bane, so I shall live in dread of that.

In your next, I desire to know what I am in your debt for my sister's monument. Adieu, my dear, good, old beloved friend.

* The conduct here complained of in the bishop is prescribed in such cases by the ecclesiastical Law.

L E T T E R CCCXXV.

The Duchefs of — to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, Nov. 3, 1733.

I Was mightily pleased to receive a letter from you laſt poſt; yet I am ſo ungrateful, I will not thank you for it, and it may be you do not deſerve it. The crueleſt revenge that one can poſſibly inflict (without hurting one's ſelf) is, that of being doubly diligent to thoſe who neglect one, in order to ſhock them into better behaviour. As I tried this trick myſelf, and that ſtrong appearances are againſt me, I muſt defend myſelf, and then you'll own I do not quite deſerve chaſtiſement.

The poſt before I left this place, I received a letter from you, which I deſigned to have answered before I left *London* and *England*; but was hindered from both, for ſome time, by an expreſs, which hurried us down to *Wincheſter* ſchool, to take care of our little boy there, who was violently ill of a fever. From that time till I came to *Spaw*, we were never at home; and as ſoon as I began the waters, writing could not be done with my bad head. Since I left that place, and grew well, I have been ſtill upon the ramble. After all, theſe are not very good ſubſtantial reaſons; but, upon my word, I did deſign it; in order to which, two days ago I waſhed the mould out of my ink-horn, put freſh ink into it, and promiſed myſelf to write to
you

you this very post. Pleasing myself with the fancy, that this would reach you, and convince you, that I had you still in great regard before you could or would think it worth your while to put me in mind of you. I could not possibly fail to gain credit, if you could possibly conceive the great satisfaction your letters give me. I have seldom met with any half so conversible. I do not only pity, but grieve at those complaints you mention ; they are a cruel incumbrance to you. Why cannot you transfer them to a thousand inanimate creatures, who have nothing in their heads? I was, and am really sorry, that you could not go with us to the *Spaw*. I am confident it must have done you good. I cannot describe the vast difference I felt after drinking the waters a week, and am still much better than I ever expected, though not quite free of the complaints in my head, but they are greatly lessened.

I have three or four letters to write this very night, so have not time to think of answering your letters. This is only a volunteer, after which, I may with greater assurance desire you to believe, that I am, with great constancy, regard and respect, yours, &c.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCXXVI.

The Duchefs of ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, Nov. 10, 1733.

I Have only ftaid to give time for my letter. There is fome fatisfaction in fitting down to write, now that I am fomewhat lefs in your debt; I mean, by way of letter. To fpeak ferioufly, I muft love contradiction more than ever woman did, if I did not obey your commands, for I do fincerely take great pleafure in converfing with you. If you have heard of my figure abroad, it is no more than I have done on both fides of my ears, as the faying is. I did not cut and curl my hair like a fheep's head, or wear one of their travelling facks; and yet, by not doing fo, I did give fome offence.

We have feen many very fine towns, and travelled through good roads, and pleafant countries. I like *Flanders* in particular, becaufe it is the likeft to *England*. The inns were very unlike thofe at home, being much cleaner and better ferved; fo that here I could not maintain my partiality with common juftice. As to the civilizing any of that nation, it would employ more ill fpent time fruitlefly than any one has to fpare: they are the only people I ever faw that were quite without genius, to be civil when they had to be fo. Will you eat? Will you play at cards? are literally the tip-top well-bred phrafes in ufe. The *French* people we met are quite of another turn,
polite

polite and easy ; one is the natural consequence of the other, though a secret that few have discovered. I can bring you an *Irish* witness (if that be sufficient) that I have wished for you many times during this journey, particularly at *Spaw*, where I imagined you might have been mending every day as fast as I did ; and, you are a base man to say, that any such impediment as you have mentioned, thwarted your journey ; for you were sure of a welcome share in every thing we had. It were unnecessary to say this now, if we had no thoughts of ever going again ; but it is what I am strongly advised to, though I should not much want it, and I am not averse ; travelling agrees with me, and makes me good humoured. At home I am generally more nice than wise, but on the roads nothing comes amiss. At *Calais* we were wind-bound four or five days, and I was very well contented : when the wind changed I was delighted to go. As impatience is generally my reigning distemper, you may imagine, how I must be alarmed at this sudden alteration, till I happily recollected two instances, where I was myself, The one at *Breda*, where the innkeeper let drop, if you mean to go, an hour and half after we had fifty times told him, that positively, we would go. The other, at *Amsterdam*, where we met with a very in-curious gent. who affirmed, there was nothing worth seeing ; though besides the town, which far surpassed my imagination, there happened to be a most famous fair. It is long since those two verses of *Dryden's*

Cimon * are strictly applicable to me.

Her corn and cattle are her only care,
And her supreme delight a country fair.

I shall forget to name my *Irish* friend. It is Mr. *Coote* †. He is, in all appearance, a modest, well-bred, splenetic, good-natur'd man. I had then one of these qualifications more than was pleasant, and so we became acquainted. He has a very great regard for you, sir; and there we agreed again. We were all highly pleased with him. He seems to have a better way of thinking than is common, and not to want for sense, or good humour. I tell you, that I do use exercise; designedly, never eat or drink what can disagree with me, but am no more certain of my stomach, than of my mind; at sometimes proof against any thing, and at other times too easily shocked; but time and care can certainly make a strong defence. I will obey your commands, and so will his grace, concerning Mrs. *Barber*, as soon as we come to *London*, where we staid but three days. We are now at *Amesbury*; but pray, direct for me at *London*. I doubt we can do her but little good; for as to my part, I have few acquaintance, and little interest. I will believe every thing you say of her, though I have hitherto had a natural aversion to a poets.

* The story of *Cimon* and *Iphigenia*, in his fable.

† *Charles Coote* Esq; son of — *Coote* Esq; judge of the *Queen's-Bench*, in *Ireland*, in *Queen Anne's* reign, and father of Sir *Charles Coote*, Knight of the *Bath*, now lord *Colony*.

I am come almost to the end of my paper, before I have half done with you. It was a rule, I remember, with poor Mr. *Gay* and me, never to exceed three pages. I long to hear from you, that I may have an excuse to write again; for I doubt it would be carrying the joke too far to trouble you too often. Adieu, dear Sir, health and happiness attend you ever. I fear I have written so very ill, that I am quite unintelligible.

His grace is very much yours.

L E T T E R CCCXXVII.

The Countess of GRANVILLE * to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Hawnes, Nov. 27, 1733.

I Have received the honour of your commands, and shall obey them; for I am very proud of your remembrance. I don't know we ever quarrelled; but if we did, I am as good a Christian as you are, and in perfect charity with you. My son, my daughter, and all our olive branches salute you most tenderly. I never wished so much as I do now, that I were bright, and had a genius, which could entertain you, in return for the many excellent things that entertain me daily, which I read over and over with

* *Grace*, widow and relict of *George* lord *Carteret*, and daughter of *John Granville* earl of *Bath*. She was created viscountess *Carteret*, and countess *Granville*, 1st Jan. 1714-15, with limitation of those honours to her son *John*, the late earl.

fresh

fresh delight. Will you never come into *England*, and make *Hawnes* * in your road? You will find nothing here to offend you; for I am a hermit, and live in my chimney corner, and have no ambition, but that you'll believe I am the charming Dean's

Most obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCXXVIII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

March 2, 1733-4.

I Am extreme glad to hear you are got well again; and I do assure you, it was no point of ceremony made me forbear writing, but the downright fear of being troublesome. If you have got rid of your deafness, that is a happiness I doubt poor lady *Susfolk* will never have; for she does not mend, if she does not grow rather worse. But we ladies are famous for straining our voices upon the bad occasion of anger; and sure then it is hard, if it is not more agreeable to do it for the sake of friendship. By the histories I hear from *Ireland*, *Bettesworth*, in the midst of your illness, did not think your pen lay idle †; but this good you had from it, that such a

* A seat of lord *Carteret*, late earl *Granville*, in *Bedfordshire*.

† ' About this time, an attempt was made to repeal the *Test Act* in *Ireland*; and the dissenters on this occasion, affected to call themselves *Brother Protestants, and Fellow Christians, with the Members of the Established Church*. This the Dean made the subject of a short copy of verses, in which there is a passage, that

troublesome fellow made your friends and neighbours shew they could exert themselves for your sake. Mrs. *Floyd* has passed this winter rather better than the last ; but cold weather is an enemy to her ; and when you see her, I fear you will find, that though the goodness of the composition will always hold, yet so many winters have taken the beauty of it entirely off. It grows now near the time, that I have hopes you will soon part with my duke and duchess. I always used to be her doctor ; I wish you would allow me to be yours, and take my advice, and try how the change of air would mend your constitution ; but, I fear you will not. However, God bless you ; and, adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXXIX.

The Duchess of ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, March 4, 1733-4.

IF ever lying was necessary, I fear it is so at present ; for no truth can furnish me with sufficient ex-

so provoked one *Bettesworth*, a lawyer, and member for the *Irish* parliament, that he swore to revenge himself, either by maiming or murdering the author : and, for this purpose, he engaged his footman, with two ruffians, to secure the Dean where-ever he could be found. As soon as this oath and attempt of *Bettesworth* were known, thirty of the nobility and gentry of *St. Patrick's* waited upon the Dean in form, and presented a paper, subscribed with their names, in which they solemnly engaged, in behalf of themselves and the rest of the liberty, to defend his person and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country. See the verses, vol. vii. edit, 1754, p. 251.

cuse

cuse for not having writ long ago ; therefore I have been strongly tempted to disown having received any return to my letters, which I wrote to you since my return to these parts ; but upon more mature deliberation, I have convinced myself, that it is better rather to confess my fault, than to give you any handle to suspect my truth for the future. I wish every body was as timorous as myself, and then lying and deceit would never be so much in the fashion, as it has and will be for many ages past and to come. I remember you once told me, always to sit down to write when I was in good health, and good humour ; neither of them have been perfect of some time. The first has been interrupted by perpetual colds, and pains in my face and teeth. My temper, by these trying truths which I am about to tell you, *viz.* a journey to *Scotland*, where we have been going every week, and every day since *Christmas* ; the uncertainty of which, and being consequently unsettled, is even worse than the thing itself. This is not all ; by these means I have been obliged to send a little boy (who has been my constant companion ever since he was born, and who is not seven years old till next *July*) to school, a full year before it was necessary or proper. The doing this, I own has damped my spirits more than was reasonable, though it was by his own desire ; and that I am persuaded he is well taken care of, both by the master and his own brother, who is fond of him, and so would you be, if you knew him ; for he has more sense

K 2

than

than above half the world. The other is a fine boy, and grown very strong and healthy. I am much obliged to you for reprov'ing me, that I did not tell you so before. I am in great hopes to live to see them both men; therefore pray advise me what to do with them after they have gone through the school; for I imagine that just then is the most difficult part to their education. Mr. *Locke*, with whom I cannot help differing in some things, makes a full stop there; and I never heard of any other that ever mentioned, or at least published, any helps for children at that time of life, which I apprehend to be the most material.

There is a good deal of impertinence in filling two sides of paper about me and mine; but I own, at present, my whole thoughts are so much employed on the latter, that I involuntarily think and talk of little else. To-morrow will be acted a new play of our friend Mr. *Gay's* *; we stay on purpose now for that, and shall go on *Thursday* for *Edinburgh*, where the greatest good I can expect, or hope for, is a line from you. We shall dispose our guineas for Mrs. *Barber* with Mr. *Pope*, or my brother. I wish you all health and prosperity. I will not wish you devoid of all trouble and vexation, because I think a moderate share is a great encouragement to good spirits; but may

* It was intitled the *Distrest Wife*, and acted at *Covent-garden* theatre, but without success. The opera of *Achilles*, written by the same author, in the manner of the *Beggar's Opera*, had been acted the winter before, with great applause.

you never meet with more than is absolutely necessary to be pleasant.

Adieu, Sir, if you will oblige me, you must do me the justice to believe I am your most faithful friend, &c.

LETTER CCCXXX.

Mr. GRANT to Dr. SWIFT.

London, March 14, 1733-4.

VERY REVEREND SIR,

THOUGH I have been long an admirer of your wit and learning, I have not less valued and esteemed your public spirit and great affection to your native country. These valuable ingredients in your character persuade me to propose to you what I apprehend may be for your country's benefit, and that you will excuse my taking the liberty to do it. As good principles dispose you, your real merit happily united with them, gives you weight and influence to promote the public good; to which I am well assured your country owes not only the escaping many evils, but the establishment of many valuable articles for the increase of their wealth and strength. Though I am not a native of *Ireland*, I have always regarded it as so connected with this country, that the natives of both islands ought mutually to study and advance the advantage of each other. And it is in conse-

quence of this principle, that I offer to your consideration, that your countrymen should heartily engage in and pursue the white herring, and cod fishing. This is a branch of trade which Providence has given an opportunity to follow in both countries; neither can they prejudice one another, as there may be consumption for all that may be caught on both islands. There is nothing that would so effectually employ your poor, and prevent their going abroad, considering the great variety of trades necessary in this undertaking; it would also increase the consumption of your home manufactures, and increase the balance of your foreign trade.

The north and north-east parts of your island lie exceeding well, both for the cod and herring-fishing, as will appear to you from their course, which is described in the inclosed pamphlet, if you take the trouble to look upon it; but encouragements are necessary to support a new undertaking in its infancy, because they are always, at the beginning, liable to charges and inconveniencies, which discourage private adventurers, if not supported by the public. I have with great pleasure read, in the minutes of your parliament, of late years, several instances of their zeal for their country's good, which inclines me to believe they would readily receive and encourage a proposition of this nature, if properly introduced and recommended to them; and I should reckon it a particular good fortune, if I could suggest what would be acceptable to you and them. I have been desirous to establish and improve

prove this valuable branch of commerce into *Britain*, for which reason I have applied myself to it several years last past, and examined it in all its shapes, from whence I flatter myself to have acquired a thorough knowledge in the matter; and I am, with other gentlemen, endeavouring to obtain the necessary encouragements for it here; but it being late before we moved in our application, and appearance of a short session, I am afraid we shall make little progress at this time. Not being sufficiently acquainted with your laws and constitutions, I cannot take upon me to say what may be proper encouragements in your country; yet I may freely venture to assert one proposition, to which every one must assent, that it is the interest of any nation to grant premiums and bounties for the encouragement of any one branch of trade, which, in proportion to what is paid by the public, and when that is paid only to its own subjects, brings into the kingdom ten times the value. And I may, with equal safety, advance this other proposition, that no article of trade better deserves encouragement, from both *Britain* and *Ireland*, than the fishing does; or that might be made of so great consequence and general benefit to both: to which I believe I may add, that there is not any business more natural to either, or the establishment whereof would receive more universal approbation and applause.

These things, from my opinion of your character, I thought I might take the liberty to trouble you with; which I was the more readily induced to, as

it furnished me an opportunity of declaring, that I am, with great esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

FRANCIS GRANT.

P. S. If you have any commands for me, or that you think I may be any ways useful in explaining or promoting this subject, I shall with pleasure obey you; in which case you may direct for me, merchant, in *London*.

L E T T E R CCCXXXI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, April 12, 1734.

I Have received yours of the 16th of *February* very lately; but have not yet seen the person who brought it, nor am likely to see him, unless he finds me out in my retreat. Our friend *Pope* is in town, and to him I send this letter; for he tells me, he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr. *Faulkner* any service, I shall certainly do it, because I shall catch at any opportunity of pleasing you; but my help, in a project of subscription, will, I fear, avail him little. I live much out of the world, and I do not blush to own, that I am out of fashion in it. My wife, who is extremely obliged to you, for your kind remembrance of her, and who desires me to say

say all the fond things from her to you, which I know she thinks, enjoys a precarious health, easily shook, and sometimes interrupted fits of severe pain ; but, upon the whole, much better than it has been these five years. I walk down hill easily and leisurely enough, except when a strong disposition to the jaundice (that I have long carried about me) gives me a shove. I guard against it as well as I can ; the censors say, not as well as I might. Too sedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to lead any other ; for sauntering about my grounds is not exercise. I say, I will be very active this summer, and I will try to keep my word. Riding is your *panacea* ; and *Bathurst* is younger than his sons by observing the same regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer, I shall be satisfied ; for I have something, and not much, to do before I die. I know by experience one cannot serve the present age. About posterity one may flatter one's self, and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have seen, I doubt not, the ethic epistles, and though they go a little into metaphysics, I persuade myself you both understand and approve them ; the first book being finished, the others will soon follow ; for many of them are writ, or crayoned out. What are you doing ? — Good I am sure. But of what kind ? Pray, Mr. Dean, be a little more cautious in your recommendations. I took care, a year ago, to remove some obstacles that might have hindered the success of one of your recommendations, and I have heartily repented of it since. The fellow

wants

wants morals, and, as I hear, decency, sometimes. You have had accounts, I presume, which will not leave you at a loss to guess whom I mean. Is there no hope left of seeing you once more in this island? I often wish myself out of it; and I shall wish so much more, if it is impossible *de voisiner* (I know no *English* word to say the same thing) with you. Adieu, dear Sir; no man living preserves a higher esteem, or a more warm and sincere friendship for you than I do.

L E T T E R CCCXXXII.

Lord C————— to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R, Jermyn-street, April 13, 1734.

I Had the honour of your letter, which gave me a considerable pleasure to see that I am not so much out of your thoughts, but that you can take notice of events that happen in my family. I need not say, that these alliances * are very agreeable to me; but that they are so to my friends, adds much to the satisfaction I receive from them. They certainly enable me to contract my desires, which is no inconsiderable step towards being happy. As to the other things, I go on as well as I can; and now and then observe, that I have more friends than I had when I was in a situation to do them

* 'His lordship's third daughter, *Georgina-Carolina*, was married, 14 Feb. 1733-4, to the honourable *John Spencer*.'
service.

service. This may be a delusion : however, it is a pleasing one. And I have more reason to believe a man, now I can do him no good, than I had when I could do him favours, which the greatest philosophers are sometimes tempted to solicit their friends about. I shall continue to serve Mrs. *Barber*, by recommending her, as occasion shall offer, where it is necessary; but you have done that so effectually, that nothing need be said to those, to whom you have said any thing in her behalf. I hope Dr. *Delaney* is, as he always used to be, chearful in himself, and agreeable to all that know him; and that he, by this time is convinced, that the world is not worthy of so much speculation as he has bestowed upon some matters. Lady *Worsley*, my wife, and daughters, to whom I have shewn your letter, not forgetting my mother, present their humble service to you. And I desire to recommend the whole family, as well as myself, to the continuance of your favour. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect, your most humble and most obedient servant,

C.

L E T T E R CCCXXXIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

From my Farm, June 27, 1734.

I Thank you, Mr. Dean; or to use a name to me more sacred, I thank you, my friend, for your letter of the 23d of *May*, which came to me by post.

I answer

I answer it by the same conveyance; and provided the diligent inspection of private men's correspondence do not stop our letters, they have my leave to do, what they will do without it, to open and read them. If they expect to find any thing which may do us hurt, or them good; their disappointment will give me pleasure, and in the same proportion, I shall imagine it gives them pain. I should have another pleasure, of higher relish, if our epistles were to be perused by persons of higher rank. And who knows, considering the mighty importance we are of, whether that may not happen? How would these persons stare, to see such a thing as sincere cordial friendship subsist inviolate, and grow and strengthen from year to year, in spite of distance, absence, and mutual inutility!

But enough on this. Let us turn to other subjects. I have read, in the golden verses of *Pythagoras*, or in some other collection of wise apothegms of the ancients, that a man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it. What do you think of this maxim? Is it exact? I have a strange distrust of maxims. We make as many observations as our time, our knowledge, and the other means we have, give us the opportunity of making on a physical matter. We find that they all correspond, and that one general proposition may be affirmed, as the result of them. This we affirm; and, in consequence, this becomes a maxim among our followers, if we have any. Thus the king of *Siam* affirmed, that water was always in a fluid

fluid state ; and I doubt not but the *Talapoins*, do they not call them so? held this maxim. Neither he, or they, had ever climbed the neighbouring mountains of *Ava* ; their observations were confined to the burning climate they inhabited. It is much the same in moral maxims, founded on observations of the conduct of men ; for there are other moral maxims of universal truth, as there are moral duties of eternal obligation. We see what the conduct is, and we guess what the motives are, of great numbers of men ; but then we see often at too great a distance, or through a faulty medium ; we guess with much uncertainty from a thousand reasons concerning a thing as various, and changing, as inconsistent as the heart of man. And even when we see right, and guess right, we build our maxims on a small number of observations (for such they are comparatively, how numerous soever they may be, taken by themselves) which our own age and our own country chiefly have presented to us.

You and I have known one man * in particular, who affected business he often hindered, and never did ; who had the honour among some, and the blame among others, of bringing about great revolutions in his own country, and in the general affairs of *Europe* ; and who was, at the same time, the idlest creature living ; who was never more copious than in expressing, when that was the theme of the day, his indifference to power, and his contempt of what we call honours, such as titles, ribbands, &c. who

* Lord *Oxford*.

should, to have been consistent, have had this indifference, and have felt this contempt, since he knew neither how to use power, nor how to wear honours, and yet who was jealous of one, and fond of the other, even to ridicule. This character seems singular enough, and yet I have known some resembling it very much in general, and many exactly like it, in the strongest marks it bore.

Now let us suppose that some *Rochfoucault* or other, some *Anthroponomical* sage, should discover a multitude of similar instances, and not stumble upon any one repugnant; you and I should not, however, receive for a maxim, that he who affects business, never does it: nor this, that he who brings about great revolutions, is always idle: nor this, that he who expresses indifference to power, and contempt of honours, is jealous of one and fond of the others.

Proceed we now, dear doctor, to the application. A man in business, and a man who is out of it, may equally talk of philosophy; that is certain. The question is, whether the man in business may not practise it, as well as the man out of business? I think he may, in this sense, as easily; but sure I am, he may, in this sense, as usefully. If we look into the world, our part of it I mean, we shall find, I believe few philosophers in business, or out of business. The greatest part of the men I have seen in business, perhaps all of them, have been so far from acting on philosophical principles, that is, on principles of reason and virtue, that they have not acted even on the highest principles of vice. I
have

have not known a man of real ambition ; a man who sacrificed all his passions, or made them all subservient to that one ; but I have known many, whose vanity and whose avarice mimicked ambition. The greatest part of men I have seen out of business have been so far from practising philosophy, that they have lived in the world errant triflers ; or retiring from it, have fallen into stupid indolence, and deserved such an inscription as *Seneca* mentions, in one of his letters to *Lucilius*, to have been put over the door of one *Vattia*, *Hic situs est Vattia*. But, for all this, I think that a man in business may practise philosophy as austere to himself, and more beneficially to mankind, than a man out of it. The *Stoics* were an affected, pedantical sect ; but I have always approved that rule of the *Portique*, that a philosopher was not to except himself from the duties of society, neither in the community to which he particularly belonged, nor in the great community of mankind. *Mencius*, and his master *Confucius*, were strange metaphysicians, but they were good moralists, and they divided their doctrines into three parts ; the duties of man ; of an individual, as a member of a family ; and as a member of a state. In short, a man may be, many men have been, and some are, I believe philosophers in business ; he that can be so out of it, can be so in it.

But it is impossible to talk so much of philosophy, and forget to speak of *Pope*. He is actually rambling from one friend's house to another. He is now at *Cirencester* ; he came thither from my lord *Cobham's* ;

ham's; he came to my lord Cobham's from Mr. Dormer's; to Mr. Dormer's from London; to London from Chiswick; to Chiswick from my farm; to my farm from his own garden; and he goes soon from lord Bathurst's to lord Peterborow's; after which, he returns to my farm again. The dæmon of verse sticks close to him. He has been imitating the satire of Horace, which begins *Ambubaiarum Collegia pharmacopolæ*, &c. and has chose rather to weaken the images, than to hurt chaste ears over much. He has sent it me; but I shall keep his secret as he desires, and shall not, I think, return him the copy; for the rogue has fixed a ridicule upon me, which some events of my life would seem perhaps to justify him in doing. I am glad you approve of his *Moral Essays*. They will do more good than the sermons and writings of some, who had a mind to find great fault with them. And if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of consequences deducible from these doctrines were to be disputed in prose, I think he would have no reason to apprehend either the free-thinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatists on the other. Some few things may be expressed a little hardly; but none are, I believe, unintelligible. I will let him know your complaints of his silence; which I wonder at the more, because he has often spoke in such a manner, as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments shall be paid likewise to the other friends you mention.

You

You complain of the vast alteration which the last seven years have made in you ; and do you believe, that they have not made proportionable alterations in us ? Satisfy yourself they have. We all go the same road, and keep much the same stages. Let this consideration, therefore, not hinder you from coming amongst us. You shall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, and be as ill-bred as you please ; and the indulgence you receive on these heads you shall return on these or others. Adieu.

I will speak to you about books next time I write, if I can recollect what I intended to say upon a passage in your letter ; or if any thing else worth saying comes into my head. Adieu, my friend.

L E T T E R CCCXXXIV.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

Hamstead, Oct. 4, 1734.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

YOU have no reason to put me amongst the rest of your forgetful friends ; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health ; the last I sent a great while ago, by one *De la Mar*. I can assure you, with great truth, that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart towards you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world,

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and

and you, amongst the rest of my friends, shall have my last prayers, and good wishes.

The young man whom you recommended came to this place, and I promised to do him what service my ill state of health would permit. I came out to this place so reduced by a dropſy, and an asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, or move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God, that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborn for ſome years, because of bloody water) I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again; but I expect the return of my symptoms upon my return to *London*, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumstances to live an idle country life; and no man, at my age, ever recovered of such a disease further than by an abatement of the symptoms. What I did, I can assure you, was not for life, but ease. For I am, at present, in the case of a man that was almost in harbour, and then blown back to sea; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindness of my friends, as any man; but the world, in the main, displeaseth me; and I have too true a presentiment of calamities that are like to befall my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual chearfulness.

ness. I cannot imagine why you are frightened from a journey to *England* ! the reasons you assign, I am sure, are not sufficient ; the journey I am sure will do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them, gave me my first shock ; and the trouble I have with the rest, to bring them to a good temper, to bear the loss of a father, who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment *, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour for all that is in the world. This world is not worth the least deviation from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes ; for none can be with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend, and humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

* Dr. Arbuthnot died in March, 1734-5.

L E T T E R CCCXXXV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 7, 1734.

DON'T accuse me of forsaking you : indeed it is not the least in my thoughts ; but I heard you were ill, and I had no letter from you, so doubted being troublesome. I was, about two months ago, at my own house, and had my duke and duchess * with me. The rest of my time was divided between lord president † and *Knole*. I have now left their graces in the country, where I hope they will not stay long ; for she has been very ill, though now recovered.

I am always more frightful when my friends are sick there, because there is neither physic nor physician that's good for any thing. Indeed I cannot answer, whether your lord lieutenant will be the same or not. All that I can say is, that if he asks my consent for it, he shall not have it. I have no acquaintance with the duke of *Chandois*, nor I believe has the duke of *Dorset* much. And to be sure it would be to no purpose to ask him for those records ‡

* of *Dorset*.

† *Spencer* earl of *Wilmington*.

‡ These records were manuscripts relating to the history of *Ireland*, which had been collected by Sir *James Ware*, before, after, and during the troubles of 1641. When lord *Clarendon* was lord lieutenant, in 1686, he got these manuscripts from the heir of Sir *James*, and brought them into *England*. After lord *Clarendon's* death, they were sold to the duke of *Chandois*. The catalogue

again, because, if he would have parted with them, he would have done it on your asking. And whether it be useful or not just to him, yet few people would care to part with what must enhance the value of their libraries; but if he succeeds the duke of *Dorset*, then for certain he will be easily persuaded to make a compliment of them to the kingdom. Your friend Dr. *Arbuthnot*, I hear, is out of order again. I have not seen him lately, and I fear he is in a very declining way. I fancy it would be prodigiously good for your health to come to *England*, which would be a great pleasure to your most sincere old friend, and humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCXXXVI.

Mr. J A R V I S * to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR MR. DEAN, Hampton, Nov. 24, 1734.

YOU can hardly imagine how rejoiced I am at the finding my old friend the bishop of *Worcester* † so hale at 83-4! No complaint; he does but begin to

logue of them was printed in 1697, in the large folio catalogue of all the libraries both in *England* and *Ireland*; and the Dean having read that account of them was very desirous to procure them for public use. See a letter written by the Dean to the Duke of *Chandois*, soliciting his grace to present them to the public library at *Dublin*, in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

* A celebrated painter, and contemporary with Sir *Godfrey Kneller*.

† Dr. *John Hough*, bishop of *Worcester*.

stoop, and I am forced myself every now and then to awaken myself to walk tolerable upwright, famous as I was lately for a wight of uncommon vigour, and consequently spirits to spare. If ever I see *Dublin* again, and your *Teague* escapes hanging so long, I will myself truss him for non-admittance, when you were in a conversable condition. I am sure the lady will send you Mr. *Connoly's* * picture with pleasure, when I tell her you expect it. Our friend *Pope* is off and on, here and there, every where and no where, *a son ordinaire*, and therefore as well as we can hope, for a carcass so crazy. He assures me, he has done his duty in writing frequently to the Dean, because he is sure it gives you some amusement, as he is rejoiced at all yours; therefore you must write away. Upon enquiry, I learn, that exercise is the best medicine for your giddiness. *Penny* made Mrs. *Pandarvis* happy with a print of yours †, and I do not fail to distribute them to all your well-wishers. I am, dear Dean, yours most affectionately,

C H A. J A R V I S.

I held out bravely the three weeks fog, &c. and am very well.

* Speaker to the house of commons, one of the lords justices, and a commissioner of the revenue in *Ireland*.

† This print was engraved from an original picture, painted by Mr. *Jarvis*, by *Foudrinier*.

L E T T E R CCCXXXVII.

Lady B——— G——— to Dr. S W I F T.

Feb. 13, 1734-5.

YOU are a fine gentleman indeed, to teach his grace of *Dorset* such saucy words; and we have quarrelled so much about it, that I don't know but I shall oblige him to meet me behind *Moutague-house* *. He says, it is some time ago that he commanded me to write to you, to assure you, he thought himself very much obliged to you for your letter, and that he takes it as a proof of your friendship and good-will to him. So far I own is true; he did humbly beg the favour of me to write you this a great while ago; but I understood he had something else more to say, so I cannot but own I have seen him pretty often since; but yet (at the times I could speak to him) my addle head constantly forgot to ask him what he had to say? so now he says he will do his own business, and write to you soon himself.

The † countess has quitted the court, because, after a long illness at *Bath*, she did not meet with a reception that she liked; though her mistress appeared excessively concerned, and expressed great uneasiness at parting with her; and my opinion is, that not only her master and mistress ‡, but her very

* Where duels were frequently fought.

† The countess of *Suffolk*.

‡ King *George II.* and queen *Caroline*.

enemies will have reason to repent the part they have acted by her.

Now I have answered all I can tell you, that you want to know, I bid my dear Dean adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXXXVIII.

The Earl of STRAFFORD * to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Feb. 18, 1734-5.

TO honour and esteem, and admire you, is general to all that know or have heard of you; but to be pleased with your commands, and glad and diligent to obey them, is peculiar to your true friends, of which number I am very desirous to be reckoned. On receiving your letter by Mr. *Skerret*, I immediately undertook to do him the best service I could, and thought myself happy in having advanced his affair so far, as to get his petition to the house of lords read and agreed to, and a peremptory day agreed to for his being (as this day) heard *ex parte*, if the other party did not put in their answer before. I likewise got several lords to attend; but on printing his case, our new lord chancellor † (who at present has a great party in the house) found out, that the petition I had presented for Mr. *Skerret* had not fully explained matters to the house; because,

* He had been ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General during the treaty for the peace of *Utrecht*.

† *Talbot*.

upon

upon comparing dates, the petition of appeal last year was presented late in the sessions; and that though there was then an order for the respondents to put in their answer in five weeks (the usual time for causes in *Ireland*) yet the parliament did not sit above a fortnight after; so that it was impossible for the respondent's answer to be put in by that time. That the parliament being dissolved, the respondents in *Ireland* might expect to have been served with a new order this session, which it did not appear was done: and that though in the courts below, if answers were not put in, they proceeded to hear causes *ex parte*; yet there was this difference, that there they always allowed a time for the defendant to have his cause reheard; but in the house of lords our decrees are final, and it would be hard for any, by surprize, to be absolutely cut out from making his defence. The whole house seeming to be of the same mind, they put off the cause to *Thursday* five weeks; and ordered the respondents, in the mean time, to be served with an order to put in their answer; and if they did not answer by that time, the house would proceed absolutely to hear the cause *ex parte*. I must own to you, the chancellor proposed to put it off only for a month; and it was I alone desired it might be for five weeks, giving for a reason, that since the appellant was disappointed once, after having been at the expence of seeing his council, he might not be so a second time: and since his adversaries were ready to make all the chicane possible, they might not have the pretence for another, by saying, as the usual

usual time was five weeks, and this order but for a month, they expected they were to be allowed the usual time; so I thought it was better giving them a week more, than leaving them any room for further chicanery. As I have not seen your friend Mr. *Skerret* since this order, I do not know how he takes it: but I was resolved to give you this account of what happened but a few hours ago, that you might be convinced of my diligence to gratify you in every thing you desire of, Sir, your most sincere faithful humble servant.

As the house of commons were but yesterday on the practice of opening letters, you will not wonder if I expect this to be opened.

L E T T E R CCCXXXIX.

Lord C————— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Jermyn-Street, March 6, 1734-5.

I Had the honour of your letter, and attended the cause yesterday, and the day before: it went for your friend upon the justest principle, and that unanimously. He did not only carry his cause before the house, but his future cause springed out of this, is mended by the decree. The chancellor said, the respondent had more reason to appeal than the appellant. Mr. *Lindsay*, who informed you right in all the matters you mentioned to me, will
inform

inform you on perusing our decree, of the reason of the chancellor's expression. I have a partiality for captain *Rowley* in every thing but judicature; and in that capacity, if judge *Lindsay* and I sat together, I fancy by what I know of him, that we should seldom disagree.

I thank you for taking notice of the prosperous events that have happened to my family. If alliance and the thoughts of prosperity can bind a man to the interest of his country, I am certainly bound to stand by liberty; and when you see me forgetful of that, may you treat me like * *Traulus* and *Pistorides*. I am impatient for four volumes said to be your works, for which my wife and I have subscribed; and we expected a dozen of copies from Mr. *Tickell* last packet.

I intend these works shall be the first foundation of the libraries of my three grandsons. In the mean time, they will be studied by my sons and sons-in-law.

I desire you will condescend to make my compliments to Dr. *Delaney*, for whom I have a most hearty esteem, though I know he thinks me not serious enough upon certain arduous points of antiquity.

That you may enjoy the continuance of all happiness, is my wish: as for futurity, I know your name will be remembered, when the names of kings, lord lieutenants, archbishops, and parliament politicians, will be forgotten; at last, you yourself

* *Joshua* lord *Allen*, a privy councillor, and *Richard Tighe*, Esq; must

must fall into oblivion, which may happen in less than a thousand years, though the terms may be uncertain, and will depend on the progress that barbarity and ignorance may make, notwithstanding the sedulous endeavours to the contrary, of the great prelates in this and succeeding ages. My wife, my mother, my mother-in-law, my, &c. &c. &c. all join with me in good wishes to you; and I hope, you will continue to believe, that I am with the greatest respect, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

L E T T E R CCCXL.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, March 11, 1734-5.

I Have often desired our friend *Pope*, when he wrote to you, to allow me a corner of his letter, to assure you of my most humble service; but the little man never remembered it, and it was not worth troubling you with a letter of my own on so insignificant an occasion.

Your recommending Mr. *Loriman* to me, gives me great pleasure and satisfaction, as it is an instance of your kind remembrance and friendship. I promise you, whoever at any time comes to me from you, shall be sure of meeting with the utmost of my endeavours to serve them. I am glad I can acquaint you, Mr. *Loriman* has all the success he could expect or wish for: his cause was a good one, and he had the honour of having it greatly attended. When it was
over,

over, he asked me, (but in a very modest way) whether it was possible to get him made receiver of the new bishop of *Derry's* rents? I told him, I would try; I did so, but found it would not succeed, and so dropped it immediately.

What do you say to the bustle made here to prevent the * man from being an *English* bishop, and afterwards allowing him to be a good Christian enough for an *Irish* one? Sure, the opposition, or the acquiescence, must have been most abominably scandalous. By what I can learn of Dr. *Rundle's* character, (for I am not in the least acquainted with him myself) he is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him; and much farther yet, from the bad man his enemies represent him. Our right reverend brethren continue to dwell together in the strictest political unity; whether it be like the dew of *Hermon* upon the hill of *Sion*, or like ointment that ran down into *Aaron's* beard, and to the skirts of his cloathing, I cannot say; but I am sure, it is a good joyful thing for the ministers to behold. This has enabled

* Dr. *Thomas Rundle* was promoted to the rich see of *Derry* in *Ireland*, in Feb. 1734-5, after being prevented from getting the see of *Gloucester*, in *England*, which had been intended for him in Nov. 1734; but he was then charged with having spoken irreverently of *Abraham's* offering up *Isaac*. The dispute concerning his promotion to the see of *Gloucester*, was between the chancellor and the bishop of *London*: the chancellor was his friend, and the bishop and Sir *Robert Walpole* his enemies. He is reported to have said that if he had been a justice of peace in *Abraham's* country, he would have committed him for an attempt upon the life of his Son.

them

them to prevent any enquiry into the scandalous method of *nominating* instead of *electing* the sixteen *Scotch* peers : and these, and they together, make a most dreadful body in that house. We are not quite so bad in ours ; but I own to you, that I am heartily tired of struggling to no purpose against the corruption that does prevail, and, I see, always will prevail there. Poor *Arbuthnot*, who grieved to see the wickedness of mankind, and was particularly esteemed of his own countrymen *, is dead. He lived the last six months in a bad state of health, and hoping every night would be his last ; not that he endured any bodily pain, but as he was quite weary of the world, and tired with so much bad company †. What I have said of the doctor, may perhaps deter you from coming among us ; but if you had any thoughts of visiting *England* this summer, I can as-

* ‘ He was a native of *Scotland*.’

† This, admitting the fact, is very remarkable of a man of *Arbuthnot*’s turn ; a man of humour, whose mind seemed to be always pregnant with comic ideas, and turned chiefly, if not only, to that which is ridiculous even in vice itself. That to such a man, to whose fancy almost every character, and every event furnished a comedy, death should be welcome because life was insipid, is a melancholy and striking proof, that *even in laughter the heart is sorrowful* ; or, that those who are best qualified to make others merry, are not always merry themselves ; that their mirth is not an effusion of hilarity that overflows their own breasts, but often the mere effect of a painful effort, exerted chiefly for the gratification of vanity, the sad concomitant of vexation of spirit. See the doctor’s own account of himself, which seems not perfectly to agree with what is here said of him in his letter, dated *October 4th, 1734*.

sure

sure you of some friends who wish to live with you, and know how to value and esteem you. Among them, there is none that does so, more sincerely than, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

Mrs. *Pulteney* is very much your humble servant, and joins in inviting you next summer.

L E T T E R CCCXLI.

Lady B——— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

April 5, 1735.

PART the first, you order me to give up my secretaryship; and part the second, called postscript, you employ me about Dr. *Sheridan's* exchange, when the letters for it must have been at *Dublin* long before yours came away. I was just thinking, that you was a little upon the dear joy; but be to sure, you were in the right, for what signified my secretaryship when I had no business?

The countess of *Suffolk* did not give up the first employment at court, for she had no other than mistress of the robes, being 400*l.* a year, which the duchess of *Dorset* quitted to her, there being no lady of the bed-chamber's place vacant, and it not being quite proper for a countess to continue bed-chamber-woman. As to her part about *Gay*, that I cleared to you long ago: for, to my certain knowledge, no woman was ever a better friend than she

by

by many ways proved herself to him. As to what you hint about yourself, as I am wholly ignorant what it is you mean, I can say nothing upon it. And as to the question whether you should congratulate or condole? I believe, you may do either, or both, and not be in the wrong: for I truly think she was heartily sorry to be obliged, by ill usage, to quit a master and mistress that she had served so justly, and loved so well. However, she has now much more ease and liberty, and accordingly her health better.

Mrs. *Floyd* has a cough every winter, and generally so bad, that she often frightens me for the consequences. My faucy niece * presents her service to parson *Swift*. The duchess of *Dorset* is gone to *Bath* with lady *Lambert*, for her health; she has not been long enough there yet to find the good effects of the waters: but as they always did agree with her, I have great hopes they will now quite cure her cholic.

In all likelihood, you are weary by this time of reading, as I am of writing such a long letter; so adieu, my dear Dean.

* ‘*Mary*, eldest daughter, and one of the coheirs of *Thomas Chambers* of *Hanworth* in *Middlesex*, Esq; by lady *Mary Berkeley*, sister to earl *Berkeley*, and to lady *B—— G——*. She married in *April*, 1736, lord *Vere Beauclerc*, now lord *Vere*.’

L E T T E R CCCXLII.

The Archbishop of CASHELL * to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Cashel, April 7, 1735.

I Suppose by this time you have been informed, that Mr. † *Dunkin* was ordained here last *Thursday*, and that your recommendations got the better of my prejudices to his unhappy genius; which I hope will in some degree convince you, that your power over me is not yet quite worn out.

It is one of the greatest evils that attends those whom fortune has forsaken, that their friends forsake them too: and let me tell you, that your not seeing me the whole winter I was last in *Dublin*, was not a less mortification to me, than all the hard sayings of the great parliament orators. However, I must own your taking any occasion to write to me at all, has made some amends; for though you seem designedly to cover it, I think, I perceive some little marks of that former kindness, which I once pleased myself to have had a share in with your lawyer-friends ‡. When I conversed with politicians, I learned, that it was not prudent to seem fond of what one most desires: for which reason, I won't tell you, that if this accident of your poetical friend should open a way to our frequent meeting

* Dr. *Theophilus Bolton*.

† The reverend Mr. *Dunkin*, the author of several poetical pieces that have been well received.

‡ Lord chief justice *Singleton*, and judge *Lindsay*.

together again, and being put upon the old foot, as when I was your subject at *St. Patrick's* *, I should think myself the happiest man in the world; but this I will say, that if it falls out so, this last heavy period of my life will be much more tolerable than it is at present.

I am now wholly employed in digging up rocks, and making the way easier to my church †; which, if I can succeed in, I design to repair a very venerable old fabric, that was built here in the time of our ignorant (as we are pleased to call them) ancestors. I wish this age had a little of their piety, though we gave up, instead of it, some of our immense erudition. What if you spent a fortnight here this summer? I have laid aside all my country politics, sheriffs, elections, feasts, &c. And I fancy, it would not be disagreeable to you, to see king *Cormack's* chapel, his bed-chamber, &c. all built, beyond controversy, above eight hundred years ago, when he was king, as well as archbishop. I really intend to lay out a thousand pounds to preserve this old church; and I am sure, you would be of service to posterity, if you assisted me in the doing it; at least, if you approved the design, you would give the greatest pleasure, I assure you, to your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

THEO. CASHELL.

* Dr. *Theophilus Bolton* was rector of *St. Werburgh's*, and chancellor of the cathedral of *St. Patrick's*, *Dublin*.

† The fine old cathedral of *Cashell*.

L E T T E R CCCXLIII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, April 29, 1735.

I Am obliged to you for your letter by Dr. Stopford; to which I am sorry I can so soon, by him, return you an answer. I have scarce had any opportunity of seeing him. One day, believing we should have had no business in parliament, I desired him to dine with me; but unluckily a debate arose, which kept us till nine at night before we sat down to dinner. We have had a very fatiguing session, more from the severe attendance on elections, than any other public business. The ministers have been defeated in their expectation of weeding the house; and upon the whole, we stand stronger in numbers than we did at first setting out. I have sent you the copy of a bill, now depending in our house, for the encouragement of learning* (as the title bears) but I think, it is rather of advantage to booksellers than authors. Whether it will pass or not this session, I cannot say; but if it should not, I should be glad of your thoughts upon it against another session. It seems to me to be extremely imperfect at present. I hope you have many more writings to oblige the world with, than those which have been so scanda-

* 'The title of it was, *An Act for the better Encouragement of Learning.*'

lously stolen from you. And when a bill of this nature passes in *England* (as I hope it will next year) you may then secure the property to any friend, or to any charitable use you think fit.

I thank you for the many kind expressions of friendship in your letter. If my public conduct has recommended me to your esteem, I am extremely proud of the reward, and value it more than those do, who attain foolish ribbons, or foolish titles, *vila servitutis premia* *. Pray therefore continue me your friendship, and believe me, with the greatest sincerity and regard, dear Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

W. PULTENEY.

Lord *Bolingbroke* is going to *France* with lord *Berkeley*; but I believe, will return again in a few months.

I will take a proper opportunity of recommending Dr. *Stopford* to the duke of *Dorset*; but I think it is not yet quite certain, that he will continue lord lieutenant. I mean, that if he perceives, that he is to be turned out soon after his return from *Ireland*, possibly he may desire not to go.

* This was before he attained the title of earl of *Bath*.

L E T T E R CCCXLIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Lady B——— G———.

M A D A M

May 5, 1735.

I Find your ladyship seems not very much pleased with your office of secretary; which, however, you must be obliged to hold during the duke's government, if I happen to outlive it, which for your comfort, considering my health, is not very likely. I have not been a troublesome petitioner to his grace, and intend to be less; and, as I have always done, will principally consider my lord duke's honour. I have very few friends in want. I have kindred enough, but not a grain of merit among them, except one female *, who is the only cousin I suffer to see me. When I had credit for some years at court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which, not one was a relation. I have neither followers, nor fosterers, nor dependers; so that if I lived now among the great, they might be sure I would never be a solicitor, out of any regard but merit and virtue; and in that case, I would reckon I was doing them the best service in my power: and if they were good for any thing, I would expect their thanks; for they want nothing so much as an honest judicious recommender, which, in perfect modesty, I take myself to be. Dr. *Sheridan* is gone to his school in the country, and was only

* Mrs. *Whiteway*.

delayed so long on account of some very unnecessary forms contrived by his grace's most cautious deputies.

My letter is but just begun; the larger half remains: and your ladyship is to make a fresh use of your secretary employment. The countess of *Kerry*, my long friend and mistress, commanded me to attend her yesterday: she told me, that Mr. *Deering*, late deputy clerk of the council, being dead, she had thoughts of soliciting the same office for her younger son, Mr. *John Fitzmaurice*. Her eldest son, lord *Fitzmaurice*, hath for some years been plagued with a wife and no wife *. The case hath been tried in both kingdoms, and he stands excommunicated and forced to live abroad, which is a very great misfortune to the earl of *Kerry* and his lady; and they have nothing left to comfort them but their younger son, who hath lately married honestly and indisputably. He is a young gentleman of great regularity, well very educated, but hath no employment; therefore his parents would be very desirous he should have one, and this, of deputy

* When the woman died, who claimed a marriage with this young nobleman, he married lady *Gertrude Lambert*, eldest daughter to *Richard* earl of *Cavan*, June 29, 1738, by whom he had the present earl of *Kerry*. The honourable *John Fitzmaurice*, here recommended by Dr. *Swift* for small employments, afterwards succeeded his uncle, *Henry* earl of *Shelburn*, in his immense estates, both real and personal, in *England* and *Ireland*, and was afterwards created earl of *Shelburn* in *Ireland* in 1753, and baron *Wycombe* of *Chipping-Wycombe*, in *England*, 1760. The present earl of *Shelburn* is his son.

clerk

clerk of the council here, would be a very proper introduction to business. It is understood here, that the purchase of the deputy clerk's office is the perquisite of the chief clerk, with the consent of the chief governor, with which, my lord and lady *Kerry* would very readily and thankfully fall in. And as the earl of *Kerry's* is one of the most ancient and noble families of the kingdom, his younger son might well pretend to succeed in so small an office, upon an equal foot with any other person. I own this proposal of mine is more suitable to the corruption of the times, than to my own speculative notions of virtue; but I must give some allowance to the degeneracy of mankind, and the passion I have to my lady *Kerry*, &c.

L E T T E R CCCXLV.

Lady B——— G———— to Dr. SWIFT.

May 27, 1735.

IT is true enough, my love to business is not great, without my capacity was better; but, however, you should have had a quicker answer to your letter, but that I find Mr. *Fitzmaurice* has already made application by several other hands, and so have many members of parliament. The answer, given to them all, has been, that it will not yet be disposed of; and my opinion is, that, probably, when lord *George Sackville* comes over, he will humbly desire his father, or whoever is chief governor, that he

may, without any political view, have the disposal of it himself, as it is his own private concern.

I did not know lady *Kerry* had the honour of being your mistress and favourite; however, I approve of your taste. For many years, or rather an age ago, she and I were very well acquainted, and I thought her a mighty sensible agreeable woman; so, upon that account, as well as yours, I should be very glad to be serviceable to her in any thing in my power.

Now I have given you what answer I can on this subject, I must recommend to you an affair, which has given me some small palpitations of the heart, which is, that you should not wrap up old shoes, or neglected sermons, in my letters; but that what of them have been spared from going towards making gin for the ladies, may henceforth be committed instantly to the flames *: for you being stigmatized with the name of a wit, Mr. *Curll* will rake to the dunghill for your correspondence. And as to my part, I am satisfied with having been honoured in print, by our amorous, satirical, and gallant letters †.

* To this *Swift* answers, “ When I was leaving *England* upon the queen’s death, I burnt all the letters I could find, that I had received from ministers, for several years before. But, as to the letters I receive from your ladyship, I neither ever did, or ever will, burn any of them, take it as you please: for I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and consequently will give me new pleasure, when it is forgotten.” See his answer to this letter, dated *June 8, 1735*, in Mr. *Deane Swift*’s collection.

† See lady *B. G.*’s next letter, dated *July 12, 1735*.

The

The summer has done your old friend Mrs. *Floyd* a great deal of service. As for my saucy niece, I would advice you both to be better acquainted before you fall foul of one another. The duchess of *Dorset* is still at *Bath*, and the waters have done her good. The duke is now confined by a fit of the gout, which I believe is very well for him, because I doubt he had a little of it in his stomach. Adieu, &c.

L E T T E R CCCXLVI.

The Archbishop of CASHELL to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Cashell, May 5, 1735.

I Have been so unfortunate in all my contests of late, that I am resolved to have no more, especially where I am like to be overmatched: and as I have some reason to hope what is past will be forgotten, I confess, I did endeavour in my last to put the best colour I could think of upon a very bad cause. My friends judge right of my idleness, but, in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents, rather than mere sloth.

I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands, which by the help of the prime serjeant I hope soon to get rid of; and then you shall see me a true *Irish* bishop. Sir *James Ware* has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of all my predecessors. He tells us, they were born
in

in such a town of *England* or *Ireland*; were consecrated such a year, and, if not translated, were buried in their cathedral church, either on the north or south side. From whence I conclude, that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example, I propose for the remainder of my life to follow: for to tell you the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude, among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent upon any man to endeavour to do good to preserve a generation.

I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover your flesh; and I don't know, except in one stage, where you can choose a road so suited to your circumstances, as from *Dublin* hither. You have to *Kilkenny*, a turnpike and good inns, at every ten or twelve miles end. From *Kilkenny* hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inn at all: but, I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, just mid-way there lives, in a neat thatched cabin, a parson, who is not poor; his wife is allowed to be the best little woman in the world. His chickens are the fattest, and his ale the best in all the country. Besides, the parson has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he has always a hoghead of the best wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their side; and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think,
than

than *Robin*. Here I design to meet you with a coach: if you be tired, you shall stay all night; if not, after dinner, we will set out about four, and be at *Cashell* by nine; and, by going through fields and by-ways, which the parson will shew us, we shall escape all the rocky and stony roads that lie between this place and that. I hope you will be so kind as to let me know a post or two before you set out, the very day you will be at *Kilkenny*, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you ask him, *Cope* will come: he will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your positive promise, I shall add no more arguments to persuade you. And am, with the greatest truth,

Your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

THEO. CASHELL.

LETTER CCCXLVII.

Lady B——— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July, 12, 1735.

I Have not answered yours of the 15th of *June* so soon as I should; but the duke of *Dorset* had answered all yours ere your letter came to my hands. So I hope all causes of complaint are at an end, and that he has shewed himself, as he is, much your friend and humble servant, though he wears a garter, and had his original from *Normandy*, if heralds don't lie, or his granums did not play false; and
whilst

whilst he is lord lieutenant, (which I heartily wish may not be much longer) I dare say he will be very glad of any opportunity to do what you recommend to him. Thus far will I answer for his grace, though he is now in the country, and cannot subscribe to it himself.

Now to quite another affair. The countess of *Suffolk* (whom you know I have long had a great esteem and value for) has been so good and gracious as to take my brother *George Berkeley* for better for worse; though I hope in God the last will not happen, because I think he is an honest good natured man. The town is surprized; and the town talks, as the town loves to do, upon these ordinary extraordinary occasions. She is indeed four or five years older than he, and no more; but, for all that, he hath appeared to all the world, as well as me, to have long had (that is, ever since she hath been a widow, so pray don't mistake me) a most violent passion for her, as well as esteem and value for her numberless good qualities. These things well considered, I do not think they have above ten to one against their being very happy: and if they should not be so, I shall heartily wish him hanged, because I am sure it will be wholly his fault. As to her fortune, though she has been twenty years a court favourite, yet I doubt she has been too disinterested to enlarge it, as others would have done. And Sir *Robert* *, her greatest enemy, does not tax her with

* *Walpole*, afterwards earl of *Orford*.

getting quite forty thousand pounds. I wish—but fear it is not near that sum. But what she has, she never told me, nor have I ever asked; but whatever it is, they must live accordingly; and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himself easily and genteely.

In this hurry of matrimony, I had like to forget to answer that part of your letter, where you say, you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago, Mr. *Curll* set forth *Letters amorous, satirical, and gallant, between Dr. Swift, lady Mary Chambre, lady Betty Germain, and Mrs. Anne Long*, and several other persons. I am afraid some of my people used them according to their desert; for they have not appeared above-ground this great while. And now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make me do you, I have bruised my fingers prodigiously, and can say no more but adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXLVIII.

Lady B———G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 4, 1735.

IF you are not angry with me for my long silence, I take it ill, and need make no excuse; and if you are angry, then I would not willingly make you sorry too, which I know you will be, when I tell you, that I was laid up at *Knowle* with a severe fit of the gout. And since that infallible cure for
all

all diseases, which all great fools and talkers wish joy of, I have never been quite well, but have had continually some disorder or other, which made my head and spirits unfit for writing, or indeed doing any thing I should. I am still so much out of order, that I am under great apprehensions I shall not be able to go, next year, part of the journey to *Ireland* with their graces; which is also part of the road to *Drayton*, where I intend to stay till *November*, in hopes that summer deferred its coming till I was there; for I am sure, hitherto, we have had little but winter weather.

I am glad matters are settled between his grace of *Dorset* and you; and I dare answer, as you are both right thinkers, and of course upright actors, there wants but little explanation between you; since I, that am the go-between, can easily find out, that he has a sincere value for you, as you have for him. I do assure you I am extremely delighted, that since lady *Suffolk* would take a master (commonly called a husband) she chose my brother *George*: for if I am not partial to him, which indeed I don't know that I am, his sincere value, love, and esteem for her, must make him a good man.

We are now full of expectation of his royal highness's * wedding. Her highness's jewels are bought, and her cloaths bespoke; and a gallery of communication is making between his apartment and *St. James's*; but as I do not love to pry into mys-

* *Frederick*, then prince of *Wales*.

teries of state, I don't at all know when the lady will come over. Your friend Mrs. *Floyd* is grown fat and well, under the duchess of *Dorset's* care and direction at *Knowle*. Our friend *Curll* has again reprinted what he called our letters, as a proper third part of Mr. *Pope's*. He should have made those silly bitter verses on me to have been his too, instead of Sir *William Trumbull's*, whom they just as much belonged to. But you patriots are so much afraid of suppressing the press, that every body must suffer under that, and the lyes of the news papers, without hopes of redress. Adieu, my dear Dean.

L E T T E R C C C X L I X.

Lady B———— G———— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 13, 1735.

I Honestly confess I was honoured with yours above a month ago, which ought in all love and reason to have been answered above a month since; but I know your sauciness, as well as you know my niece's; with this difference, that as age is to mend hers, it makes yours grow worse; and the answer to me had been,—Oh! she can give a quick reply to mine; now the duke and duchess are here, she wants to know more frequently how and what they do?

I can tell you no story of the ring (which you want to know) but that it came to my hands through proper windings and turnings from an earl of *Peter-*
borow;

borow; and the connoisseurs say it is an antique, and a pretty good one. I am very well pleased and happy, if that ever serves to put you in mind that I am your humble servant.

I came last week from my house in *Northamptonshire*. I cannot say the weather permitted me much exercise abroad : but as that house is large, the necessary steps the mistress must take, is some ; and I never lost any time I could get to walk out, and sometimes drove abroad in a chair, with one horse ; for being a bad rider, I approve much more of that than mounting my palfrey. And whether it was this, or the country air, or chance, I know not ; but, thank God, I am as well at present as ever I was in my life.

I am wholly ignorant who is or will be bishop of *Corke* ; for his grace is such a silly conceited man, that he never vouchsafes to consult me in the affairs of his kingdom. I only know that I wish heartily for Dr. *Whetcombe* *, because he seems to be a modest good sort of a man ; and if I was his grace, since there can be no objection against him in this, he should have it. But as these matters are above my capacity, I do assure you I do not in the least pretend to meddle with them.

I hope, whenever you ask me about the countess and *George*, I shall be able to answer you, as I

John Whetcombe, D. D. then fellow of *Dublin* college, made bishop of *Clonfert* in Ireland, Dec. 24, 1735, and consecrated 4th *January* following. He was afterwards translated to the archbishopric of *Cashell*, and died in 1754.

can safely do now, that as yet there is no sort of appearance that they like one another the worse for wearing. Mrs. *Composition** is much your humble servant, and has not yet got her winter cough. God bless you, and adieu.

L E T T E R CCCL.

Dr. SWIFT to the Duke of DORSET.

MY LORD,

Dec. 30, 1735.

YOUR grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a year in the church, which I thus prove. I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked modestly; that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word used here) an expert king-fisher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a year; and I shall never trouble your grace any more in his behalf. Now by plain arithmetic it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remain: and this arrear I have assigned to one Mr. *John Jackson*, who is vicar of *Santry*, and hath a small estate, with two sons, and as many daughters, all grown up. He hath lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up, on account of his virtue, piety, and good sense, and modesty almost to a fault. Your grace is now disposing

* Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*,

of the *debris* * of two bishoprics, among which is the deanry of *Ferns*, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a year, which will make this gentleman easier, who besides his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wish.

I cannot but think, that your grace, to whom God hath given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have satisfied all the expectations of those who have power in your club †, to do something at the request of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting any thing for themselves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of some very deserving gentlemen, who I was assured had been recommended to you by persons of weight; but I easily found by your general answers, that although I have been an old courtier you knew how to silence me, by diverting the discourse, which made me reflect that courtiers resemble gamesters, the latter finding new arts unknown to the older; and one of them assured me, that he has lost fourteen thousand pounds since he left off play, merely by dabbling with those who had contrived new refinements.

My lord, I will as a divine, quote scripture: although the childrens meat should not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scraps that fall from the childrens table. This is the second request I have ever made your grace directly. Mr. *Jackson*:

* The shattered remains.

† The parliament of *Ireland*.

is condemned to live on his own small estate, part whereof is in his parish about four miles from hence, where he hath built a family house, more expensive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished character ; but the misfortune is, he hath not one enemy to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I say.

Pray, my lord, be not alarmed at the word deanry, nor imagine it a dignity like those we have in *England* ; for, except three or four, the rest have little power, rather none as a dean and chapter, and seldom any land at all. It is usually a living consisting of one or more parishes, some very poor, and others better endowed ; but all in tythes.

Mr. *Jackson* cannot leave his present situation. and only desires some very moderate addition. My lord, I do not deceive your grace, when I say, you will oblige great numbers even of those who are most at your devotion, by conferring this favour, or any other, that will answer the same end. *Multa—veniet manus auxilio quæ—Sit mihi, (nam multo plures sumus) ac veluti te—Judæi cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.*

I woud have waited on your grace, and taken the privilege of my usual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old disorder in my head ; for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.

L E T T E R CCCLI.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Feb. 10, 1735-6.

I Am sorry to hear your complaints still of giddiness. As I was in hopes you would have mended, like my purblind eyes, with old age. According to the custom of all old women, I must recommend to you a medicine, which is certainly a very innocent one, and they say does great good to that distemper, which is only wearing oil-cloth the breadth of your feet, and next to your skin. I have often found it do me good for the head-ach.

I don't know what offences the duke of *Dorset's* club, as you call them, commit in your eyes; but, to my apprehension, the parliament cannot but behave well, since they let him have such a quiet session. And as to all sorts of politics, they are now my utter aversion, and I will leave them to be discussed by those who have a better skill in them.

If my niece has been humbled by being nine years older, her late inherited great fortune will beautify her in the eyes of a great many people; so she may grow proud again upon that. The countess of *Suffolk* is your humble servant. Mr. *Pope* and she appear to have a true value for one another, so I suppose there is no doubt of it; I will answer for my friend's sincerity, and I do not question Mr. *Pope's*. Why, pray, do you fancy I don't desire

desire to cultivate Mr. *Pope's* acquaintance? But perhaps, if I seek it too much, I might meet with a rebuff, as you say her M. did. However we do often dine together at third places; and, as to my own house, though he would be extremely welcome, he has too numerous friends and acquaintance already, to spare me a day, unless you will come to *England*, and then he might be induced to meet you here. Mrs. *Biddy Floyd* has passed thus far of the winter in better health than usual, though her cough will not forsake her. She is much your humble servant, and so is most sincerely your old friend,

E—— G——

LETTER CCCLII.

Mrs. P E N D A R V E S to Dr. S W I F T.

SIR,

London, April 22, 1736.

I Am sorry you make use of so many good arguments for not coming to *Bath*. I was in hopes, you might be prevailed with. And though one of my strongest reasons for wishing you there was the desire I had of seeing you, I assure you the consideration of your health took place of it. I left *Bath* last Sunday sev'nnight, very full and gay. I think *Bath* a more comfortable place to live in than *London*; all the entertainments of the place lie in a small compass, and you are at your liberty to partake of them, or let them alone, just as it suits your

humour.

humour. This town is grown to such an enormous size, that above half the day must be spent in the streets, going from one place to another. I like it every year less and less.

When I went out of town last autumn, the reigning madness was *Farinelli* * ; I find it now turned on *Pasquin*, a dramatic satire on the times †. It has had almost as long a run as the *Beggar's Opera* ; but, in my opinion, not with equal merit, though it has humour. Monstrous preparations are making for the royal wedding ‡. Pearl, gold and silver, embroidered on gold and silver tissues. I am too poor and too dull to make one among the fine multitude. The news-papers say, my lord *Carteret's* youngest daughter is to have the duke of *Bedford* §. I hear nothing of it from the family ; but think it not unlikely. The duke of *Marlborough* and his grandmother are upon bad terms. The duke of *B——*, who has been ill treated by her, has offered the duke of *M——* to supply him with ten thousand pounds a year, if he will go to law and torment the old

* A celebrated *Italian* singer.

† This was written by the late *Henry Fielding*, and was a rehearsal of a comedy and a tragedy; the comedy was called *The election*, and the tragedy, *The life and death of queen Common Sense*. This and some other dramatic satires, by the same author, levelled against the administration of the late lord *Orford*, produced an act of parliament for licensing the stage, and limiting the number of play-houses, which was passed in 1737.

‡ Of *Frederick*, prince of *Wales*.

§ His grace married Miss *Gower*, daughter of the lord *Gower* by his first wife, on the 1st of *April*, 1737.

dowager.

dowager. The duke of *Chandos's* marriage has made a great noise; and the poor duchess is often reproached with her being bred up in *Burr-street, Wapping**.

Mrs. *Donnellan*, I am afraid, is so well treated in *Ireland*, that I must despair of seeing her here. She is so good to me in her letters, as always to mention you.

I hope I shall hear from you soon: you owe me that pleasure, for the concern I was under when I heard you were ill. I am, Sir, your faithful, and obliged humble servant,

M. P E N D A R V E S.

I beg my compliments to all friends that remember me, but particularly to Dr. *Delaney*.

L E T T E R C C C L I I I .

Lady B——— G——— to Dr. S W I F T.

June 23, 1736.

I Ought to begin with begging pardon for not answering yours of the 1st of *May*, before I thank you for that of the 15th of *June*: but I don't question the news-papers have informed you of the great loss I have had in my brother *Henry Berkeley*. * *

* * * * *

She that you call my saucy niece, has bestowed her very great fortune, (much more than you men-

* She was lady *Daval*, widow of Sir *Thomas Daval*, and had a fortune of 40,000*l*.

tion) on lord *Vere Beauclerk*, and had my approbation of her own choice, for I think him a very deserving gentleman; and all that know him give him a great character. I am now with them in the country; but shall go, in about a fortnight, to *Knowle*; and, when I am there, will certainly obey your commands to the duke of *Dorset*. My brother *George* and lady *Suffolk* are gone to *France*, to make a visit to lord *Berkeley*; which I am glad of, as I hope it will induce her to go to *Spa* and *Aix-la-Chapelle*, for her health, which I truly believe is all she wants to make her easy and happy; or else my brother *George* is not the honest good-natured man I really take him to be; and she dissembles well, if she is not so happy as she makes me believe, and I heartily wish her.

You order me to write long letters; but you may see by the nothingness of this, I am yet more unfit than ever to observe your orders, though in all things, and at all times, your most sincere and truly humble servant,

E. G.

L E T T E R CCCLIV.

Mr. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Corke, July 2, 1736.

I Had the favour of your commands in relation to Mr. * *Dunkin*; and, in pursuance of them, have

* A female relation of Mr. *Dunkin* had bequeathed an estate in land, forever, to the college and fellows of *Trinity college Dublin*,
upon

wrote to two of my friends, among the senior fellows, and recommended his petition; and your request, in the best and strongest manner I was able. I am, upon many accounts, obliged to execute whatever orders you are pleased to give me, with the greatest readiness and chearfulness possible: which, I assure you, I do on this occasion, and shall think myself very happy, if I can any way promote the success of an affair which you wish well to. I hope all difficulties will be got over, by your appearance in his favour, and that your request will have all that weight with the college that it ought. I reminded my friends (though I hope they had not forgot it) of the considerable services you have done their house at different times, and let them know how much their compliance in this point would oblige you. After this, I think they must be very beasts, if they do not shew their gratitude, when they have so fair an opportunity; and idiots, if they neglect purchasing the Dean's favour at so cheap a rate.

Though I am come among a people that I think you are not very fond of, yet, this I must say in their favour, that they are not such brutes as to be insensible of the Dean's merit. Ever since we came

upon condition that they should take care of his education, and afterwards assist to advance him in the world. The college, in consequence of this bequest, allowed him, at this time, an annuity, which he was now soliciting to get increased to 100*l*. He succeeded in his application; and the earl of *Chesterfield*, when he had the government of *Ireland*, in the year 1746, gave him the school of *Enniskilling*, which is very richly endowed, and was founded by king *Charles I*.

down,

down, this town and country rung of your praises, for opposing the reduction of the coin; and they look upon the stop that is likely to be put to that affair, as a second deliverance they owe you.

I hope the late fine weather has contributed to the recovery of your health: I am sure it is what we all have reason to desire the continuance of: and, what I beg you will believe, no one more truly and sincerely wishes, with all other happiness, than, Sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

L E T T E R CCCLV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

July 11, 1736.

SINCE, it seems, my letters are not for your own perusal, but kept for a female cousin, to her this ought to be addressed; only that I am not yet in spirits to joke. I did not do so ill by your request, as you apprehended by my letter, for I spoke to the duke much sooner than I told you I should, and did so as soon as it was possible for me, or as soon as I could have sent it. The answer was, that he had that moment received a letter from lord Orrery, with the most pressing instances for a deserving friend of his: that the duke could not refuse him; especially as my lord Orrery had been most extremely obliging, and, for this whole session, neglected no opportunity to endeavour to make his administration easy.

Though,

Though, at the same time, he assured me, he would otherwise have been very glad to oblige you; and does agree, that the gentleman you recommended is very deserving. All this you should have known before, had I been able to write; but I have been laid up with the gout in my hand and foot, and thought it unnecessary to make use of a secretary, since I had nothing more pleasing to tell you. I shall always be extreme willing to be employed by you to him; nor do I make any question but you will always recommend the worthy, as it is for your own honour as well as his. I will not agree, that you never did prevail, *on any one occasion*; because, the very first you did employ me about, was instantly complied with, though against a rule he thought right, and, I knew before, he had set himself.

Lady *Suffolk* is now at *Spa*, with my brother *George*, for her health; and, as I shall go, for my own, to the *Bath*, in *September*, I fear we shall not meet this great while. And now I must finish this long letter, which has not been quite easy to write, being still your gouty, but faithful humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCLVI.

Mrs PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Sept. 2, 1736.

I Never will accept of the writ of ease; you threaten me with; don't flatter yourself with any such hopes: I receive too many advantages from your letters
to

to drop a correspondence of such consequence to me. I am really grieved that you are so much persecuted with a giddiness in your head: the *Bath* and travelling would certainly be of use to you. Your want of spirits is a new complaint, and what will not only afflict your particular friends, but every one that has the happiness of your acquaintance. I am uneasy to know how you do, and have no other means for that satisfaction, but from your own hand, most of my *Dublin* correspondents being removed to *Corke*, to *Wicklow Mountains*, and the Lord knows where. I should have made this enquiry sooner, but that I have this summer undertaken a work that has given me full employment, which is making a grotto in Sir *John Stanley's* garden at *North-End*: it is chiefly composed of shells I had from *Ireland*. My life for two months past has been very like a hermit's; I have had all the comforts of life but society, and have found living quite alone a pleasanter thing than I imagined. The hours I could spend in reading have been entertained by *Rollin's* History of the Ancients, in *French*. I am very well pleased with it; and think your *Annibals*, *Scipios*, and *Cyrus's* prettier fellows than are to be met with now-a-days. Painting and music have had their share in my amusements. I rose between five and six, and went to bed at eleven. I would not tell you so much about myself, if I had any thing to tell you of other people. I came to town the night before last; and if it does not, a few days hence, appear better to me than at present, I shall return

to my solitary cell. Sir *John Stanley* has been all the summer at *Tunbridge*.

I suppose you may have heard of Mr. *Pope's* accident; which had like to have proved a very fatal one: he was leading a young lady into a boat, from his own stairs, her foot missed the side of the boat, she fell into the water, and pulled Mr. *Pope* after her; the boat slipped away, and they were immediately out of their depth, and it was with some difficulty they were saved. The young lady's name is *Talbot*: she is as remarkable for being a handsome woman, as Mr. *Pope* is for wit. I think I cannot give you a higher notion of her beauty, unless I had named you instead of him. I shall be impatient till I hear from you again; being, with great sincerity, your most faithful humble servant,

M. P E N D A R V E S.

P. S. I forgot to answer, on the other side, that part of your letter that concerns my sister. I do not know whether you could like her person as well as mine, because sickness has faded her complexion; but it is greatly my interest not to bring you acquainted with her mind, for that would prove a potent rival; and nothing but your partiality to me, as an older acquaintance, could make you give me the preference.

I beg my particular compliments to Dr. *Delancy*. Sir *John Stanley* says, if you have not forgot him, he desires to be remembered as your humble servant.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLVII.

Mrs. BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Bath, Nov. 3, 1736.

I Should long since have acknowledged the honour of your kind letter, but that I found my head so disordered by writing a little, that I was fearful of having the gout in it ; so I humbly beseech you to pardon me ; nor think me ungrateful, nor in the least insensible of the infinite obligations I lie under to you, which, heaven knows, are never out of my mind.

How shall I express the sense I have of your goodness, in inviting me to return to *Ireland*, and generously offering to contribute to support me there. But would it not be base in me, not to try to do something for myself, rather than be burthensome where I am already so much indebted ?

As to the friend whom you say, Sir, is in so much better circumstances, I should be very unjust, if I did not assure you that friend has never failed of being extremely kind to me.

I find I need not tell you that I am not able to pursue the scheme of *letting lodgings*. Your goodness and compassion for my unhappy state of health, has made you think of it for me ; 'tis impracticable, but I am desirous to try if I can do any good by selling *Irish* linen, which I find is coming much into repute here : in that way, my daughter, who is willing to do every thing in her power, can be of service, but never in the other.

If I should go from *Bath*, I have reason to think, that the remainder of my life would be very miserable, and that I should soon lose the use of my limbs for ever; since I find nothing but the blessing of God on these waters does me any good; besides this, the interest of my children is a great inducement to me, for here I have the best prospect of keeping up an acquaintance for them. My son *, who is learning to paint, goes on very well; and, if he be in the least approved of, in all probability he may do very well at *Bath*; for I never yet saw a painter that came hither, fail of getting more business than he could do, let him be never so indifferent: and I am in hopes that *Con.* † may settle here. Dr. *Mead*, whose goodness to me is great, may be of vast use to him, if he finds, as I hope he will, that he is worthy of his favour. And, if God blesses my sons with success, they are so well inclined, that I do not doubt but they would take a pleasure in supporting me, if I can make a shift to maintain them and myself till then: and I find Mr. *Barber* is very willing to do what he can for them, though his circumstances are far from being what you are told they are; not, I fear, half so good.

But though I cannot hope to be supported by letting lodgings, I would willingly take a house a little larger than I want for myself, if I could meet with it on reasonable terms, that if any particular friend

* Mr. *Rupert Barber*, a very eminent painter in crayons and miniature.

† Dr. *Constantine Barber*, a very learned Physician and President of the College of Physicians in *Dublin*.

came, they might lodge in it, which would make it more agreeable: and, if I live till my son, the painter, goes into business, he might be with me. As for *Con.* if he does not chuse to settle here, good Dr. *Helfham*, with his usual friendliness, has promised to honour him with his protection, if he returns to *Ireland*.

I have now, Sir, told you my schemes, and hope they will be honoured with your approbation, and encouraged by your inexpressible goodness to me. I have at length got resolution enough to beg a favour, which, if you, Sir, condescend to grant, would make me rich, without impoverishing you.

When Dr. *King*, of *Oxford*, was last in *Ireland*, he had the pleasure of seeing your Treatise on *Polite Conversation*, and gave such an account of it in *London*, as made numbers of people very desirous to see it. Lady *Worsley*, who heard of it from Mrs. *Cleland* *; and many more of my patronesses pressed me to beg it of you, and assured me I might get a great subscription if I had that, and a few of your *original poems*; if you would give me leave to publish an advertisement that you had made me a present of them. This they commanded me to tell you, above a year ago, and I have had many letters since upon that account; but conscious of the many obligations I already lay under, I have thought it a shame to presume further upon your goodness: but, when I was

* ‘ Lady *Worsley*, wife of Sir Robert *Worsley*. Mrs. *Cleland*, wife of major *William Cleland*, a friend of Mr. *Pope*, and author of the *Letter to the Publisher of the Dunciad*, prefixed to the first correct edition of that poem.’

laſt in *London*, they made me promiſe I would mention it the next time I wrote to you ; and, indeed, I have attempted it many a time ſince, but never could till now:— I humbly beſeech you, Sir, if you do not think it proper, not to be offended with me for aſking it ; for it was others that, out of kindneſs to me, put me upon it. They ſaid you made no advantage for yourſelf, by your writings ; and, that, ſince you honoured me with your protection, I had all the reaſon in the world to think it would be a pleaſure to you, to ſee me in eaſy circumſtances ; that every body would gladly ſubſcribe for any thing *Dr. Swift* wrote ; and, indeed, I believe in my conſcience, it would be the making of me.

There are a great many people of quality here this ſeaſon ; amongſt others, lady *Carteret*, and Mrs. *Spencer* * ; who commanded me to make their beſt compliments to you. They came on Mrs. *Spencer*'s account, who is better in her health ſince ſhe drank theſe waters. I daily ſee ſuch numbers of people mended by them, that I cannot but wiſh you would try them : as you are ſenſible your diſorders are chiefly occaſioned by a cold ſtomach, I believe there is not any thing in this world ſo likely to cure that diſorder as the *Bath-waters* : which are daily found to be a ſovereign remedy for diſorders of *that kind* : I know, Sir, you have no opinion of drugs, and why will you not try ſo agreeable a medicine, pre-

* ‘ Daughter of lord *Carteret*, married, firſt to the honourable *John Spencer*, brother to the duke of *Marlborough*, and afterward to the late earl *Cowper*.’

pared by Providence alone? If you will not try for *your own sake*, why will you not, in pity to your country? O! may that Being that inspired you to be its defence in the day of distress, influence you to take the best method to preserve a life of so much importance to an oppressed people!

Before I conclude, gratitude obliges me to tell you, that Mr. *Temple* was here lately, and was exceedingly kind to me and my daughters. He made me a present of a hamper of very fine *Madeira*, which he said was good for the gout, and distinguished me in the kindest manner. He commanded me to make his best compliments to you, and says, he flatters himself, you will visit *Moor-Park* once again: Heaven grant you may! and that I may be so blest as to see you, who am, with infinite respect and gratitude, your most obliged, most dutiful, humble servant,

MARY BARBER.

L E T T E R CCCLVIII.

Lady B———G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 2, 1736.

I Am sorry to be so unlucky in my late errands between his grace and you; and he also is troubled at it, as the person you recommend, is, indeed,

* ‘*John Temple*, Esq, nephew of Sir *William Temple*, whose grand-daughter he married. He was brother to the late lord discount *Palmerstone*.

what

what you say, a very worthy person; but Mr. *Molloy*, who was lord *George's* second tutor, had the promise of the next preferment, so he cannot put him by for this. I wish I was more fortunate in my undertakings; but I verily believe it is a common calamity to most men in power, that they are often, by necessity, prevented from obliging their friends; and many worthy people go unrewarded. Whether you call this a court answer, or not, I am very positively sure, he is heartily vexed when it is not in his power to oblige you. I have been very much out of order, or you should have heard from me before: and I am now literally setting out for *Bath*. So adieu! dear Dean.

L E T T E R CCCLIX.

Lord CASTLEDURROW* to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Castledurrow, Dec. 4, 1736.

IT is now a month since you favoured me with your letter; I fear the trouble of another from me may persuade you to excuse my acknowledgments of it; but I am too sensible of the honour you do me, to suffer a correspondence to drop, which I know some of the greatest men in this age have gloried in. How then must my heart be elated! The fly on the chariot-wheel is too trite a quotation: I shall rather

* This was *William* lord baron of *Castledurrow*, whose son *Henry* was created lord viscount *Ashbrook* in the year 1751.

compare myself, to a worm enlivened by the sun, and crawling before it. I imagine there is a tinge of vanity in the meanest insect ; and who knows but even this reptile may pride itself in its curls and twists before its benefactor ? This is more than the greatest philosopher can determine. Guesses are the privilege of the ignorant, our undoubted right, and what you can never lay claim to.

I am quite angry with your servant, for not acquainting you that I was at your door. I greatly commend both your oeconomy and the company you admit at your table. I am told your wine is excellent. The additional groat is, I hope, for suet to your pudding. I fancy I am as old an acquaintance as most you have in this kingdom ; though it is not my happiness to be so qualified as to merit that intimacy you profess for a few. It is now to little purpose to repine ; though it grieves me to think I was a favourite of dean *Aldrich*, the greatest man who ever presided in that high post ; that over *Virgil* and *Horace*, *Gay* and *Phillips* smoaked many a pipe, and drank many a quart with me, besides the expence of a bushel of nuts, and that now I am scarce able to relish their beauties. I know it is death to you to see either of them mangled ; but a scrap of paper I design to inclose, will convince you of the truth. It was in joke to an old woman of seventy, who takes the last line so heinously, that thanks to my stars, she hates me in earnest. So I devote myself to ladies of a fewer years, and more discretion.

This, and such other innocent amusements, I de-
vote

vote myself to in my retirement. Once in two years I appear in the *anus* of the world, our metropolis. His grace *, my old acquaintance, told me, I began to contract strange old-fashioned rust, and advised me to burst out of my solitude, and refit myself for the public; but my own notion of the world, for some time past, is so confirmed by the sanction of your opinion of it, that I resolve this same rust shall be as dear to me, as that which enhanced the value of poor Dr. Woodward's shield †; though it gave such offence to his cleanly maid, that she polished it to none at all.

I shall appear very inconsistent with myself in now telling you, that I still design the latter end of next six months for *England*. You allow I have some pretence to go there. My progress with my son will be farther; for which, perhaps, you too will condemn me, as well as other friends do. I shall be proud of the honour of your commands, and, with your leave, will wait upon you for them. I design to send you a pot of woodcocks for a *Christmas*-box: small as the present is, pray believe I am, with sincere respect, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

* Duke of Dorset.

† The character of Dr. *Cornelius Scriblerus*, in the *Memoirs* of his son *Martinus Scriblerus*, was intended for Dr. Woodward, who wrote a dissertation on an antique shield; and Dr. *Cornelius* is represented as having intended to place his son in what he conceived to be an antique shield, to be christened; but which being given to the maid, with its venerable rust upon it, she scoured it bright, and then it appeared to be nothing more than an old scone without a nozzle.

Verſes by lord *Caſtledurrow*, incloſed in the former letter.

Lætitia's Character of her Lover rendered in metre.

Old women ſometimes can raiſe his deſire ;
The young, in their turn, ſet his heart all on fire :
And ſometimes again he abhors woman-kind,
Was ever poor wretch of ſo fickle a mind !

The Lover's Answer.

*Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras,
Ictibus crebis juvenes protervi ;
Nec tibi ſomnos adimunt : amatque
Janua limen.* H O R. Lib. I. Ode 25.

No more ſhall frolic youth advance
In ſerenade, and am'rous dance ;
Redoubling ſtroke no more ſhall beat
Againſt thy window and thy gate ;
In idle aſleep, now lie ſecure,
And never be unbarr'd the door.

L E T T E R CCCLX.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Dec. 21, 1736.

I Was at the *Bath* when I had the favour of your letter of the 6th of laſt month. I remember I once wrote to you from thence, therefore I reſolved not to hazard another by the croſs poſt, but ſtay till my
return

return to *London*, to thank you for your kind remembrance of me. I am now, God be thanked, tolerably well in health again ; and have done with all phyfic and water-drinking. My constitution must certainly be a pretty good one ; for it has resisted the attacks of five eminent physicians for five months together, and I am not a jot the worse for any of them. For the futue I will preserve myself by your advice, and follow your rules, of rising early, eating little, drinking less, and riding daily ; I hope this regimen will be long of use to both of us, and that we may live to meet again. I am exceedingly rejoiced at Mr. *Stopford's* good success, and have acknowledged my obligation to the duke of *Dorset*, who I dare say will in time do more for him, because he has promised it. My first desire to serve him was solely because I knew you esteemed him. I was confident he must be a deserving man, since *John Gay* assured me he was a very particular friend of yours. I afterwards, upon farther acquaintance, grew to love him for his own sake, and the merit I found in him. Men of his worth and character do an honour to those who recommend them. There is a sentence, I think it is in *Tully's Offices*, which I admire extremely, and should be tempted to take it for a motto, if ever I took one, *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere*. It is a noble sentiment, and shall be my rule, though perhaps never my motto. I fancy there is no other foundation for naming so many successors to the duke of *Dorset*, than because he has served, as they call it, his time out. I am inclined

to believe he will go once more amongst you, and the rather, since I am told he gave great satisfaction the last time he was with you. Lord *Essex* will hardly be the person to succeed him, though I should be glad he was, since I flatter myself he would be willing, on many occasions, to shew some regard to my reommendations. I have lately seen a gentleman who is come from *France*, who assures me, the person you enquire after, and to whom you gave so many lectures of frugality, is in perfect health, and lives in great plenty and affluence. I own I doubt it; but, if it be true, I am sure it cannot last long, unless an old gentleman would please to die, who seems at present not to have the least inclination towards it, though near ninety years old, I verily think he is more likely to marry again than die *.

Pope shewed me a letter he had lately from you. We grieved extremely to find you so full of complaints, and we wished heartily you might be well enough to make a trip here this spring. Shifting the scene was of great service to me; perhaps it may be so to you. I mended from the moment I had crossed the seas, and sensibly felt the benefit of changing air. His majesty is still on the other side. He has escaped being at sea in the tempestuous weather we have had; but when the wind will let him come, God knows. Lord *Chesterfield* says, if he does not come by *Twelfth-day*, the people will choose king and queen without him. I must tell you a ridicu-

* The persons here meant are Lord *Bolingbroke* and his father, Lord *St. John* of *Battersea*. See Dr. *Swift's* letter to Mr. *Pulteney*, dated *March 7, 1736*.

lous incident, perhaps you have not read it ; one Mrs. *Mapp*, a famous she bone-fetter and mountebank, coming to town with a coach and six horses, on the *Kentish* road, was met by a rabble of people, who seeing her very oddly and tawdrily dressed, took her for a foreigner, and concluded she must be a certain great person's mistress. Upon this they followed the coach, bawling out, No *Hanover* whore ! no *Hanover* whore ! The lady within the coach was much offended, let down the glass, and screamed louder than any of them, She was no *Hanover* whore ! she was an *English* one ! Upon which they cried out, God bless your ladyship ! quitted the pursuit, and wished her a good journey.

I hope to be able to attend the house next sessions ; but not with that assiduity as I have formerly done. Why should I risque the doing myself any harm, when I know how vain it is to expect to do any good. You that have been a long time out of this country, can have no notion how wicked and corrupt we are grown. Were I to tell you of half the rogueries come to my knowledge, you would be astonished ; and yet I dare say I don't know of half that are practised in one little spot of ground only ; you may easily guess where I mean.

I will make your compliments to lord *Carteret*, when he comes to town. I am sure he will be pleased with your kind mention of him ; and if you will now and then let me hear from you, I shall look on the continuance of your correspondence as a very particular honour ; for I assure you, that I am, with
the

the greatest truth and esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

LETTER CCCLXI.

Lord CASTLEDURROW to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Castledurrow, Jan. 11, 1736.

I Received the honour of your letter with that pleasure which they have always given me. If I have deferred acknowledging longer than usual, I should not be at a loss to make an excuse, if I could be so vain as to imagine you required any. Virtue forbids us to continue in debt, and gratitude obliges us at least to own favours too large for us to pay; therefore I must write rather than reproach myself, and blush at having neglected it when I wait upon you; though you may retort, blushes should proceed rather from the pen than from silence; which pleads a modest diffidence, that often obtains pardon. I am delighted with the sketch of your *Imperium*, and beg I may be presented to your first minister, Sir *Robert* *. Your puddings I have been acquainted with these forty years; they are the best sweet puddings I ever eat. The oeconomy of your table is delicious; a little, and perfectly good, is the greatest treat; and that elegance in sorting com-

* Mrs. *Brent*, the Dean's housekeeper, whom he used to call his Sir *Robert Walpole*.

pany puts me in mind of *Corelli's orchestra* *, informing which he excelled mankind. In this respect no man ever judged worse that lord chancellor *Middleton* ; his table the neatest served of any I have seen in *Dublin*, which to be sure was intirely owing to his lady. You really surprize me, when you say you know not where to get a dinner in the whole town. *Dublin* is famous for vanity this way ; and I think the mistaken luxury of some of our grandees, and feasting those who come to laugh at us from the other side of the water, has done us as much prejudice as most of our follies. Not any lord lieutenant has done us more honour in magnificence than our present viceroy †. He is an old intimate of my youth, and has always distinguished me with affection and friendship. I trust mine are no less sincere for him. I have joy in hearing his virtues celebrated. I wish that he had gratified you in your request. Those he has done most for, I dare affirm, love him least. It is pity there is any allay in so beneficent a temper ; but if a friend can be viewed with an impartial eye, faults he has none ; and if any failings, they are grafted in a pusillanimity, which sinks him into complaisance for men who neither love nor esteem him, and has prevented him buoying up against their impotent threats, in raising his friends. He is a most amiable man, has many good qualities,

* ‘ His lordship probably uses this word for *orchestre*. *Corelli*, the famous *Italian* musician and composer, being eminent for his skill in forming and disposing the several musicians in a concert.’

† The duke of *Dorset*.

and wants but one more to make him really a great man.

If you can have any commands to *England* for so insignificant a fellow as I am, pray prepare them against the beginning of next month. At my arrival in town, I shall send a message in form for audience : but I beg to see you in your private capacity, not in your princely authority ; for as both your ministry and senate are full, and that I cannot hope to be employed in either, I fear your revenue is too small to grant me a pension. And as I am not fit for business, perhaps you will not allow me a fit object for one, which charity only prompts you to bestow. Thus, without any view of your highness's favour, I am independent, and with sincere esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

LETTER CCCLXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lady B—— G——.

MADAM,

Jan. 29, 1736.

I Owe your ladyship the acknowledgement of a letter I have long received, relating to a request I made to my lord duke. I now dismiss you, madam, for ever from your office of being a go-between upon any affair I might have with his grace. I will never more trouble him, either with my visits or application. His business in this kingdom is to make himself easy ; his lessons are all prescribed him from court ; and he is sure, at a very cheap rate, to have

have a majority of most corrupt slaves and idiots at his devotion. The happiness of this kingdom is of no more consequence to him, than it would be to the great *Mogul* ; while the very few honest or moderate men of the *Whig* party, lament the choice he makes of persons for civil employments, or church preferments.

I will now repeat, for the last time, that I never made him a request out of any views of my own ; but intirely after consulting his own honour, and the desires of all good men, who were as loyal as his grace could wish, and had no other fault than that of modestly standing up for preserving some poor remainder in the constitution of church and state.

I had long experience, while I was in the world, of the difficulties, that great men lay under, in the point of promises and employments ; but a plain honest *English* farmer, when he invites his neighbours to a christening, if a friend happen to come late, will take care to lock up a scrap for him in the cupboard.

Henceforth I shall only grieve in silence, when I hear of employments disposed of to the discontent of his grace's best friends in this kingdom ; and the rather, because I do not know a more agreeable person in conversation, one more easy, or of a better taste, with a greater variety of knowledge, than the duke of *Dorset*.

I am extremely afflicted to hear that your ladyship's want of health hath driven you to the *Bath* ;
the

the same cause hath hindered me from sooner acknowledging your letter. But, I am at a time of life to expect a great deal worse; for I have neither flesh nor spirits left; while you, madam, I hope, and believe, will enjoy many happy years, in employing those virtues which heaven bestowed on you for the delight of your friends, and the comfort of the distressed, and the universal esteem of all who are wise and virtuous.

I desire to present my most humble service to my lady *Suffolk*, and your happy brother.

I am, with the truest respect, madam, your, &c.

L E T T E R CCCLXIII.

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. P U L T E N E Y.

S I R,

March 7, 1736.

I Must begin by assuring you, that I did never intend to engage you in a settled correspondence with so useless a man as I here am; and still more so, by the daily increase of ill health, and old age; and yet I confess, that the high esteem I preserve for your public and private virtues urgeth me on to retain some little place in your memory, for that time I may expect to live.

That I no sooner acknowledged the honour of your letters is owing to your civility, which might have compelled you to write, while you were engaged in defending the liberties of your country, with more than an old *Roman* spirit, which hath

reached

reached this obscure and enslaved kingdom, so far as to have been the constant subject of discourse and of praise among the whole few of what unprostituted people here remain among us.

I did not receive the letter you mentioned from *Bath*; and yet I have imagined, for some months past, that the meddlers in the post-offices here and in *London* have grown weary of their curiosity, by finding the little satisfaction it gave them. I agree heartily in your opinion of physicians; I have esteemed many of them as learned ingenious men, but I never received the least benefit from their advice and prescriptions. And poor Dr. *Arbuthnot* was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case; yet could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians, all eminent in their way, was a virtue that *Alexander* and *Cæsar* could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow) for the benefit of mankind; which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself as it now acts; and neither will I ever value myself as a *Philanthropus*, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add.

Since the date of your letter, we understand there is another duke to govern here. Mr. *Stopford* was with me last night; he is as well provided for, and to his own satisfaction, as any private clergyman. He engaged me to present his best respects and acknowledgments

knowledgments to you. Your modesty, in refusing to take a motto, goes too far. The sentence is not a boast, because it is every man's duty in morality and religion *.

Indeed we differ here from what you have been told of the duke of *Dorset's* having given great satisfaction the last time he was with us. I wrote to a lady in *London*, his grace's near relation †, that she would no more continue the office of a go-between (as she called herself) betwixt the duke and me, because I never designed to attend him again; and yet I allow him to be as agreeable a person in conversation as I have almost any where met. I sent my letter to that lady under a cover addressed to the duke; and in it I made many complaints against some proceedings, which I suppose he hath seen. I never made him one request for myself; and if I spoke for another, he was always upon his guard, which was but twice, and for trifles.

The father of our friend in *France* ‡ may outlive the son; so I would venture a wager, that if you pick out twenty of the oldest men in *England*, nineteen of them have been the most worthless fellows in the kingdom. You tell me with great kindness as well as gravity, that I ought, this spring to make

* *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere*. See Mr. *Pulteney's* letter, dated, Dec. 21, 1736.

† See his last letter to lady B——G——, dated Jan. 29, 1736.

‡ 'The friend in *France* appears to be lord viscount *Bolingbroke*, whose father, Sir *Henry St. John*, bart. had been created baron *St. John* of *Battersea*, and viscount *St. John*, July 2, 1715.'
a trip

a trip to *England*, and your motive is admirable, that shifting the scene was of great service to you, and therefore it may be so to me. I answer as an *Academic*, *Nego consequentiam*. And besides, comparisons are odious. You are what the *French* call *plein de vie*. As you are much younger, so I am a dozen of years older than my age makes me, by infirmities of mind and body; to which I add the perpetual detestation of all public persons and affairs in both kingdoms. I spread the story of Mrs. *Mapp* while it was new to us: there was something humorous in it throughout, that pleased every body here. Will you engage your friend *Carteret* to oppose any step towards arbitrary power? He hath promised me, under a penalty, that he will continue firm; and yet some reports go here of him, that have a little disconcerted me. Learning and good sense he hath, to a great degree, if the love of riches and power do not overbalance.

Pray God long continue the gifts he hath bestowed on you, to be the chief support of liberty to your country, and let all the people say, Amen.

I am, with the truest respect, and highest esteem,
Sir, your, &c.

L E T T E R [CCCLXIV.]

The Earl of O——— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Corke, March 15, 1736-7.

I Received your commands, by *Faulkner*, to write to you. But what can I say? The scene of

Corke is ever the same; dull, insipid, and void of all amusement. His sacred majesty was not under greater difficulty to find out diversions at *Helvoetsluys*, than I am here. The butchers are as greasy, the quakers as formal, and the presbyterians as holy, and full of the Lord, as usual: all things are in *statu quo*; even the hogs and pigs gruntle in the same cadence as of yore. Unfurnished with variety, and drooping under the natural dulness of the place, materials for a letter are as hard to be found, as money, sense, honesty, or truth. But I will write on; *Ogilby*, *Blackmore*, and my lord *Grimstone* * have done the same before me.

I have not yet been upon the *Change*; but am told, that you are the idol of the court of aldermen. They have sent you your freedom. The most learned having read a most dreadful account, in *Littleton's* dictionary, of *Pandora's* gold box, it was unanimously agreed, not to venture so valuable a present in so dangerous a metal. Had these sage counselors considered, that *Pandora* was a woman, (which, perhaps, Mr. *Littleton* forgets to mention) they would have seen, that the ensuing evils arose from the sex, and not from the ore. But I shall speak with more certainty of these affairs, when I have taken my seat among the grey-beards.

My letters from *England* speak of great combustions there. *Abfalom* continues a rebel to royal *David*: the *Achitophels* of the age are numerous

* The author of a play called, *Love in a Hollow Tree*.

and high spirited. The influence of the comet seems to have strange effects already. In the mean time, here live we, drones of *Corke*, wrapped up in our own filth, *procul a Jove et procul a fulmine*. Heaven, and all good stars, protect you ! For let the thunder burst where it will, so that you are safe, and unsinged, who cares whether *Persia* submits its government to the renowned *Kouli Khan*, or that beardless, unexperienced youth, the *Sophi*. At least, the vicar of *Bray* and I shall certainly be contented.

L E T T E R CCCLXV.

The Earl of O—— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Corke, March 18, 1736.

THIS is occasioned by a letter I have * received from Mr. *Pope*, of which I send you a copy in my own hand, not caring to trust the original to the accidents of the post. I likewise send you part of a fifth volume of *Curll's* Thefts, in which you will find two letters to you, (one from Mr. *Pope*, the other from lord *Bolingbroke*) just published, with an impudent preface, by *Curll*. You see, *Curll*, like his friend the Devil, glides through all key-holes, and thrusts himself into the most private cabinets.

I am much concerned to find that Mr. *Pope* is still uneasy about his letters ; but, I hope, a letter I have sent him from *Dublin* (which he has not yet received)

* See the next letter.

has removed all anxiety of that kind. In the last discourse I had with you on this topic, you remember you told me, he should have his letters; and I lost no time in letting him know your resolution.

I have said so much on this subject, in the late happy hours you allowed me to pass with you at the deanry, that there is little occasion for adding more upon it at present; especially as you will find, in Mr. *Pope's* letter to me, a strength of argument that seems irresistible. As I have thoughts of going to *England* in *June*, you may depend upon a safe carriage of any papers you think fit to send him. I should think myself particularly fortunate, to deliver to him those letters he seems so justly desirous of. I intreat you, give me that pleasure! It will be a happy reflection to me in the latest hours of my life; which whether long or short, shall be constantly spent in endeavouring to do what may be acceptable to the virtuous and the wise. I am, dear Sir, your very faithful and obliged humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCLXVI.

Mr. P O P E to the Earl of O——.

MY LORD,

AFTER having condoled several times with you on your own illness, and that of our friends, I now claim some share myself; for I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me to my chamber. Just before,

before, I wrote a letter to the Dean, full of my heart; and, among other things, pressed him (which, I must acquaint your lordship, I had done twice before, for near a twelvemonth past) to secure me against that rascal printer, by returning me my letters, which (if he had valued so much) I promised to send him copies of, merely, that the originals might not fall into such ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars be at his mercy; which would expose me to the misconstruction of many, the malice of some, and the censure, perhaps, of the whole world. A fresh incident made me press this again, which I inclose to you, that you may shew him. The man's declaration, *That he had these two letters of the Dean's from your side the water*, with several others yet lying by, (which I cannot doubt the truth of, because I never had a copy of either) is surely a just cause for my request. Yet, the Dean, answering every other point of my letter, with the utmost expressions of kindness, is silent upon this; and, the third time silent; I begin to fear he has already lent them out of his hands: and, in whatever hands, while they are *Irish* hands, allow me, my lord, to say, they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and operate in these cases alike, to an author's disparagement or uneasiness. I think this I made the Dean, so just a request, that I beg your lordship to second it, by shewing him what I wrote. I told him, as soon as I found myself obliged to publish an edition of letters, to my great sorrow; that I wished

to make use of some of these : nor did I think any part of my correspondencies would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleasure to me, than what might preserve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the Dean was not quite of the same opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this. I wish some of those sort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as a great man in power, have not an eye to some little interest in getting the whole of these into their possession : I will venture, however, to say, *they* would not add more credit to the Dean's memory, by *their* management of them, than *I* by *mine*: and if, as I have a great deal of affection for him, I have with it some judgement, at least, I presume, my conduct herein might be better confided in.

Indeed, this silence is so remarkable, it surprises me : I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains of, a want of memory. I would rather suffer from any other cause, than what would be unhappy to him. My sincere love for this valuable, indeed, incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many as his works will live : which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour, are equal to his wit ; and require as good and true a taste to be equally valued. When all this must die, (this last I mean) I would gladly have been the recorder of so great a part of it, as shines in his letters to me, and of which my own
are

are but as so many acknowledgments. But, perhaps, before this reaches your hands, my cares may be over; and *Curll*, and every body else, may say and lye of me as they will: the Dean, old as he is, may have the task to defend me.

LETTER CCCLXVII.

Lord C———— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Arlington-street, March 24, 1736,

I This day attended the cause you recommended to me in your letter of the 3d of *January*: the decree was affirmed most unanimously, the appeal adjudged frivolous, and 100*l.* cost given to the respondent. Lord *Bathurst* attended likewise. The other lords you mention, I am very little acquainted with; so I cannot deliver your messages, tho' I pity them in being out of your favour. Since you mention *Greek*, I must tell you, that my son, not sixteen, understands it better than I did at twenty, and I tell him, study *Greek* καὶ οὐδεν οὐδεποτε ταπεινον ενδυμνηση ουτε αγαν επιθυμησεις τινος. He knows how to construe this, and I have the satisfaction to believe he will fall into the sentiment; and then, if he makes no figure, he will yet be a happy man.

Your late lord lieutenant * told me some time ago, he thought he was not in your favour. I told him I was of that opinion, and shewed him the article of

* The duke of *Dorset*.

your letter, relating to himself: I believe I did wrong. Not that you care a farthing for princes or ministers; but because it was vanity in me, to produce your acknowledgments to me for providing for people of learning, some of which I had the honour to promote at your desire, for which I still think myself obliged to you. And I have not heard, that, since, they have disturbed the peace of the kingdom, or been *Jacobites*, in disgrace to you and me.

I desire you will make my sincere respects acceptable to Dr. *Delaney*. He sent me potted woodcocks in perfection, which lady *Granville*, my wife, and children have eat, tho' I have not yet answered his letter. My lady *Granville*, reading your postscript bids me tell you, that she will send you a present; and, if she knew what you liked, she would do it forthwith. Let me know, and it shall be done, that the first of the family may no longer be postponed by you to the third place. My wife and lady *Worsley* desire their respects should be mentioned to you rhetorically; but as I am a plain peer, I shall say nothing, but that I am, for ever, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

When people ask me, how I governed *Ireland*? I say, that I pleased Dr. *Swift*.

Quæsitam meritis sume superbiam.

L E T T E R CCCLXVIII.

Lord B———— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

Cirencester, Oct. 5, 1737.

THat I often think of you is most certain, but if I should write to you as often, you would think me extremely troublesome. I was alarmed some time ago with hearing you were indisposed; but if later accounts are to be depended upon, you are now in perfect health. I should be heartily glad to have that news confirmed to me by two lines under your own hand: however, I write to you now under that supposition, for which reason I have cut out a little business for you.

That very pretty epistle which you writ many years ago to lord *Oxford*, is printed very incorrectly. I have a copy (of which I send you a transcript) which has some very good lines in it, that are not in the printed copy; and, besides, if you will compare it with the original, you will find you left off without going through with the epistle. The fable of the country and city mouse is as prettily told as any thing of that kind ever was: possibly if you look over your papers, you may find that you finished the whole; if not, I enjoin you, as a task, to go through with it: and, I beg of you, do not suffer an imperfect copy to stand, whilst it is in your power to rectify it *. Adieu!

* On the back of the original letter, Dr. *Swift* hath observed that, upon receiving it, he added twenty lines to the poem. It is in imitation of the sixth satire of the second book of *Horace*,
and

and do me the justice to believe me, most faithfully,
and unalterably, yours.

LETTER CCCLXIX.

Chevalier RAMSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR,

Paris, Nov. 29, 1737.

I Received only some weeks ago the works you were pleased to send me, and have perused them with a new pleasure. I still find in them all the marks of that original genius and universal beneficence which compose your character. I cannot send you, in return, any such valuable compositions of mine; but you will receive, by the first ships that go for *Ireland*, my history of the mareschal *de Turenne*, the greatest *French* hero that ever was. I shall be glad to know your opinion of the performance.

I am with the greatest respect, veneration, and friendship, your most humble, and most obedient servant,

A. RAMSAY.

If you have any commands for me in this country, or for any of your friends, pray direct for me, under a cover, *A son Altesse Monseigneur le Comte d'Evreux, General de la Cavallerie a Paris.*

and it is printed, with the additional lines, in *Pope's* works, vol. vi. Dr. *Warburton's* edition.

L E T T E R CCCLXX.

Lord B———— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Dec. 6, 1737.

I Received a letter from you at *Cirencester*, full of life and spirit, which gave me singular satisfaction; but those complaints you make of the deplorable state of *Ireland*, made me reflect upon the condition of *England*, and I am inclined to think it is not much better; possibly the only difference is, that we shall be the last devoured*. I have attended parliament many years, and never found that I could do any good: I have therefore entered upon a new scheme of life, and am determined to look after my own affairs a little. I am now in a small farm-house in *Derbyshire*, and my chief business is to take care that my agents do not impose upon my tenants. I am for letting them all good bargains, that my rents may be paid as long as any rents can be paid; and when the time comes that there is no money, they are honest fellows, and will bring me in what corn and cattle I shall want. I want no foreign commodities; my neighbour the duke of *Kingston* has imported one†; but I don't think it worth the carriage.

I passed through *London* in my way here, and every body wondered I could leave them, they were so full of speculations upon the great event that lately

* The promise of *Polypheme* to *Ulysses*.

† 'Madame la Touche, a French lady.'

happened *; but I am of opinion some time will be necessary to produce any consequences. Some consequences will certainly follow; but time must ripen matters for them. I could send you many speculations of my own and others upon this subject; but it is too nice a subject for me to handle in a post-letter. It is not every body who ought to have liberty to abuse their superiors: if a man has so much wit as to get the majority of mankind on his side, he is often safe; or if he is known to have talents that can make an abuse stick close, he is still safer. You may say, where is the occasion of abusing any body? I never did in my life; but you have often told truth of persons, who would rather you had abused them in the grossest manner.

I may say in parliament, that we are impoverished at home, and rendered contemptible abroad, because nobody will care to call upon me to prove it; but I do not know whether I may venture to put them in a letter, at least in a letter to a disaffected person; such you will be reputed as long as you live; after your death, perhaps, you may stand *rectus in curia*.

I met our friend *Pope* in town; he is as sure to be there in a bustle, as a porpus in a storm. He told me, that he would retire to *Twickenham* for a fortnight; but I doubt it much. Since I found, by your last, that your hand and your head are both in so good a condition, let me hear from you sometimes. And do not be discouraged that I send you nothing

* 'The death of queen *Carolsne*, on *Snn*day evening *Nov. 20. 1737.*'

worth reading now: I have talked with no body, for some time past, but farmers and plowmen; when I come into good company again, I may possibly be less insipid; but in whatever condition I am, I shall always be most ambitious of your friendship, and most desirous of your esteem, being most faithfully and sincerely, dear Sir, your obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCLXXI.

Chevalier RAMSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Paris, Feb. 20, 1738.

I Send you here inclosed the bill of loading for the small box of books I wrote to you of some time ago. I shall be glad to hear you received them, much more to know if the perusal pleased you. No man having a higher idea of your talents, genius, and capacity, than he, who is, with great respect, reverend Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

A. RAMSAY.

L E T T E R CCCLXXII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAREST SIR,

May 17, 1739.

EVery time I see your hand, it is the greatest satisfaction that any writing can give me; and I am,
in

in proportion, grieved to find, that several of my letters to testify it to you, miscarry; and you ask me the same questions again, which I proluxly have answered before. Your last, which was delivered me by Mr. *Swift*, enquires where and how is lord *Bolingbroke*? who, in a paragraph in my last, under his own hand, gave you an account of himself; and I employed almost a whole letter on his affairs afterwards. He has sold *Dawley* for twenty-six thousand pounds, much to his own satisfaction. His plan of life is now a very agreeable one, in the finest country of *France*, divided between study and exercise; for he still reads or writes five or six hours a day, and hunts generally twice a week. He has the whole forest of *Fontainbleau* at his command, with the king's stables and dogs, &c. his lady's son-in-law being governour of that place. She resides most part of the year with my lord, at a large house they have hired; and the rest with her daughter, who is abbess of a royal convent in the neighbourhood. I never saw him in stronger health, or in better humour with his friends, or more indifferent and dispassionate as to his enemies. He is seriously set upon writing some parts of the history of his times, which he has begun by a noble introduction, presenting a view of the whole state of *Europe*, from the *Pyrenean* treaty. He has hence deduced a summary sketch of the natural and incidental interests of each kingdom, and how they have varied from, or approached to, the true politics of each, in the several administrations to this time. The history itself will be particular only on such facts

facts and anecdotes as he personally knew, or produces vouchers for, both from home and abroad. This puts into my mind to tell you a fear he expressed lately to me, that some facts in your history of the queen's last years (which he read here with me in 1727) are not exactly stated, and that he may be obliged to vary from them, in relation, I believe, to the conduct of the earl of *Oxford*, of which great care surely should be taken. And he told me, that when he saw you in 1727, he made you observe them, and that you promised to take that care.

We very often commemorated you, during the five months we lived together at *Twickenham*. At which place could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I would envy no country in the world; and think not *Dublin* only, but *France* and *Italy* not worth the visiting once in my life.

The mention of travelling introduces your old acquaintance Mr. *Jarvas*, who went to *Rome* and *Naples* purely in search of health. An asthma has reduced his body, but his spirit retains all its vigour; and he is returned, declaring life itself not worth a day's journey, at the expence of parting from one's friends.

Mr. *Lewis* every day remembers you. I lie at his house in town. Dr. *Arbuthnot*'s daughter does not degenerate from the honour and goodness of her father. I love her much. She is like *Gay*, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs. *Patty Blount* is one of the most considerate and mindful women in the world towards others, the least so with

x

regard

regard to herself. She speaks of you constantly. I scarce know two more women worth naming to you; the rest are ladies, run after music, and play at cards.

I always make your compliments to lord *Oxford* and lord *Masham*, when I see them. I see *John Barber* seldom; but always find him proud of some letter from you. I did my best with him in behalf of one of your friends, and spoke to Mr. *Lyttleton* for the other; who was more prompt to catch than I to give fire, and flew to the prince that instant, who was as pleased to please you.

You ask me how I am at court? I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no court. The * prince shews me a distinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part; and I have received a present from him of some marble heads of poets for my library, and some urns for my garden. The ministerial writers rail at me; yet I have no quarrel with their masters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them. I am very well with all the courtiers I ever was or would be acquainted with. At least they are civil to me; which is all I ask from courtiers, and all a wise man will expect from them. The duchess of *Marlborough* makes great court to me; but I am too old for her, mind and body; yet I cultivate some young peoples friendship, because they may be honest men; whereas the old ones experience too often proves not to be so. I having dropped ten where I have taken up one, and hope to

* His late royal highness *Frederick* prince of *Wales*.

play the better with fewer in my hand. There is a lord *Cornbury*, a lord *Polworth* *, a Mr. *Murray* †, and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the corruption of the world.

You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical spirit; I am sinking fast into prose; and if I ever write more, it ought (at these years, and in these times) to be something, the matter of which will give value to the work, not merely the manner. Since my protest (for so I call the *Dialogue* of 1738) I have written but ten lines, which I will send you. They are an insertion for the next new edition of the *Dunciad*, which generally is reprinted once in two years. In the second Canto, among the authors who dive in *Fleet-ditch*, immediately after *Arnall*, verse 300, add these :

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back ‡ ;
Sons of a day ! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like *Niobe*, her children gone,
Sits mother *Osborne*, stupefied to stone ;

* ' Now earl of *Marchmont*.'

† The present lord *Mansfield*, chief justice of the court *King's Bench*.

‡ They print one at the back of the other to send into the country. Mr. *Pope's MS. Note*. ' These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence were printed one on the back of another. *Dunciad*, Dr. *Warb.* edit.'

And needful *Paxton* * tells the world with tears,
These are, ah ! no ; these were my *Gazetteers*.

Having nothing more to tell you of my poetry, I come to what is now my chief care, my health and amusement. The first is better as to head-achs, worse as to weakness and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much, otherwise I want no spirits, except when indigestions prevail. The mornings are my life ; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but sleep, and am stupid enough. I love reading still better than conversation ; but my eyes fail, and at the hours when most people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the past day sufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time, and rise and chirp the earlier the next morning. I often vary the scene (indeed at every friend's call) from *London* to *Twickenham* ; or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them. Lord *Bathurst* is still my constant friend and yours ; but his country seat is now always in *Gloucestershire*, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. *Pulteney* has no country seat, and in town I see him seldom, but he always asks of you. In the summer I generally ramble for a month to lord *Cobham's*, the *Bath*, or elsewhere. In all those rambles my mind is full of the images of you and poor *Gay*,

* A solicitor, who procured and paid these waiters. Mr. *Pope's MS. Note*. The line is now changed.

And monumental brass this record bears ;
These are, &c.'

with

with whom I travelled so delightfully two summers. Why cannot I cross the sea? The unhappiest malady I have to complain of; the unhappiest accident of my whole life, is that weakness of the breast, which, makes the physicians of opinion that a strong vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years. I went, some years ago, with lord *Peterborough* about ten leagues at sea, purely to try if I could sail without sea-sickness, and with no other view than to make yourself and lord *Bolingbroke* a visit before I died.

But the experiment, though almost all the way near the coast, had almost ended all my views at once. Well then, I must submit to live at the distance which fortune has set us at; but my memory, my affection, my esteem are inseparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever yours.

P. S. This I send at lord *Orrery's*, in company with Dr. *King*. Wherever I can find two or three that are yours, I adhere to them naturally, and by that title they become mine. I thank you for sending Mr. *Swift* to me; he can tell you more of me.

London; May 19.

(A second Postscript.)

One of my new friends, Mr. *Lyttelton*, was to the last degree glad to have any request from you to make to his master. The moment I shewed him yours concerning Mr. *M'Aulay*, he went to

Q 2

him,

him, and it was granted *. He is extremely obliged for the promotion of *Lamb* †. I will make you no particular speeches from him; but you and he have a mutual right to each other. *Sint tales animæ concordēs*. He loves you, though he sees you not, as all posterity will love you, who will not see you, but reverence and admire you ‡.

L E T T E R CCCLXXIII.

GEORGE LYTTETON, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Worcestershire, Aug. 4, 1739.

I Have juſt heard from town, that Mr. *Faulkner*, your bookseller at *Dublin*, has by your order, ſent me over your works. When I deſired Mr. *Swift* to procure them for me, I did not expect the additional pleaſure of owing them to your own kindneſs in ſo obliging a way. I will place them in my ſtudy next to Mr. *Pope's*, which he too gave me himſelf; and can truly aſſure you, that, excepting

* Mr. *Alexander M'Aulay* was soliciting for a seat in parliament, as one of the representatives of the university of *Dublin*: Mr. *Lyttelton* was then principal secretary to his late royal highness *Frederick* prince of *Wales*, who, as chancellor of it, was thought by Dr. *Swift* to be the most proper person to nominate.

† Dr. *Swift* had made Mr. *William Lamb* one of the vicars-choral of his cathedral upon Mr. *Lyttelton's* recommendation.

‡ The letter to which this postscript and the next letter relate, is in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*. It is dated by the editor "*May 10, 1739, at a conjecture.*"

that

that present, I never received one which I value so much.

I am sorry his royal highness's recommendation has been of so little use to your friend ; and think, indeed, that the university owed more respect to their chancellor, though he had not been prince of *Wales*, than they have thought proper to shew. I made his royal highness your compliments, which he accepted with much satisfaction. I hope and believe he will make good the expectations he has raised among those, who are equally friends to him and their country. He is pleased to reckon you in that number, and desires to preserve and increase your good opinion. I thank you for the promise you give me, not to forget me, and beg you to remember me as one sincerely desirous to merit the continuance of your friendship, by all the services in the power of,

Sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

G. LYTTLETON.

LETTER CCCLXXIV.

Lord CASTLEDURROW to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Dublin, Feb. 2, 1739.

SINCE I am forbidden your presence, I think I should be more explicit in my reason of thanks to you for Dr. *Delaney's* obliging present, than I can be in a verbal, crude, ill-delivered message by a servant. As I am not acquainted with the Doctor, I

at first imagined boundless generosity distributed his book amongst the lords, and that it was sent me, as a member, though an unworthy one, of that august body. I soon found myself mistaken; and as all presents are enhanced in value proportionable to their manner of distribution, I thought it incumbent on me to thank him by letter, for having so obligingly distinguished me. He has honoured me with an answer to it, which highly elates me; for weak minds are easily made vain; but whose would not be so, on the compliment he makes me, on having read some of my letters to you? They were wrote (as most of mine are) in the wantonness of fancy, without aiming at pomp of expression or dress of words, lucky methods of gilding nonsense; yet, that he should approve, I will not wonder, when I consider the benignity of your friendship. Oh! is it not sometimes too strong a bias even for your judgment, that prompted you to think them worth his perusal? What am I now to do? I ought not to be silent; yet must I risque depreciating a favourable opinion he has conceived of me, by making myself farther known to him? Why, in prudence, no; in civility, yes. Under this dilemma give me your advice, as you are the origin of this favour. Or will you yield to what I suggest may not be improper? Take me under your protection (as soon as the weather will permit) in a warm hackney coach, which I shall take care to provide. Let us jumble together to his little paradise, which I long much to see, as well as to pay my debt due to his benevolence.

I am

I am already alarmed with your excuse of deafness and dizziness. Yielding to such a complaint always strenthens it ; exerting against it generally lessens it. Do not immerge in the sole enjoyment of yourself. Is not a friend the medicine of life ? I am sure it is the comfort of it. And I hope you still admit such companions as are capable of administering it. In that number I know I am unworthy of rank : however, my best wishes shall attend you.

I have inclosed some verses. The *Latin* I believe will please you ; one of the translations may have the same fortune, the other cannot. The verses written in the lady's book is, A lamentable Hymn to Death, from a Lover, inscribed to his Mistress. I have made the author of it vain (who I am sure had never read *Pope's Heloise to Abelard*) in telling him his six last lines seem a parody on six of *Pope's*. They are on the other side, that you may not be at a loss.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy ;
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round ;
From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee, with a love like mine.

I think the whole letter the most passionate I ever read, except *Heloise's* own, on the subject of love. I am equally struck with *Cadenus to Vanessa*. I have often soothed my love with both, when I have been in a fit.

I will conclude with the above wish, and the assuring you I am, with great sincerity as well as esteem,
 Sir, your most faithful, affectionate humble servant,

C A S T L E D U R R O W.

My boy sends you his respects, and would fain pay them in person to you.

L E T T E R CCCLXXV.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, June 3, 1740.

I Had, some time ago, a letter from Mr. *Stopford*, who told me, that you enjoyed a better state of health last year than you had done for some years past. No one wishes you more sincerely than I do the continuance of it. And since the gout has been your physic, I heartily hope you may have one good fit regularly every year, and all the rest of it perfect health and spirits.

I am persuaded you will do me the justice to believe, that if I have not wrote to you for some time, it has proceeded from an unwillingness alone of engaging you in a very useless correspondence, and not from any want of real regard and true esteem. Mr. *Pope* can be my witness how constantly I enquire after you, and how pleased and happy I am, when he tells me, that you have the goodness frequently to mention me in your letter to him.

I fear

I fear you have but little desire to come among us again. *England* has few things inviting in it at present. Three camps, near forty thousand troops, and sixteen kings *, and most of them such as are really fit to be kings in any part of the world. Four millions of money have been raised on the people this year, and in all probability nothing will be done. I have not the least notion, that even our expedition under lord *Cathcart* † is intended to be sent any where; and yet every minister we have (except Sir *Robert*) very gravely affirms it will go; nay, I am afraid, believes it too. But our situation is very extraordinary; Sir *Robert* will have an army, will not have a war, and cannot have a peace; that is, the people are so averse to it, that he dares not make one. But in one year more, when by the influence of this army and our money he has got a new parliament to his liking; then he will make peace, and get it approved too, be it as it will. After which I am afraid we shall all grow tired of struggling any longer, and give up the game.

But I will trouble you with no more politics; and if I can hear from you in two lines that you are well, I promise you not to reply to it too soon. You must give me leave to add to my letter, a copy of verses at the end of a declamation made by a boy at *Westminster-school* on this theme,

* Sixteen lords of the regency, the king being abroad.

† Against *Carthage*. It went, and miscarried.

Ridentem

*Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?*

*Dulce, Decane, decus, Flos optime Gentis Hibernæ
Nomine quique audis, Ingenioque Celer ;
Dum lepidò indulges Rifu, et mutaris in Horas,
Quo nova vis Animi, Materiesque rapit ;
Nunc gravis Astrologus, Cælo dominaris & Astris,
Filaque pro libitu Partrigiana secas.
Nunc Populo speciosa Hospes miracula promiss,
Gentesque Æquoreas, aeriasq; creas.
Seu plaustum captat queruli Persona Draperi,
Seu levis a vacuo Fabula sumpta cado.*

*Mores egregius mira exprimis Arte Magister,
Et vitam atque Homines Pagina quæque sapit,
Socraticæ minor est vis, & Sapientia Chartæ,
Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis Opus.*

Mrs. Pulteney knowing that I am writing to you,
charges me to present her service, when I assure
you that I am most faithfully and sincerely

Your obedient humble servant,

W. PULTENEY.

LETTER CCCLXXVI.

The Earl of O—— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Caledon, Dec. 17, 1740.

Great men like you must expect numberless petitions, which, like *Jupiter*, you put to various uses ;
but

but wonder not, when there is a place vacant in your family, thar every body is striving for the post. I mean your cathedral family; for we are told there is a vacancy in the choir. I am desired to recommend to you one * *James Colgan*, aged 25. His voice excellent, his behaviour good, his person indifferent, his recommendation to me irresistible. I beseech you let *Faulkner* give me an answer; for neither he nor I, nor the choir of lords, doctors, ——— commons, &c. are worth your while to give yourself one moment's uneasiness about, if you are not well, and I am more than afraid you are not; only I must be enabled to say, I have mentioned him to you. My frozen fingers will only serve me to present lady O——'s most humble service to you, and the best wishes, prayers, and acknowledgments of all this family. I am, dear Sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble servant.

* One of the vicars-choral of *Christ-Church* and *St. Patrick's* cathedrals, remarkable for his fine manner of singing.

A P P E N D I X.

EXTRACT from Lord BOLINGBROKE's
WILL, in which his Writings are bequeathed
to Mr. MALLET *.

AND whereas I am the Author of the several
Books or Tracts following;

*Remarks on the History of England, from the Minutes
of Humphrey Oldcastle. In twenty-four letters.*

*A Dissertation upon Parties. In nineteen letters to
Caleb D'Anvers, Esq;*

The Occasional Writer, Number 1, 2, 3.

The Vision of Camilik.

*An Answer to the London Journal of December 21,
1728, by John Trot.*

*An Answer to the Defence of the Enquiry into the
Reasons of the Conduct of Great Britain.*

*A final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's
Vindication.*

All which Books or Tracts have been printed and
published; and I am also the Author of

* The reasons for inserting this extract, and the two letters that
immediately follow, may be seen in the note annexed to lord
Bolingbroke's letter, dated Sept. 12, 1724, in this collection.

Four Letters on History, &c.

Which have been privately printed, and not published; but I have not assigned to any person or persons whatsoever the copy, or liberty of printing or reprinting any of the said books, or tracts, or letters. Now I do hereby, as far as by law I can, give and assign to *David Mallet*, of *Putney*, in the county of *Surry*, Esquire, the copy and copies of all and each of the before-mentioned books, or tracts, or letters, and the liberty of reprinting the same. I also give to the said *David Mallet*, the copy and copies of all the manuscripts books, papers, and writings, which I have written or composed, or shall write or compose, and leave at the time of my decease. And I further give to the said *David Mallet* all my books, which, at the time of my decease, shall be in the room called my library.

L E T T E R CCCLXXVII.

Lord HYDE to DAVID MALLET, Esq;

Paris, March 7, N. S. 1752.

I Learn from *England*, Sir, that lord *Bolingbroke* has left his manuscripts to you *. His friends must

* ' His lordship died Dec. 15, 1751. Lord *Hyde* having heard at *Paris* of lord *Bolingbroke*'s legacy of all his writings, printed and manuscript, to Mr. *Mallet*, wrote from thence the above letter, the original of which was sent by the widow *Mallet*, with the manuscript of lord *Bolingbroke*'s philosophical works to the *British Museum*, in order to justify her husband's integrity in the edition of them.'

see with satisfaction those title-deeds of his reputation in the hands of the author of the life of the great lord *Bacon*; and you will have had the distinguished honour of having been guardian to the fame of two of the greatest geniuses which our country, and perhaps humanity, has produced; but with greater honour to you in this last instance, because you are such by the designation, and choice of the author himself.

What works of his you may have for the public, I know not. That, for which I was solicitous, because I believe it would be most instructive to the world, and might be most for his honour, he told me himself he had laid aside; I mean the history of the great transactions of *Europe*, from the time when he began to consider and know them. There remains of that, I believe, no more than a summary review, which I had the good fortune sometime ago to draw from him, upon an application which I made to him to direct me in the study of history. You will probably have seen that summary review, which is in a collection of letters upon history, which he did me the honour to write me. It is but a sketch of the work he had proposed to himself; but it is the sketch of lord *Bolingbroke*. He will probably have told you, that those letters were by his direction delivered up by me to Mr. *Pope*, who burnt, as he told me, the manuscripts, and printed off by a private press some very few copies, which were to be considered still as manuscripts, one of which Mr. *Pope* kept, and sent another to lord *Bolingbroke*.

Sir

Sir *William Wyndham*, lord *Bathurst*, lord *Marchmont*, Mr. *Murray*, and Mr. *Lyttelton*, I think, had each one. I do not remember to have been told of any copies given, except to myself, who have always preserved mine, as I would a MS. which was not my own, observing not only the restrictions which lord *Bolingbroke* himself had recommended to me, but securing likewise, as far as I could, even in case of my death, that this work should never become public from that copy, which is in my possession. I enlarge upon this, because I think myself particularly obliged, out of regard to lord *Bolingbroke*, to give this account of that work to the person whom he has intrusted with all his writings, in case you might not have known this particularity. And at the same time I think it my duty, to the memory of lord *Bolingbroke*, to myself, and to the world too, to say something more to you in relation of this work.

It is a work, Sir, which will instruct mankind, and do honour to its author; and yet I will take upon me to say, that for the sake of both, you must publish it with caution.

The greatest men have their faults, and sometimes the greatest faults; but the faults of superior minds are the least indifferent both to themselves and to society. Humanity is interested in the fame of those who excelled in it; but it is interested before all in the good of society, and in the peace of the minds of the individuals that compose it. Lord *Bolingbroke's* mind embraced all objects, and looked far into all; but not without a strong mixture of passions, which
will

will always necessarily beget some prejudices, and follow more. And on the subject of *Religion* particularly (whatever was the motive that inflamed his passions upon that subject chiefly) his passions were the most strong; and I will venture to say (when called upon, as I think, to say what I have said more than once to himself, with the deference due to his age and extraordinary talents), his passions upon that subject did prevent his otherwise superior reason from seeing, that even in a political light only he hurt himself, and wounded society, by striking at establishments, upon which the conduct at least of society depends, and by striving to overturn in mens minds the systems which experience at least has justified, and which authority at least has rendered respectable, as necessary to public order and to private peace, without suggesting to their minds a better, or indeed any system.

You will find, Sir, what I say to be true in a part of the work I mentioned, where he digresses upon the criticism of church history.

While this work remained in the hands only of those I have mentioned (except as I have been telling you, to himself and to them in private conversation) I have otherwise been silent upon that subject; but I must now say to you, Sir, that for the world's sake, and for his, that part of the work ought by no means to be communicated further. And you see that it is a digression not necessary to that work. If this digression should be made public, it will be censured, it must be censured, it ought to be censured. It will be criticised

ticised too by able pens, whose erudition, as well as their reasonings, will not be easily answered. In such a case, I shall owe to myself and to the world to disclaim publicly that part of a work, which he did me the honour to address to me; but I owe to the regard which he has sometimes expressed for me, to disclaim it rather privately to you, Sir, who are intrusted with his writings, and to recommend to you to suppress that part of the work, as a good citizen of the world, for the world's peace, as one intrusted and obliged by lord *Bolingbroke* not to raise new storms to his memory.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

H Y D E.

L E T T E R CCCLXXVIII.

DAVID MALLET, Esq; to Lord HYDE.

MY LORD,

I Received a very real pleasure, and at the same time a sensible concern, from the letter your lordship has honoured me with. Nothing could be more agreeable to me than the favourable opinion of one, whom I have long admired for every quality that enters into an estimable and an amiable character; but then nothing can occasion me more uneasiness than not to be able to suppress that part of a work which you would have kept from public view.

The book was printed off before your lordship's letter reached my hands; but this consideration alone would have appeared trifling to me. I apprehend,

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that

that I cannot, without being unfaithful to the trust reposed in me, omit or alter any thing in those works, which my lord *Bolingbroke* had deliberately prepared for the press, and I will publish no other. As to this in particular, his repeated commands to me were that it should be printed exactly according to the copy he himself, in all the leisure of retirement, had corrected with that view.

Upon the whole, if your lordship should think it necessary to disclaim the reflections on Sacred History, by which I presume is meant some public and authentic declaration, that your notions on this head differ intirely from those of your noble friend; even in this case I am sure you will do it with all the delicacy natural to your own disposition, and with all the tenderneſs to his memory, that the particular regard he always bore you can deserve. I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord, &c.

L E T T E R CCCLXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to WILLIAM PULTENEY *, Esq;

SIR,

Dublin, March 8, 1734.

MR. *Stopford*, going to *England* upon some particular affair, I gladly complied with his desire, that I should do myself the honour of writing to you, because, as useless as I am, and although I shall never have the happiness to see you, yet my ambition

* This letter, and the next, were communicated to the editor by general *Pulteney*.

to have some small place in your memory, will live as long as myself.

I will do an unmannerly thing, which is, to bequeath you an epitaph for forty years hence in two words, *Ultimus Britannorum*. You never forsook your party. You might often have been as great as the court can make any man so ; but you preserved your spirit of liberty, when your former colleagues had utterly sacrificed theirs ; and, if it shall ever begin to breathe in these days, it must intirely be owing to yourself and one or two friends. But it is altogether impossible for any nation to preserve its liberty under a tenth part of the present luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We see the *Gothic* system of limited monarchy is extinguished in all the nations of *Europe*. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and yours must be the next. Such hath ever been human nature, that a single man, without any superior advantages either of body or mind, but usually the direct contrary, is able to attack twenty millions, and drag them voluntary at his chariot wheels. But no more of this. I am as sick of the world as I am of age and disease, the last of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing. my revenues, though half sunk, are sufficient to support me in some decency. And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I visit them, or they me, agree together in *discover* [*discovering*] our utter detestation of all proceeding both here and there. *Hæc est vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique*. I am under

the displeasure of the court for fixing up a true whig epitaph in my cathedral over the burying-place of old *Schomberg*, and for some other things of equal demerit or disaffection, wherewith I am charged ; perhaps also for some verses laid to my charge, and published without my knowledge or consent, wherein you and another person are understood to be meant by initial letters.

I desire your pardon for the trouble I gave in recommending a gentleman to your protection, who hath an appeal before the house of lords, wherein I was prevailed on by an eminent person in the law, who by a miracle was raised to the bench in these very times, although he be a man of virtue and learning in a great degree. Dear Sir, you have nothing to desire in this world but good health, good times, the prosperity of your family (wherein you have my constant prayers) and deserving friends. I have often said, that I never knew a more easy man to live with than yourself ; and if you had only a poor forty thousand pounds a year, I would command you to settle one thousand of it on me to live in your next neighbourhood ; but as for our friends at *Twickenham* and *Dawley*, I have told them plainly that they are both too speculative and temperate for me to accept their invitation, and infinitely too philosophical. The bearer, Mr. *Stopford*, hath such infinite obligations to you for your favours to him, and is in all respects so very deserving a gentleman, that I am sure you never repented the good office you have done him *it* [at] my recommendation. But he only
attends

attends you on perfect gratitude: for he knows very well you are what is now called a disaffected person. You are in the modern sense a friend to popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender; and therefore he has just politics enough not to trouble you with helping him by the hand to better preferment; and I pray God while things continue as they are, that it may never be in your power to make a curate or an exciseman.

You will hear, perhaps, that one *Faulkner* hath printed four volumes, which are called my works; he hath only prefixed the first letters of my name; it was done utterly against my will; for there is no property in printers or booksellers here, and I was not able to hinder it. I did imagine, that, after my death, the several *London* booksellers would agree among themselves to print what each of them had by common consent: but the man here hath prevented it, much to my vexation, for I would as willingly have it done even in *Scotland*. All this has vexed me not a little, as done in so obscure a place. I have never yet looked into them, nor I believe ever shall. You will find Mr. *Stopford* the same modest, virtuous, learned man that you last saw him; but with a few more years, and a great deal more flesh, beside the blessing of a wife and children. I desire to present my humble service to *your*. I pray God bless and assist you in your glorious endeavours for the preservation of your country, and remain with the truest respect,
Sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

R 3

You

You will see, by the many blunders in words, syllables, and letters, what a condition my giddy head is in.

L E T T E R CCCLXXX.

Dr. SWIFT to WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq;

S I R,

Dublin, May 12, 1735.

MR. *Stopford* landed yesterday, and sent me the letter which you were pleased to honour me with. I have not yet seen him; for he called when I was not at home. The reason why I ventured to recommend him to your protection, was your being his old patron, to whom he is obliged for all the preferment he got in the church. He is one of the most deserving gentlemen in the country, and hath a tolerable provision, much more than persons of so much merit can in these times pretend to, in either kingdom. I love the duke of *Dorset* very well, having known him from his youth, and he hath treated me with great civility since he came into this government. It is true, his original principles, as well as his instructions from your side the water, make him act the usual part in managing this nation, for which he must be excused: yet I wish he would a little more consider, that people here might have some small share in employments civil and ecclesiastic, wherein my lord *Carteret* acted a more popular part. The folks here, whom they call a parliament, will imitate

tate yours in every thing, after the same manner as a monkey doth a human creature. If my health were not so bad, although my years be many, I fear I might outlive liberty in *England*. It hath continued longer than in any monarchy, and must end as all others have done which were established by the *Goths*, and is now falling in the same manner that the rest have done. It is very natural for every king to desire unlimited power; it is as proper an object to their appetites as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune can find his account in making himself and his posterity slaves. They are paid for it; the court will restore what their luxury hath destroyed; I have nothing to object. But let me suppose a chief minister from a scanty fortune, almost eaten up with debts, acquiring by all methods a monstrous overgrown estate, why he will still go on to endeavour making his master absolute, and thereby in the power of seizing all his possessions at his pleasure, and hanging or banishing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were such a minister, I would act like a prudent gamester, and cut, as the sharper calls it, before luck began to change. What if such a minister, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, seem to dread attempts upon liberty, and bring over all his forces to the contrary side? As to the lust of absolute power, I despair it can ever be cooled, unless princes had capacity to read the history of the *Roman* emperors, how many of them

were murdered by their own army ; and the same may be said of the *Ottomans* by their janissaries ; and many other examples are easy to be found. If I were such a minister I would go farther, and endeavour to be king myself. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old *Greece*, and the worst that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

I believe in my conscience that you have some mercenary end in all your endeavours to preserve the liberty of your country at the expence of your quiet, and of making all the villains in *England* your enemies. For you almost stand alone, and therefore are sure, if you succeed, to engross the whole glory of recovering a desperate constitution, given over by all its other physicians. May God work a miracle, by changing the hearts of an abandoned people, whose hearts are waxen gross, whose ears are dull of hearing, and whose eyes have been closed ; and may he continue you as his chief instrument, by whom this miracle is to be wrought.

I send this letter in a packet to Mr. *Pope*, and by a private hand. I pray God protect you against all your enemies ; I mean those of your country ; for you can have no other ; and as you will never be weary of well doing, so may God give you long life and health the better to support you.

You are pleased to mention some volumes of what are called my works. I have looked on them very little. It is a great mortification to me, although I
should

should not have been dissatisfied if such a thing had been done in *England* by booksellers agreeing among themselves. I never got a farthing by any thing I writ, except one about eight year ago, and that was by Mr. *Pope*'s prudent management *from* [*for*] me. Here the printers and booksellers have no property in their copies. The printer applied to my friends, and got many things from England. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him, and therefore he consulted some friends, who were readier to direct him than I desired they should. I saw one poem on you and a great minister, and was not sorry to find it there.

I fear you are tired ; I cannot help it ; nor could avoid the convenience of writing, when I might be in no danger of post-officers.

I am, Sir, with the truest respect and esteem,

Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

I desire to present my most humble respects to Mrs. *Pulteney*.

L E T T E R S
O F
U N C E R T A I N D A T E.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXI.

Countess of ORKNEY to Dr. SWIFT.

Indorsed, '1712, I suppose.'

I Have had great satisfaction in the favour of your letter, though disappointed, since not occasioned by yourself. When one is too quick, misjudging commonly follows. At first I fear'd Mr. *Collier* was taken with a fit of an apoplexy; the next line I read, I wished he had one. If I did not apprehend, by your knowing me but a little, that I might grow troublesome where I distinguished, you should not want any conveniency to bring you hither to Mrs. *Ramsay* and I, who are both, without compliment, truly mortified, intending ever to be,

Sir, your sincere humble servants,

Clusden, Monday.

E. ORKNEY.

ELIZ. RAMSAY.

We design to be at *Windfor* on *Wednesday*, where I hope you will meet me in the drawing-room, to tell me when you can dine with us.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLXXXII.

Countess of ORKNEY to Dr. SWIFT.

Monday morning. Indorsed '1712, I believe.'

I AM sure you are very ill-natur'd (I would not have been so cross to you) to have known Mr. *Lewis* and me so long, and not have made us acquainted sooner, when you know too, that I have been in search of a reasonable conversation. I have no way to excuse you but doubting his to be so agreeable at a second meeting, which I desire you will make, when 'tis most convenient to both. It is not from custom I say I am extremely,

Sir, your humble servant,

E. ORKNEY.

When you read this, I fancy you will think, what does she write to me? I hate a letter as much as my lord treasurer does a petition.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIII.

Earl POULETT to Dr. SWIFT.

Sunday Afternoon. Indorsed 'lord steward, 1713.'

I Was called away presently after chapel, upon some business which hindered me going up stairs at *St. James's*, and occasions Dr. *Swift* the trouble of this, to make my excuse for not returning the paper, which I here send you; and though it is not in my power to serve you in any proportion to my unfeigned respects

pects for you, yet I would not be wanting, on my part, in any opportunity where I can, to express myself, Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

POULETT.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIV.

Lady M————— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Indorsed 'Received, Feb. 1723-4.'

'TIS impossible for you to imagine with what satisfaction I received your kind letter; and though I had been so long without hearing from you, I could never impute it to want of friendship, in one whose goodness to me has always been abundantly more than I could deserve. I had writ often to you; but having no safe conveyance, chose rather to enquire after your health and welfare of some people that could give me an account of it. And I do assure you from the bottom of my heart there is not a person living I have a greater friendship for than yourself, and shall have to the end of my life. Indeed now I can shew it only in expressions; but I flatter myself you believe them sincere. I long to see you at my retired habitation, where you will meet with a most hearty welcome and faithful friends, and none more so, than her who is

Your most affectionate humble servant,

H. M————.

My lord, children, brother, and sister are your humble servants.

L E T-

LETTER CCCLXXXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord ARRAN.

MY LORD,

1729.

I AM earnestly desired, by some worthy friends of mine, to write to your lordship in favour of the bearer, Mr. *Moore*, minister of *Clonmel*, who will have the honour to present this letter to your lordship. Those rectorical tythes of *Clonmel* were granted to the church by letters patents from king *Charles* the second, with the perfect knowledge and full approbation of your great ancestor, the first duke of *Ormond*, then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*. Notwithstanding which, some of the former agents to your lordship's family have greatly distressed the incumbent ministers of *Clonmel*, which is generally believed to be without the knowledge of his present grace the duke your brother (whom God long preserve). But your lordship's present agent being extremely vigilant of all your lordship's interests, hath lately renewed the claim of the *Ormond* family to those tythes, and was at the last assizes, after a long hearing of six hours, nonsuited. The living of *Clonmel* is one of the largest and yet poorest parishes in this kingdom, being upon the whole (including the valuation of the houses) scarce worth one hundred pounds a year, out of which, a curate assistant being absolutely necessary on account of its extent, a salary of forty pounds must be paid.

My lord, your lordship's family hath been always
distin-

distinguished, for their favour and protection to the established church, under her greatest persecutions, nor have you in the universal opinion ever degenerated from them. Those tythes in and about *Clonmel* are very inconsiderable, having never been let for above twenty-four pounds a year, made up of very small pittances collected from a great number of the poorest people; so that the recovery of them by an expensive law-suit, if it could be effected, would not be worth attempting.

Mr. *Moore* is recommended to me by several persons of great worth (as I have already observed) and I hope I have not hitherto forfeited the credit I had with you.

My humble request therefore to your lordship is that the minister of *Clonmel* may, without disturbance, enjoy that small addition to his support, which the king and your grandfather intended for him.

I have always understood and believed that the duke your brother's retiring hath not lessened your fortune, but increased it; and as to his grace, unless all our intelligence be false, he is as easy as he desires to be. I heard of several persons who have ventured to wait on him abroad, and it is agreed that his grace is perfectly easy in his mind and fortune.

Upon the whole, I do earnestly desire your lordship to resign those poor scraps of tythes in and about *Clonmel* to Mr. *Moore* and his successors, in a legal form for ever. Your loss will be at most but twenty-four pounds a year, and that, with a thousand difficulties, infinitely below your generosity and quality,

I am, &c.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLXXXVI.

To Dr. S W I F T.

Indorsed ' Lady Bolingbreke.'

MR. *Popem*'a fair grand plaisir, monsieur, de m'assurer que votre santé est bonne ; et de me montrer dans une de vos lettres des marques de l'honneur de votre souvenir. Je trouve que vous prenez fort mal votre tems d'habiter votre *Dublin* pendant que nous habitons notre *Dawley*. Nous aurions eu grand soin de vous cet hiver, et nous aurions haï ensemble le genre humain, autant qu'il vous auroit plû, car je trouve qu'il n'embellit point au croître. On a fait deux pieces de theatre en *France*, tirée soit disant des idées de *Gulliver*. Je ne vous les envoie point, car elles sont detestables : mais cela prouve au moins, que ce bon voyageur a si bien reussi chez nous, qu'on a crû, qu'en mettant seulement son nom aux plus mauvaises pieces on les rendroit recommandables au publique. Notre fermier vous embrasse : il a plaint et boude de ce que vous etiez partisans qu'il ait pu vous dire adieu ; et de ce qu'il a vu une de vos lettres, ou vous ne dites pas un mot pour luy : mais je vous croye comme les coquettes, qui se fiant a leurs charmes ne s'embarassent pas de leurs torts. En effet ils vous feront pardonnés a la premiere lettre et encore plus aisement a la premiere esperance de vous revoir. Adieu, monsieur, portez vous bien, et nous serons content. Je ne m'aviseray pas de vous mander des nouvelles de ce pays ci: Je

fuis étrangere de plus en plus, et je ne ferois tentée de me faire naturaliser, que dans ceux où je pourrois vivre avec vous.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXVII.

Duchess of HAMILTON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN,

Wednesday.

W H E N we were together last, I remember we spoke of a certain stanza, which you suspected me parent of, by reason there were some things in it you were sure I would have said twelve years ago. If this be a rule, I am certain you are not dean *Swift*; for twelve years ago your promised letter had not been so long in coming to me. All I can say is, I wish you had been twelve years ago what I wish you now, and that you were now what you was twelve years ago to,

Your real friend and humble servant,

E. HAMILTON.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXVIII.

Duke of WHARTON* to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN.

Monday Morning.

I Shall embark for *England* to-morrow. It would

* *Philip Wharton*, son of *Thomas*, earl of *Wharton*, was created by King *George I.* duke of *Wharton* in *England*, and marquis of *Carlow* in *Ireland*, before he was of age, and took his seat

be necessary for me to take leave of lord *Molef-*

seat in both houses. He fled from *England* in that reign, entered into the service of *Spain*, when they were besieging *Gibraltar*, where he was wounded in the heel; went afterwards to *Madrid*, turned *Roman Catholic*, married a lady of *Ireland*, maid of honour to the queen of *Spain*, and soon after went to *Paris*, where he died in very great necessity. He wrote a political paper, called *The True Briton*. See his character by Mr. *Pope* in the following lines :

Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
 Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise :
 Born with whate'er could win it from the wife,
 Women and fools must like him, or he dies ;
 Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
 The club must hail him master of the joke.
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
 He'll shine a *Tully* and a *Wilmot* too.
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores ;
 Enough if all around him but admire,
 And now the punk applaud, and now the fryer.
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
 And most contemptible to shun contempt ;
 His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
 His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways ;
 A constant bounty which no friend has made ;
 An angel tongue, which no man can persuade ;
 A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
 Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd :
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;
 A rebel to the very king he loves ;
 He dies, sad out-cast of each church and state,
 And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great.
 Ask you why *Wharton* broke thro' ev'ry rule ?
 'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him Fool.

worth * on many accounts; and as *Young* † is engaged in town, I must infallibly go alone, unless your charity extends itself to favour me with your company there this morning. I beg you would send me your answer, and believe me sincerely,

Your faithful friend and servant,

W H A R T O N.

P. S. If you condescend so far, come to me about eleven of the clock.

L E T T E R CCCXXXIX.

Monfieur V O L T A I R E to Dr, S W I F T.

S I R,

Friday 16.

I Send you here inclosed two letters, one for Mr. *de Morville*, our secretary of state, and the other for Mr. *de Maisons*, both desirous and worthy of your acquaintance. Be so kind as to let me know if you intend to go by *Calais*, or by the way of *Rouen*. In case you resolve to go by *Rouen*, I will give you some letters for a good lady, who lives in her country castle just by *Rouen*. She will receive you as well as you deserve. There you will find two or three of my intimate friends, who are your admirers, and who have learn'd *English* since I am in *England*. All will pay you all the respects, and procure all the pleasures they are capable off. They will give you an

* Lord *Molefworth* had been ambassador at *Denmark*, and wrote an account of that kingdom.

Rev. Dr. *Edward Young*, author of *Night Thoughts*.

hundred directions for *Paris*, and provide you with all the requisite conveniencies. Vouchsafe to acquaint me with your resolution, I shall certainly do my best endeavours to serve you, and to let my country know, that I have the inestimable honour to be one of your friends. I am, with the highest respect and esteem, your most humble obedient faithful servant,

VOLTAIRE.

LETTER CCCXC.

Monfieur VOLTAIRE au Comte de MORVILLE,
Ministre et Secrétaire d'Etat à Versailles.

MONSIEUR,

JE me suis contenté jusqu'icy d'admirer en silence votre conduite dans les affaires de l'*Europe* ; mais il n'est pas permis à un homme qui aime votre gloire, et qui vous est aussi tendrement attaché que je le suis, de demeurer plus long temps sans vous faire ses sinceres compliments.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refuser l'honneur que me fait le celebre monsieur *Swift*, de vouloir bien vous presenter une de mes lettres. Je scai que sa reputation est parvenue jusqu'à vous et que vous avez envie de la connoître. Il fait l'honneur d'une nation que vous estimez. Vous avez lu les traductions de plusieurs ouvrages qui luy sont attribuez. Eh qui est plus capable que vous, monseigneur, de discerner les beautés d'un original à travers la foiblesse des plus mauvaises copies. Je croi que vous ne serez pas fâché de diner avec monsieur *Swift*, et monsieur

le president *Henaut*. Et je me flatte que vous regarderez comme une preuve de mon sincere attachement a votre personne, la liberté que je prens de vous presenter un des hommes des plus extraordinaires que l'*Angleterre* ait produit, et le plus capable de sentir toute l'étendue de vos grandes qualitez. Je suis pour toute ma vie, avec un profond respect, et un attachement remply de la plus haute estime, Monseigneur, votre très humble et tres obeissant serviteur,

V O L T A I R E.

L E T T E R C C C X C I.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss V A N H O M R I G H *.

Laracor, July 8, 1713.

I Stayed but a fortnight in *Dublin*, very sick; and returned not one visit of a hundred, that were made me; but all to the dean, and none to the doctor. I am riding here for life; and I think I am something better. I hate the thoughts of *Dublin*, and prefer a field bed, and an earthen floor, before the great house there, which they say is mine. I had your last splenetic letter. I told you, when I

* This is the lady, whom the Dean has celebrated by the name of *Vanessa*. She was the eldest daughter of *Bartholomew Vanhomrigh*, first a merchant of *Amsterdam*, and afterwards of *Dublin*, who was appointed commissary of the stores by king *William*, upon his expedition into *Ireland*. Her mother was the daughter of Mr. *Stone*, the commissioner, and niece to the accountant-general of *Ireland*. For an account of this lady, and herepistolary correspondence with the Dean, see his life prefixed to his works.

left *England*, I would endeavour to forget every thing there, and would write as seldom as I could. I did, indeed, design one general round of letters to my friends; but my health has not yet suffered me. I design to pass the greatest part of the time I stay in *Ireland*, here, in the cabin where I am now writing: neither will I leave the kingdom till I am sent for; and if they have no further service for me, will never see *England* again. At my first coming, I thought I should have died with discontent; and was horribly melancholy, while they were installing me, but it begins to wear off, and change to dullness. My river walk is extremely pretty, and my canal in great beauty: and I see trouts playing in it. I know not any one thing now in *Dublin*. But Mr. *Ford* is very kind, and writes to me constantly what passes among you. I find you are likewise a good politician; and I will say so much to you, that I verily think, if the thing you know of had been published just upon the peace, the ministry might have avoided what hath since happened: but I am now fitter to look after willows, and to cut hedges, than meddle with affairs of state. I must order one of the workmen to drive those cows out of my island, and make up the ditch again; a work much more proper for a country vicar, than driving out factions, and fencing against them. I must go and take my bitter draught to cure my head, which is spoiled by the bitter draughts the public hath given me. So go to your dukes and duchesses, and leave me to goodman *Bumford*, and *Patrick Dolan*, of *Clan-duggan*. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXCII.

Dr. S W I F T to Miss V A N H O M R I G H.

Upper Letcombe, near Wantage, Berks, June 8, 1714.

I Have not much news to tell you from hence, nor have I had one line from any body since I left *London*, of which I am very glad : but, to say the truth, I believe I shall not stay here so long as I intended. I am at a clergyman's house, whom I love very well ; but he is such a melancholy thoughtful man, partly from nature, and partly by a solitary life, that I shall soon catch the spleen from him. Out of ease and complaisance, I desire him not to alter any of his methods for me ; so we dine exactly between twelve and one. At eight we have some bread and butter, and a glass of ale ; and at ten he goes to bed. Wine is a stranger, except a little I sent him ; of which, one evening in two, we have a pint between us. His wife has been this month twenty miles off, at her father's, and will not return these ten days. I never saw her ; and perhaps the house will be worse when she comes. I read all day, or walk : and do not speak as many words as I have now wrote in three days : so that, in short, I have a mind to steal to *Ireland*, unless I find myself take more to this way of living, so different, in every circumstance, from what I left. This is the first syllable I have wrote to any body since you saw me. I shall be glad to hear from you, not as you are a *Londoner*, but as a friend ; for I care not three-pence for news, nor have heard one syllable since I
came

came here. The pretender, or duke of *Cambridge*, may both be landed, and I never the wiser: but if this place were ten times worse, nothing shall make me return to town, while things are in the situation I left them. I give a guinea a week for my board, and can eat any thing.

L E T T E R CCCXCIII.

Dr. S W I F T to Miss V A N H O M R I G H.

Aug. 1, 1714.

W H O told you I was going to *Bath*? no such thing. I had fixed to set out to-morrow for *Ireland*. but poor lord *Oxford* desires I will go with him to *Herefordshire*, and only expect his answer whether I shall go there before, or meet him hereabouts; or to *Wimple*, (his son's house) and so go with him down; and I expect to leave this in two or three days one way or other. I will stay with him 'till the parliament meets again, if he desires it. I am not of your opinion about lord *Bolingbroke*; perhaps he may get the *staff*, but I cannot rely on his love to me; he knew I had a mind to be his historiographer, though I value it not, but for the public service, yet it is gone to a worthless rogue that nobody knows*. I am writ to earnestly by *somebody* to come

* He presented a memorial to the queen on the 15th of *April*, 1714, humbly desiring her majesty to appoint him historiographer; which does not seem to agree with his declaration in his letter to *Pope*, dated, *Jan. 10*, 1721; that "this place was designed him, but that, as it was at the disposal of a person, who had not

to town, and join with those *people now in power*, but I will not do it. Say nothing of this, but guess the *person*. I told lord *Oxford* I would go with him, when *he was out*; and now he begs it of me, and I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state; but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive: he distinguished and chose me above all other men, while he was great; and his letter to me the other day was the most moving imaginable. When I am fixed any where, perhaps I may be so gracious to let you know, but I will not promise. Adieu.

LE T T E R CCCXCIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss VANHOMRIGH*.

Aug. 12, 1714.

I Had your letter last post, and before you can send me another, I shall set out for *Ireland*. I must go and take the oaths; and the sooner the better. If you are in *Ireland* when I am there, I shall see

the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, he disdained to accept it." See the memorial, in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*. See also Dr. *Arbuthnot's* letter of July 17, 1714.

* It appears by a letter of the Dean's to Miss *Esther Vanhomrigh*, that she was very uneasy on account of her mother's debts, who died in 1714; fearing that when the year was out, she would be obliged to satisfy the creditors. But the Dean tells her, "you can pay only what you receive, you are answerable for no more." He tells her, that if she wants to borrow money, she may send to Mr. *Barber* or *Ben Tooke*, which she pleases, and let them know, that whatever sum she wants he will stand bound for.

you

you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom ; but it is where every thing is known in a week, and magnified an hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be passed through : but it is probable we may meet in *London* in winter ; or if not, leave all to fate, that seldom comes to humour our inclinations. I say all this out of the perfect esteem and friendship I have for you. These public misfortunes have altered all my measures, and broke my spirits. God Almighty bless you. I shall, I hope, be on horseback in a day after this comes to your hand. I would not answer your questions for a million : nor can I think of them with any ease of mind. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXCV.

Part of a Letter of VANESSA's from Dublin, in 1714.

YOU once had a maxim, which was to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman ? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know, that your frowns make my life unsupportable. You have taught me to distinguish, and then you leave me miserable. Now, all I beg is, that you will for once counterfeit (since you cannot otherwise) that indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of these difficulties.

L E T-

L E T T E R C C C X C V I .

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, 1714.

YOU bid me be easy and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remembred there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have bore the rack much better, than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolv'd to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long. For there is something in human nature, that prompts one so to find relief in this world. I must give way to it: and beg you'd see me and speak kindly to me, for I am sure, you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe, I cannot help telling you this and live*.

* A letter from Dr. Swift, dated *Philipstown, Nov. 5, 1724*, says, that he was going to a friend upon a promise, being then a mile

L E T T E R C C C X C V I I .

Dr. S W I F T t o V A N E S S A .

May 12, 1719.

J E vous fais des complimens sur votre perfection dans la langue Françoisé. Il faut vous connoître long temps avant de connoître toutes vos perfections ; toujours en vous voyant et entendant, il en paroît des nouvelles, qui estoient auparavant cachées ; il est honteux pour moy de ne scavoir que le gascon et le patois, au prix de vous. Il n'y a rien à rediere dans l'ortographie, la propriété, l'élégance, le douceur et l'esprit. Et que je suis sot moy de vous répondre en mesme langage, vous qui estes incapable d'aucune sottise, si ce n'est l'estime qu'il vous plaist d'avoir pour moy ; car il n'y a point de merite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon gout de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a donnée a un mortel, je veux dire l'honneur, la vertue, le bons sens, l'esprit, le douceur, l'agrément et la fermeté d'ame ; mais en vous cachant, commes vous faites, le monde ne vous connoit pas, et vous perdez l'eloge des millions de gens. Depuis que j'ay l'honneur de vous connoître

mile from *Trim*, when Miss *Vanhomrigh's* servant overtook him with a letter. She was then at *Kildrohid*, and would go to town on the *Monday* following, to her lodging in *Turnstill-Alley*. He concludes thus ; " I have rode a tedious journey to-day, and
 " can say no more. Nor shall you know where I am till I
 " come, and then I will see you. A fig for your letters and
 " messages. Adieu."

j'ay

j'ay toujours remarqué que ni en conversation particuliere, ni generale, aucun mot a echappé de votre bouche, qui pouvoit etre mieux exprimé. Et je vous jure, qu'en faisant souvent la plus severe critique, je ne pouvois jamais trouver aucun defaut en vos actions, ni en vos paroles: la coquetrie, l'affectation, la pruderie sont des imperfections que vous n'avez jamais connues. Et avec tout cela, croyez vous, qu'il est possible de ne vous estimer au dessus du reste du genre humain. Quelles bestes en jupes sont les plus excellentes de celles, que je vous sémées dans le monde, au prix de vous: en les voyant, en les entendant, je dis cent fois le jour; ne parlez, ne regardez, ne pensez, ne faites rien comme ces miserables. Quelle calamité de fair mepriser autans de gens, qui sans songer de vous, seroient assez supportables: mais il est temps de vous delasser, et de vous dire Adieu: avec toute le respect, la sincerité, et l'estime du monde, je suis et seray toujours.

L E T T E R CCCXCVIII.

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Selbridge, 1720.

BELieve me, it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good-nature such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress

tress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you; and in all that time, I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion, I beheld myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you: yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for ——. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me, whilst I have the use of memory: nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom of my frame, that is not blended with it. Therefore, do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments: for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For heaven's sake, tell me, what has caused this prodigious change in you, which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it so, that it may cause my present death. And do not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me.

L E T T E R CCCXCIX.

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Part of a Letter written in the Year 1720.

IS it possible, that again you will do the very same thing I warned you of so lately? I believe you thought I only raillied, when I told you the other night, that I would pester you with letters. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly, for I do assure you, I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely, I here tell you now, that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you; and if all those fail, I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which, it is said, never does. Now see what inconveniency you will bring both yourself and me into. Pray think calmly of it, is it not much better to come of yourself, than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world: for when I undertake any thing, I don't love to do it by halves.

L E T T E R CCCC.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss VANHOMRIGH.

IF you write as you do I shall come the seldomer, on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I
never

never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read can possibly write so well. You are mistaken: send me a letter without your hand on the outside, and I hold you a crown I shall not read it. But raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reasons, that I should make your house a sort of constant dwelling-place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinders me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, that I am in rebellion with a dozen of people besides yourself, for not seeing them. For the rest, you need make use of no other black art besides your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same: but you are a white witch, and can do no mischief. If you have employed any of your art on the black scarf, I defy it, for one reason; guess. Adieu.

L E T T E R C C C C I.

Dr. S W I F T to Miss V A N H O M R I G H.

I Received your letter when some company was with me on *Saturday* night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman, who does business for me, told me she heard I was in love with one—naming you, and twenty particulars; that little Master——and I visited you; and that the archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so and that was the reason why I said to you
long

long ago, that I would see you seldom when you were in *Ireland*; and I must beg you to be easy, if, for some time, I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner. I will see you at the latter end of the week, if possible. These are accidents in life that are necessary, and must be submitted to; and tattle, by the help of discretion, will wear off.

L E T T E R CCCCII.

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Selbridge, 1720.

TELL me sincerely, if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote to you: no, so far from that you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching, and thinking of —— who thinks not of me. How many letters shall I send you before I receive an answer? Can you deny me, in my misery, the only comfort which I can expect at present? Oh! that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that unexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and shew some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Surely you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I

I

could

could know your thoughts (which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you) I should find you had often in a rage, wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to heaven: but that would not spare you; for were I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are present every where: your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear: at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?

L E T T E R CCCCIII.

Part of an answer from CADENUS to VANESSA.

IF you knew how many little difficulties there are in sending letters to you, it would remove five parts in six of your quarrel. But since you lay hold of my promises, and are so exact to the day, I shall promise you no more, and rather chuse to be better than my word than worse. I am confident you came chiding into the world, and will continue so while you are in it. I wonder what *Mobkin** meant by shewing you my letter. I will write to her no more, since she can keep secrets no better. It was the first

* Miss Mary Vanhomrigh.

love-letter I have writ these dozen years ; and since I have so ill success, I will write no more. Never was a belle passion so defeated. But the governour, I hear, is jealous ; and, upon your word, you have a vast deal to say to me about it. Mind your nurse-keeping : do your duty, and leave off your huffing. One would think you were in love, by dating your letter *August 29*, by which means I received it just a month before it was written. You do not find I answer your questions to your satisfaction : Prove to me first that it was even possible to answer any thing to your satisfaction, so as that you would not grumble in half an hour. I am glad my writing puzzles you, for then your time will be employed in finding it out : and I am sure it costs me a great many thoughts to make my letters difficult. Yesterday I was half way towards you where I dined, and returned weary enough. I asked where that road to the left led, and they named the place. I wish your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no consequence, if they were dropped by careless messengers. A stroke —— signifies every thing that may be said to *Cad* —— at beginning or conclusion. It is I who ought to be in a huff, that any thing written by *Cad* —— should be difficult to *Skinage*.

LETTER CCCCIV.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

October 15, 1720.

I Sit down with the first opportunity I have to write

write to you, and the Lord knows when I can find conveniency to send this letter ; for all the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honour to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Dinners and afternoons and evenings are spent abroad in walking, to keep off and avoid spleen as far as I can : so that when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel and be governor ; but to impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly, that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have, and shall ever preserve, because you will always merit the utmost that can be given you, especially if you go on to read and still further improve your mind, and the talents nature hath given you. I am in much concern for poor *Mobkin* ; and the more because I am sure you are so too. You ought to be as cheerful as you can, for both our sakes, and read pleasant things that will make you laugh, and not sit[moping with your elbows on your knees on a little stool by the fire. It is most infallible that riding would do *Mobkin* more good than any other thing, provided fair days and warm cloaths be provided : and so it would to you ; and if you lose any skin, you know *Job* says, skin for skin will a man give for his life. It is either *Job* or *Satan* says so, for ought you know. I am getting an ill head in this cursed town, for want of exercise. I wish I were to walk with you fifty times about your garden, and then drink your coffee. I was sitting last night with half a score of both sexes for an hour, and grew as

weary as a dog. Every body grows silly and disagreeable, or I grow monkish and splenetic ; which is the same thing. Conversation is full of nothing but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom and sacrificy of money.

L E T T E R C C C C V

Dr. S W I F T to V A N E S S A.

Gallstown, near Kinnegad, July 5, 1721.

IT was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had a more than ordinary desire to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last ; though I hope I left you in a better. I must have you take more care of your health by company and exercise, or else the spleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more foolish and troublesome disease, and what you have no pretences to in the world, if all the advantages of life can be any defence against it. *Cadenus* — affures me, he continues to esteem, and love, and value you above all things, and so will do to the end of his life ; but at the same time intreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations. The wisest men of all ages have thought it the best course to seize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amusement. If you knew how I struggle for a little health, what uneasiness I am at in riding and walking, and refraining from every thing agreeable to my taste, you would think it but a small thing to take a coach

now and then, and to converse with fools or impertinents to avoid spleen and sickness. Without health you will lose all desire of drinking coffee, and be so low as to have no spirits. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expostulations, or else *Cadenus* shall know it, and punish you. What is this world worth without being as easy in it as prudence and fortune can make it. I find it every day more silly and insignificant, and I conform myself to it for my own ease. I am here as deeply employed in other folks plantations and ditches as if they were my own concern; and think of my absent friends with delight, and hopes of seeing them happy, and of being happy with them. Shall you, who have so much honour and good sense, act otherwise, to make *Cad* —— and yourself miserable. Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire. I can say no more, being called away. *Mais soyez assurée, que jamais personne au monde n'a été animée, honorée, estimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.* I have drank no coffee since I left you, nor intend it till I see you again: there is none worth drinking but yours, if myself may be the judge. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCCVI.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

Clogher, June 1, 1722.

THE weather has been so constantly bad that I have wanted all the healthy advantages of the country, and it seems likely to continue so. It would have been infinitely better once a week to have met at *Kendal*, and so forth, where one might pass three or four hours in drinking coffee in the morning, or dining *tête à tête*, and drinking coffee again till seven. God send you through your law-suit, and your reference. And remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh; but without the two former you cannot drink it right: and remember the china in the old house, and *Rider-street*, and the colonel's journey to *France*, and the *London* wedding, and the sick lady at *Kensington*, and the indisposition at *Windsor*, and the strain by the box of books at *London*. Last year I writ you civilities, and you were angry. This year I will write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts were still the same—*Croyez que je serois toujours tout ce que vous desirez.* Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCCVII.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

Loughgall, County of Amagh, July 13, 1722.

I Am well pleased with the account of your visit, and the behaviour of the ladies. I see every day as silly things among both sexes, and yet endure them for the sake of amusement. The worst thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to please; and whether we have not made ourselves so, is the question; at least I believe we have the same reason. One thing that I differ from you in, is, that I do not quarrel with my best friends. I believe you have ten angry passages in your letter, and every one of them enough to spoil two days apiece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiously in one point: I fly from the spleen to the world's end; you run out of your way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diversions of your country-house, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The use I have made of it, was to read, I know not how many, diverting books of history and travels. I wish you would get yourself a horse, and have always two servants to attend you, and visit your neighbours; the worse the better: there is a pleasure in being reverenced; and that is always in your power, by your superiority of sense, and an easy fortune. The best maxim I know in this life is, to drink your coffee when you can; and when

you cannot, to be easy without it : while you continue to be splenetic, count upon it, I will always preach. Thus much I sympathize with you, that I am not chearful enough to write; for I believe coffee, once a week, is necessary to that. I can sincerely answer all your questions as I used to do : but then I give all possible way to amusements, because they preserve my temper, as exercise does my health; and without health and good humour I had rather be a dog. I have shifted scenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left town, and always drew up my cloaths with my left hand ; which is a superstition I have learned these ten years. I long to see you in figure and equipage. Pray do not lose that taste. Farewel.

L E T T E R CCCCVIII.

Dr. S W I F T to Miss V A N H O M R I G H.

August 7, 1722.

I AM this hour leaving my present residence ; and if I fix any where shall let you know it.

A long vacation.—Law lies asleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time ? Is it among the groves and fields of your country seat, or among your cousins in town, or thinking in a train that will be sure to vex you, and then reading, and forming teasing conclusions from mistaken thoughts.

The

The best companion for you is a philosopher; whom you would regard as much as a sermon. I have read more trash since I left you, than would fill all your shelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I scarce remember a syllable. What a foolish thing is time; and how foolish is man, who would be as angry if time stopt, as if it passed. But I will not proceed at this rate; for I am writing, and thinking myself fast into the spleen, which is the only thing I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in.

L E T T E R CCCCIX.

By Dr. SWIFT; but when or to whom written is
uncertain.

EVERY squire, almost to a man, is an oppressor of the clergy; a racker of his tenants; a jobber of all public works; very proud; and generally illiterate. Two neighbouring squires, although they be intimate friends, relations, or allies, if one of them want one hundred foot of the other's land contiguous to his own, which would make any building square, or his garden uniform (without the least inconvenience to the other) he shall be absolutely refused; or (as the utmost mark of friendship) shall be forced to pay for it twenty times more than the value. This they call, paying for your conveniency: which is directly contrary to the very letter of an ancient heathen

heathen maxim in morality—That whatever benefit we can confer upon another, without injuring ourselves, we are bound to do it to a perfect stranger. The squires take the titles of great men, with as little ceremony, as *Alexander* or *Cæsar*. For instance the great *Conolly*—the great *Wesely*—the great *Damer*.

A fellow, whose father was a butcher, desiring a lawyer to be a referee in some little brangle between him and his neighbour, complained that the lawyer excused himself in the following manner:—Sir, I am your most humble servant; but dare not venture to interfere in the quarrels of you great men.—Which I take to be just of a piece with *Harlequin*'s swearing upon his honour. Jealousies, quarrels, and other ruptures, are as frequent between neighbouring squires and from the same motives: the former brangling about their means and bounds, as the others do about their frontiers. The detestable tyranny and oppression of landlords are visible in every part of the kingdom.

L E T T E R CCCCX.

Dr. SWIFT to JOHN TEMPLE, Esq;

SIR,

Dublin, 1736.

THE letter which I had the favour to receive from you, I read to your cousin, Mrs. *Dingley*, who lodges in my neighbourhood. She was very well pleased
to

to hear of your welfare; but a little mortified that you did not mention or enquire after her. She is quite sunk with years and unwieldiness; as well as a very scanty support. I sometimes make her a small present, as my abilities can reach; for I do not find her nearest relations consider her in the least.

Jervas told me that your * aunt's picture is in Sir *Peter Lilly's* best manner, and the drapery all in the same hand. I shall think myself very well paid for it, if you will be so good, as to order some marks of your favour to Mrs. *Dingley*. I do not mean a pension, but a small sum to put her for once out of debt: and if I live any time, I shall see that she keep herself clear of the world; for she is a woman of as much piety and discretion as I have known.

I am sorry to have been so much a stranger to the state of your family. I know nothing of your lady or what children you have, or any other circumstances; neither do I find that Mr. *Hatch* † can inform me in any one point. I very much approve of your keeping up your family-house at *Moor-part*. I have heard it is very much changed for the better, as well as the gardens. The tree on which I carved those words, *factura nepotibus umbram*, is one of those elms that stand in the hollow ground just before the

* Picture of lady *Giffard*, sister of Sir *William Temple*.

† Mr. *Hatch* of *Dublin*, was agent for Mr. *Temple's* affairs in *Ireland*, as well for the estate of his brother *Henry lord Palmerston*, to whom the *Dean* wrote an angry letter in 1725.

house;

house: but I suppose the letters are widened and grown shapeless by time.

I know nothing more of your brother, than that he hath an *Irish* title (I should be sorry to see you with such a feather) and that some reason or other drew us into a correspondence, which was very rough. But I have forgot what was the quarrel.

This letter goes by my lord *Castledurrow*, who is a gentleman of very good sense and wit. I suspect, by taking his son with him, that he designs to see us no more. I desire to present my most humble service to your lady * with hearty thanks of her remembrance of me.

I am, Sir, your most humble faithful servant,

J. SWIFT.

* Mr. *Temple* was the nephew, and his lady the grand-daughter, of Sir *William Temple*, by an only son, who died young. She was coheirefs with *Dorothy*, wife of *Nicholas Brown* of *Shrublandshall* in *Suffolk*, esquire.

A
TRANSLATION
OF THE
FRENCH LETTERS in this WORK.

LETTER CCCCXI.

Mr. LE CLERC to Mr. ADDISON.

SIR,

Amsterdam, Feb. 12, 1709.

I DID myself the honour to write to you at the beginning of the present year, to beg you would be so good as to inform me of a particular affair, of which it behoveth me to get the earliest intelligence; and yet I have had no answer from you. I have only been informed that you have resigned the post you lately held, in order to go over to *Ireland* as secretary to lord *Wharton*. I wish you joy upon this event, presuming that the latter employ is preferable to the former; though I am very sensible that I shall be a looser by your removal. Still I wish you all manner of satisfaction in your new office; and heartily pray that God may crown all your enterprises with success. The favour I begged of you, was to send me the family name, and titles, of my lord *Halkifax*, and to ask himself, if you thought proper,

per, whether he would permit me to dedicate my *Livy* to him. As you had signified to me by Mr. *Phillips*, that you had forgot the sheet which I wanted in Mr. *Rymer's* collection, I had sent you word that it is the sheet 10 T, or the four pages immediately preceeding the index of names in the first tome. If you have got it since, be so good as to send it to Messrs. *Toutton* and *Stuiguer*, carefully folded up, and directed to me. I suppose this letter will find you still at *London*, because it is reported that lord *Wharton* will not set out till towards the month of *April*. There is nothing new here, in the republic of letters, worth your notice. The jesuits of *Paris* have passed a severe censure on father *Harduin's* opinions, and obliged him to retract them in a very ignominious manner. We shall see what will be the consequence. I should be glad could I be of any service to you here; you would then see how sincerely I am, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

J. LE CLERC.

LETTER CCCCXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GIRALDI*.

SIR,

Dublin, Feb. 25, 1714-15.

I Take the liberty to recommend to you the bearer, Mr. *Howard*, a learned gentleman of good family in this country, who intends to make the tour

* Mr. *Giraldi* was secretary to the duke of *Tuscany*.

of *Italy*, and being a canon in my deanry, and professor of a college in this university, would fain be confirmed in his heresy by travelling among catholics. And after all, Sir, it is but just that since you have borrowed our *English* frankness and sincerity to ingraft on your *Italian* politeness, some of us tramontanes should make reprisals on you by travelling. You will also permit me to beg you will be so kind as to present my most humble duty to his royal highness the grand duke.

With regard to myself, I will be so free as to tell you, that two months before the queen's decease, finding that it was impossible to reconcile my friends of the ministry, I retired to a country-house in *Berkshire*; from whence, after that melancholy event, I came over to *Ireland*, where I now reside upon my deanry, and with christian resignation wait for the destruction of our cause and of my friends, which the reigning faction are daily contriving. For these gentlemen are absolutely determined to strike off half a dozen heads of the best men in *England*, whom you intimately knew and esteemed. God knows what will be the consequence. For my part, I have bid adieu to politics, and with the good leave of the honest men who are now in power, I shall spend the remainder of my days in my hermitage, and attend intirely to my own private affairs. Adieu, Sir, and do me the justice to believe, that I am, with great respect, Sir, yours, &c.

L E T T E R CCCCXIII.

The Abbé des FONTAINES to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Paris, July 4, 1725.

I Have the honour to send you the second edition of your work, which I have translated into *French*. I should have sent you the first had I not been obliged, for reasons which I am not at liberty to tell you, to insert a passage in the preface, which you would not have been pleased with, and which I inserted much against my inclinations. As the book has made its way without opposition, these reasons no longer subsist, and I have expunged this passage in the second edition, as you will find. I have likewise altered the passage relating to my lord *Carteret*, concerning which I had received false intelligence. In many parts you will easily see that my translation is not exact; but what pleases in *England* has not always the same effect in *France*; either because our manners are different, or because the allusions and allegories, that strike people in one country, do not make the same impression in another; or, in fine, because the two nations do not always agree in taste. My intention was to present my countrymen with a book, which might be of use to them; and this has made me take some liberties in varying from the original. I have even been so free as to make some additions, according as I found my imagination raised by yours. To you only I am indebted for the honour

honour this translation does me ; a translation that has been sold with amazing rapidity, for there have been already three editions of it. I have conceived so high an esteem for you, and so greatly am I obliged to you, that if you are not intirely satisfied with the suppression I have made in this edition, I am still ready to go any farther length, in order to cancel the memory of that part of the preface : as for the rest, I beg you will pay due attention to the justice I have done you in that preface.

We flatter ourselves that we shall soon have the honour of seeing you in this capital. All your friends are impatient for your arrival. Nothing else is talked of ; and all *Paris* expects this agreeable event. Do not defer giving us this pleasure ; you will see a nation that holds you in the highest esteem. In the mean while I claim the honour of your friendship, and beg you will be persuaded, that no one respects you more than myself ; being, with the profoundest regard and esteem, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

The Abbé des FONTAINES.

Dr. *Arbuthnot* has been so good as to undertake to deliver this letter to you, together with the copy of your work, which I have the honour of sending you,

L E T T E R CCCCXIV.

Dr. SWIFT's Answer.

SIR,

IT is above a month since I received your letter of the 4th of July; but the copy of the second edition of your translation is not yet come to hand. I have read the preface to the first; and give me leave to tell you, that I was very much surprized to find that, at the same time you mentioned the country in which I was born, you also took notice of me by name, as the author of that book, though I have had the misfortune of incurring the displeasure of some of our ministers by it, and never acknowledged it as mine. Your behaviour however, in this respect, though somewhat exceptionable, shall not prevent me from doing you justice. The generality of translators are very lavish of their praises on such works as they undertake to render into their own language, imagining perhaps that their reputation depends in some measure on that of the authors, whom they have thought proper to translate. But you were sensible of your own abilities, which render all such precautions needless. Capable of mending a bad book, an entreprize more difficult than to write a good one, you have ventured to publish the translation of a work, which you affirm to abound with nonsense and puerilities, &c. We think with you, that nations do not always agree in taste; but are inclined to believe, that good taste is the same, wherever there are men.

of wit, judgment, and learning. Therefore, if the Travels of *Gulliver* are calculated only for the *British* islands, that voyager must certainly be reckoned a paltry writer. The same vices and follies prevail in all countries, at least in all the civilized parts of *Europe*: and an author, who would sit down to write only for a single town, a province, a kingdom, or even a century, so far from deserving to be translated does not deserve to be read.

This *Gulliver's* adherents, who are very numerous here, maintain that his book will last as long as our language, because he does not derive his merit from certain modes of expression or thought, but from a series of observations on the imperfections, follies and vices of mankind.

You may very well judge, that the people I have been speaking of, do not approve of your criticisms; and you will doubtless be surprized, when I inform you, that they regard this sea-surgeon as a grave author, who never departs from his character, who uses no foreign embellishment, and never pretends to set up for a wit, but is satisfied with giving the public a plain and simple narrative of the adventures that befel him, and of the things he saw and heard in the course of his voyages.

With regard to the article relating to lord *Carteret*, without waiting for any information whence you borrowed your intelligence, I shall take the liberty to tell you, that you have written only one half of the truth; and that this real, or supposed Drapier, has saved *Ireland*, by spiriting up the whole nation

to oppose a project, by which a certain number of individuals would have been enriched at the public expence.

A series of accidents have intervened, which will prevent my going to *France* at present, and I am now too old to hope for any future opportunity. I am sensible that this is a great loss to me. The only consolation that remains, is to think that I shall be the better able to bear the spot of ground, to which fortune has condemned me. I am, &c.

L E T T E R CCCCXV.

Lady BOLINGBROKE * to Dr. SWIFT.

Dawley, Feb. 1, 1726-7.

I Have been told, Sir, that you complain of having received no letters from me. You do me wrong: I treat you as one of the deities, who keep an account with mankind of their intentions. It is about ten years since I proposed writing to you; before I had the honour of knowing you, the idea, which I had formed of your gravity restrained me: since I have had the honour of seeing you, I never could

* Second wife of lord viscount *Bolingbroke*, born in *France*. She had been second wife of the marquis de *Villette*, chef d'escadre, nephew or cousin to madam *De Maintenon*. See *Voltaire Siecle de Louis XIV.* tom. II. p. 106. edit. *Amst.* 1764. She died *March* 17, 1749. Lord *Bolingbroke* survived her, dying *December* 15, 1751, aged 78.

find spirit enough to venture upon it. A certain gentleman, named *Gulliver*, had put this poor imagination of mine, which is so depressed by the air of *London*, and by conversation of which I know only the sound, a little in motion; I was desirous of seizing the moment, in order to write to you, but I fell ill, and have been so perpetually for these three months. I avail myself, therefore, Sir, of the first return of my health, to thank you for your reproaches, which I am very proud of, and to say a word to you concerning my friend *Gulliver*. I learn, with great satisfaction, that he has just been translated into *French*; and as my residence in *England* has considerably increased my love for my own country and its inhabitants, I am delighted that they now can participate in the pleasure which that good gentleman has given me, and that they can profit by his discoveries. I am not without hopes, that the twelve ships, which *France* has just fitted out, may be destined for an embassy to the nation of the *Houyhnhnms*. In that case I would propose to you, that we should make the voyage together. In the meantime, I am pleased with a workman of your country who, in order to furnish the ladies with fans, which you know, Sir, are much used here, has made some, wherein all the adventures of your faithful traveller are represented. You may easily judge what a share he will have in their conversation. This, indeed, will be of great prejudice to the rain and fine weather, which filled up a part of it; and as to myself in particular, I shall be deprived of the words *very*

cold and *very warm*, the few expressions I understand, I reckon to send you some of those fans by one of your friends. You may make a merit of them with your *Irish* ladies, if you have any occasion for them; which I imagine you have not, at least if they think like the *French* ladies. His lordship of *Dawley*, Mr. *Pope*, and myself, are taken up here in drinking, eating, sleeping, or doing nothing, except praying to God for your welfare. Return this spring to see us; my lord expects your coming with impatience, that he may kill the weightiest ox, and the largest hog, on my farm: both shall be served up whole on your reverence's table, for fear that my cook should in any manner disguise them. You will shine among us at least as much as among your own prebends, and we shall be no less solicitous to please you. I will dispute that point with every body, being, of all persons living, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

L E T T E R CCCCXVI.

Lady BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Indorsed 'Lady Bolingbroke.'

MR. *Pope* has given me great pleasure, by assuring me that you are in good health, and shewing me a mark of your kind remembrance, in one of your letters. I find you are very much dissatisfied with being confined to *Dublin*, while we reside at *Dawley*.
We

We should have taken great care of you this winter and joined together in our aversion to mankind, as much as you pleased ; for I do not find they much improve upon a near acquaintance. The *French* have lately formed in *France* two theatrical pieces, which are said to have been drawn from *Gulliver*. They are such wretched stuff, that I shall not send them to you ; but it is at least an indication of your honest traveller's having had such success amongst us, that the name of *Gulliver* is sufficient to recommend the most paltry performance to the public. Our farmer embraces you : he complains of your going away without giving him an opportunity to take leave of you, and of your omitting to mention a word concerning him, in one of your letters ; but I fancy you are like the coquettes, who, presuming on the power of their charms, are indifferent how far they may offend. I can assure you, that all trespasses will be forgiven you upon the receipt of the very first letter, and still more readily upon the first hope that we shall see you again. Adieu ; take care of yourself, and we shall be satisfied. I have no notion of sending you any news from this country : I am here a stranger more than ever ; and I should never think of being naturalized in any other spot, but where I could spend my days in your company.

L E T T E R CCCCXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA,

May 12, 1719.

I Compliment you on your perfection in the *French* language. It is necessary to know you long, in order to know all your accomplishments: by perpetually seeing and hearing you, new ones appear, which before were concealed. It is a reproach to me, that I know only the gascon and patois in comparison of you. There is nothing to be objected, either as to the orthography, propriety, elegance, ease, or spirit. And what a blockhead am I to answer you in the same language, you who are incapable of any folly, unless it be the esteem that you are pleased to entertain for me; for it is no merit, nor any proof of my good taste, to find out in you all that nature has bestowed on a mortal, that is to say, honour, virtue, good sense, wit, sweetness, agreeableness, and firmness of soul; but by concealing yourself, as you do, the world knows you not, and you lose the eulogy of millions. Ever since I have had the honour of knowing you, I have always remarked, that neither in private, nor in general conversation, has one word ever escaped you, which could be better expressed. And I protest, that after making frequently the most severe criticisms, I never have been able to find the least fault, either in your actions or your words. Coquetry, affectation, prudery, are imperfections

fections which you never knew. And with all this, do you think it possible not to esteem you above the rest of human kind ? What beasts in petticoats are the most excellent of those, whom I see dispersed throughout the world, in comparison of you ! On seeing, on hearing them, I say a hundred times a day, speak not, look not, think not, do nothing like those wretches. What a misfortune to be the occasion of bringing down contempt on so many women ; who but for the thoughts of you, would be a little tolerable ! But it is time to put an end to this trouble, and to bid you adieu. I am, and ever shall remain, with all possible respect, sincerity and esteem, yours.

L E T T E R CCCCXVIII.

Mr. VOLTAIRE to the Count de MORVILLE, Minister and Secretary of State, at Versailles.

MY LORD,

June, 1727.

HITHERTO I have confined myself to a tacit admiration of your management of the public affairs of *Europe* ; but it is impossible for a person, who has your glory so much at heart, and for whom you have a sincere affection, to keep silence any longer, and not to present his sincere compliments to you upon the wisdom of your conduct.

Besides, I could not decline the honour, which the celebrated dean *Swift* does me, in offering to deliver this letter to your lordship. I am sensible that he is
already

already known to you by fame, and that you are desirous of his acquaintance. He does honour to a nation, whom you highly esteem. You have perused the translations of several pieces attributed to him ; and who is more capable than you, my lord, of discovering the beauties of an original, even through the veil of an inelegant version ? I apprehend you will not be sorry to dine in company with dean *Swift*, and the president *Henault* : and I also flatter my self, that the liberty I take in introducing to your acquaintance one of the most extraordinary men that *England* ever produced ; one who is most capable of forming a just idea of your truly great qualities, will be considered by you as a token of my sincere attachment to your person.

I shall ever remain, with the most profound respect and esteem, my lord, your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

VOLTAIRE.

I N D E X

I N D E X.

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F I N I S.

L E T T E R S,

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN,

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1710 TO 1742.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

COLLECTED AND REVISED

BY DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.

OF GOODRICH, IN HEREFORDSHIRE.

THE THIRD EDITION

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L O N D O N:

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MAN, and J. HARDY. MDCCLXIX.

T O

Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSTON,

In LUDGATE STREET.

S I R,

ALTHOUGH I gave you my reasons, some time ago, for not troubling either the Public or myself with any Preface to these volumes of Dr. SWIFT's Writings, you still press for some kind of Advertisement, by way of ushering them into the world. But what occasion is there for such formality? If the Letters now printed merit general regard, they will have a chance to live as long as the rest of his Epistles: If they deserve contempt, their days will be of short continuance. And, as for the reigns of WILLIAM RUFUS, HENRY the FIRST, and STEPHEN; it is supposed they will appear

to be such a model of *English* history, as will make all men of taste, and especially foreigners, regret that he pursued his plan no farther.

I can tell you a secret, which I was not apprized of myself until about a year ago, and which perhaps may give you pleasure. There are many of the Dr.'s best writings, *long since printed* (don't be surprized, for I am supported in what I say by the authority of manuscripts now in my own study) which are not to be met with in any collection of his Works: so indifferent he was, and careless, whether they lived or died. Yet even these, by one means or other, as I know their titles, and conjecture where they can be found, I hope I shall be able to recover, and send down to posterity.

To the best of my recollection, when I talked to you last *November* of a Preface to these Volumes, I had some thoughts of opening a scene, which would have exposed to view several things which are still involved

volved in darkness. But, as I have neither youth, leisure, nor inclination, to engage in altercations of any sort, I think it is better to postpone what I have principally to say relating to these matters, and particularly to the subject of Dr. SWIFT's Writings, until a more convenient and proper season; when perhaps it will be thought early enough to inform the curious, by what a strange variety of accidents the DOCTOR's Works have happened to make their appearance in so disorderly, uncouth, and miserable a condition (to say nothing of a thousand mistakes and blunders committed by several Editors, both in *England* and *Ireland*) as they do at present.

I am, Sir, wishing you all success in your publication,

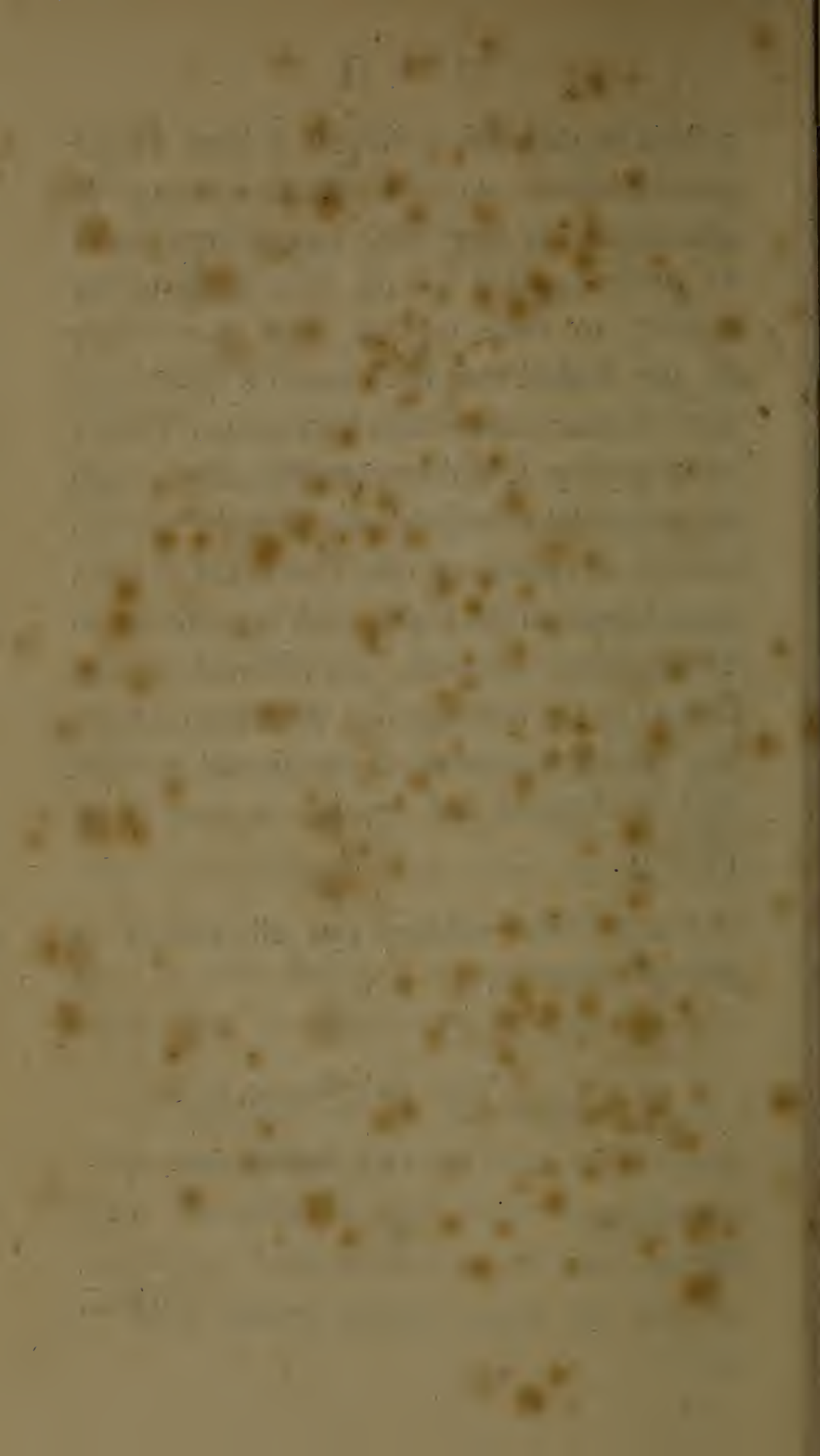
Your most sincere,

and very humble servant,

Worcester.

July 25, 1767.

D. S.



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LETTERS

FROM

Dr. SWIFT to STELLA.

LETTER I.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON*.

Chester, Sept. 2, 1710.

FOE † will give you an account of me till I got into the boat, after which the rogues made

* These letters to *Stella*, or Mrs *Johnson*, were all written in a series from the time of Dr. *Swift's* landing at *Chester*, in *September* 1710, until his return to *Ireland* upon the demise of the queen; barring the interruption of about six weeks, or two months: in the year 1713, when he was obliged to go over to *Ireland*, upon being made *Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin*. The letters were all very carefully preserved by *Stella*; and at her death, if not before, taken up by Dr. *Swift*; for what end we know not, unless it were to compare the current news of the times with that *History of the Queen* which he writ at *Windsor* in the year 1713: they were sometimes addressed to Mrs. *Johnson*, and sometimes to Mrs. *Dingley*, who was a relation of the *Temple* family, and friend to Mrs. *Johnson*. Both these ladies went over to *Ireland* upon *Swift's* invitation in the year 1701, and lodged constantly together.

† Mr. *Joseph Beaumont*, merchant, of *Trim*, whose name frequently occurs in these papers. He

made a new bargain, and forced me to give them two crowns, and talked as if we should not be able to overtake any ship; but in half an hour we got to the yacht; for the ships lay by to wait for my lord lieutenant's steward. We made our voyage in fifteen hours just. Last night I came to this town, and shall leave it, I believe, on *Monday*: the first man I met in *Chester* was Dr. *Raymond* †. He and Mrs. *Raymond* were here about levying a fine, in order to have power to sell their estate. I got a fall off my horse, riding here from *Parkgate*, but no hurt; the horse understands falls very well, and lying quietly till I got up. My duty to the bishop of *Clogher* *. I saw him returning from *Dunlary* †; but he saw not me. I take it ill he was not at convocation, and that I have not his name to my powers. I beg you will hold

was a venerable, handsome, grey-headed man, of quick and various natural abilities, but not improved by learning: his *fort* was Mathematicks, which he applied to some useful purposes in the linen trade, but chiefly to the investigation of the Longitude; which was supposed to have occasioned a lunacy, with which he was seized in *Dublin* about the year 1718; from whence he was brought home to *Trim*, and recovered his understanding. But some years after, having relapsed into his former malady, he cut his throat in a fit of distraction.

† Vicar of *Trim*, and formerly one of the fellows of the university of *Dublin*.

* Dr. *St. George Ashe*, who, in the reign of *George I* was made bishop of *Derry*.

† This must have been while *Swift* was sailing in the *Bay of Dublin*, and the bishop riding upon the *North-Strand*.

your

your resolution of going to *Trim*, and riding there as much as you can. Let the bishop of *Clogher* remind the bishop of *Killala* to send me a letter, with one inclosed to the bishop of *Litchfield* §. Let all who write to me, inclose to *Richard Steele*, Esq; at his office at the *Cock-pit* near *Whitehall*. My lord *Mountjoy* is now in the humour that we should begin our journey this afternoon, so that I have stolen here again to finish this letter, which must be short or long accordingly. I write this post to Mrs. *Wesley*, and will tell her, that I have taken care she may have her bill of one hundred and fifteen pounds whenever she pleases to send for it; and in that case I desire you will send it her inclosed and sealed. God Almighty bless you; and, for God's sake, be merry and get your health. I am perfectly resolved to return as soon as I have done my commission ||, whether it succeeds or no. I never went to *England* with so little desire in my life. If Mrs. *Curry* makes any difficulty about the lodgings, I will quit them. The post is just come from *London*, and just going out, so I have only time to pray God to bless you, &c.

§ Dr. *John Hough*.

|| This commission was, to solicit the queen to remit the first-fruits and twentieth parts, payable to the crown by the clergy of *Ireland*.

L E T T E R II.

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

I GOT here last *Thursday*, after five days travelling, weary the first, almost dead the second, tolerable the third, and well enough the rest; and am now glad of the fatigue, which has served for exercise; and I am at present well enough. The *Whigs* were ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning, and the great men making me their clumsy apologies, &c. But my lord treasurer * received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me so, I am almost vowing revenge. I have not yet gone half my circle; but I find all my acquaintance just as I left them. I hear my lady *Giffard* † is much at *Court*, and lady *Wharton* was ridiculing it t'other day; so I have lost a friend there. I have not yet seen her, nor intend it; but I will contrive to see *Stella's* mother ‡ some other way. I writ to the bishop of *Clogher* from *Chester*; and I now write to the archbishop of *Dublin*. Every thing is turning upside down; every *Whig* in great office will, to a man, be infallibly put out; and we shall have such a winter as hath not been seen in *England*. Every body asks me, how I came to be so long in *Ireland*, as naturally as if here were my *Being*; but no soul offers to make it so: and I protest I shall

* The earl of *Godolphin*.† Lady *Giffard* was sister to sir *William Temple*.‡ She was at that time in lady *Giffard's* family.

return

return to *Dublin*, and the *Canal* at *Laracor* || with more satisfaction than ever I did in my life. The *Tatler* § expects every day to be turned out of his employment; and the duke of *Ormond*, they say, will be lieutenant of *Ireland*. I hope you are now peaceably in *Presto's* ¶ lodgings; but I resolve to turn you out by *Christmas*; in which time I shall either do my business, or find it not to be done. Pray be at *Trim* by the time this letter comes to you, and ride little *Johnson*, who must needs be now in good case. I have begun this letter unusually, on the post-night, and have already written to the archbishop; and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write something every day to *MD*, and make it a sort of journal; and when it is full, I will send it whether *MD* writes or no; and so that will be pretty: and I shall always be in conversation with *MD*, and *MD* with *Presto*.

|| The Dr.'s benefice in the diocese of *Meath*.

§ *Richard Steele*, Esq;

¶ In these letters *pdfr*, stands for Dr. *Swift*; *Ppt*, for *Stella*; *D.* for *Dingley*; *D. D.* generally for *Dingley*, but sometimes for both *Stella* and *Dingley*; and *MD* generally stands for both these ladies; yet sometimes only for *Stella*. But, to avoid perplexing the reader, it was thought more advisable to use the word *Presto* for *Swift*, which is borrowed from the duchess of *Shrewsbury*, who, not recollecting the Dr.'s name, called him Dr. *Presto*, (which is *Italian* for *Swift*) vid. let. xxvii. Aug. 2, 1710, printed for *Dodsley* and others; instead of *Ppt*. *Stella* is used for Mrs. *Johnson*, and so for *D. Dingley*; but as *MD* stands for both *Dingley* and *Stella*, it was thought more convenient to let it remain a cypher in its original state.

Pray make *Parvisol* * pay you the ten pounds immediately ; so I ordered him. They tell me I am grown fatter, and look better ; and, on *Monday*, *Fervas* is to retouch my picture. I thought I saw *Jack Temple* and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach ; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family †. Tell the provost ‡ I have obeyed his commands to the duke of *Ormond* ; or let it alone, if you please. I saw *Femmey Leigh* || just now at the *Coffee-house*, who asked after you with great kindness : he talks of going in a fortnight to *Ireland*. My service to the dean §, and Mrs. *Walls* and her archdeacon. *Will Frankland's* wife is near bringing to-bed, and I have promised to christen the child. I fancy you had my *Chester* letter the *Tuesday* after I writ. I presented Dr. *Raymond* to lord *Wharton* at *Chester*. Pray let me know when *Joe* gets his money ¶. It is near ten, and I

* The Dr.'s agent at *Laracor*.

† It never has yet appeared to the publick what gave rise to this great coolness between the *Temple* family and Dr. *Swift*.

‡ Dr. *Pratt*, afterwards dean of *Downe*.

|| A gentleman of fortune in the county of *Wexmeath*, in *Ireland*, whose name often occurs in these letters. He was well acquainted with *Stella*, and seems to have had a great esteem for her merit and accomplishments.

§ Dr. *Sterne*, dean of *St. Patrick's*, *Dublin*.

¶ This money was a *præmium* the government had promised him for his *Mathematical Slicing Tables*, calculated for the improvement of the linen manufactory, which were afterwards printed, and are still highly regarded.

hate

hate to send by the bell-man. *MD* shall have a longer letter in a week, but I send this only to tell I am safe in *London*; and so farewell, &c.

L E T T E R III.

London, Sept, 9, 1710.

AFTER seeing the duke of *Ormond*, dining with *Dr. Cockburn*, passing some part of the afternoon with sir *Matthew Dudley* and *Will Frankland*, the rest at *St. James's Coffee-house*, I came home and writ to the archbishop of *Dublin* and *MD*, and am going to bed. I forgot to tell you, that I begged *Will Frankland* to stand *Manley's* || friend with his father in this shaking season for places. He told me his father was in danger to be out; that several were now soliciting for *Manley's* place; that he was accused of opening letters; that sir *Thomas Frankland* would sacrifice every thing to save himself; and in that I fear *Manley* is undone, &c.

10. To-day I dined with lord *Mountjoy* at *Kensington*; saw my mistress, *Ophy Butler's* wife, who is grown a little charmless. I sat till ten in the evening with *Addison* and *Steele*: *Steele* will certainly lose his *Gazetteer's* place, all the world detesting his engaging in parties. At ten I went to the *Coffee-house*, hoping to find lord *Radnor*, whom I had not seen. He was there; and for an hour and a half we talked treason heartily against the *Whigs*, their baseness and

|| *Manley* was post-master-general of *Ireland*.

ingratitude. And I am come home rolling resentments in my mind, and framing schemes of revenge: full of which (having written down some hints) I go to bed. I am afraid *MD* dined at home, because it is *Sunday*; and there was the little half-pint of wine: for God's sake be good girls, and all will be well. *Ben Tooke* † was with me this morning.

II. Seven morning. I am rising to go to *Fervas* to finish my picture, and 'tis shaving day, so good morrow *MD*; but don't keep me now, for I can't stay; and pray dine with the dean, but don't lose your money. I long to hear from you, &c.—Ten at night. I sat four hours this morning to *Fervas*, who has given my picture quite another turn, and now approves it entirely; but we must have the approbation of the town. If I were rich enough, I would get a copy of it and bring it over. Mr. *Addison* and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening; and I am now come home to write an hour. *Patrick* observes that the rabble here are much more inquisitive in politicks, than in *Ireland*. Every day we expect changes, and the *Parliament* to be dissolved. Lord *Wharton* expects every day to be out: he is working like a horse for elections; and, in short, I never saw so great a ferment among all sorts of people. I had a miserable letter from *Joe* last *Saturday*, telling me Mr. *Pratt* * refuses payment of his money.

† The Doctor's bookseller.

* Vice-treasurer of *Ireland*.

I have told it Mr. *Addison*, and will to lord *Wharton*; but I fear with no success. However, I will do all I can.

12. To-day I presented Mr. *Ford* to the duke of *Ormond*; and paid my first visit to lord-president †, with whom I had much discourse; but put him always off when he began to talk of lord *Wharton* in relation to me, till he urged it: then I said, he knew I never expected any thing from lord *Wharton*, and that lord *Wharton* knew that I understood it so. He said that he had written twice to lord *Wharton* about me, who both times said nothing at all to that part of his letter. I am advised not to meddle in the affair of the *First-Fruits*, till this hurry is a little over, which still depends, and we are all in the dark. Lord-president told me he expects every day to be out, and has done so these two months. I protest upon my life, I am heartily weary of this town, and wish I had never stirred.

13. I went this morning to the city to see Mr. *Stratford* the *Hamburgh* merchant, my old school-fellow; but calling at *Bull's* on *Ludgate-hill*, he forced me to his house at *Hampstead* to dinner among a great deal of ill company; among the rest Mr. *Hoadley* *, the whig clergyman, so famous for acting the contrary part to *Sacheverell*: but to-morrow I design again to see *Stratford*. I was glad, however, to be at *Hamp-*

† Lord *Somers*.

* Dr. *Benjamin Hoadley*, afterwards bishop of *Winchester*.

stead, where I saw lady *Lucy* and *Moll Stanhope*. I hear very unfortunate news of Mrs. *Long*; she and her comrade have broke up house, and she is broke for good and all, and is gone to the country: I should be extremely sorry if this be true.

14. To-day I saw *Patty Rolt*, who heard I was in town; and I dined with *Stratford* at a merchant's in the city, where I drank the first *Tockay* wine I ever saw; and it is admirable, yet not to the degree I expected. *Stratford* is worth a plumb, and is now lending the *Government* forty thousand pounds; yet we were educated together at the same school and university. We hear the chancellor is to be suddenly out, and sir *Simon Harcourt* to succeed him: I am come early home, not caring for the coffee-house.

15. To-day Mr. *Addison*, colonel *Freind* and I went to see the million lottery drawn at *Guildhall*. The jackanapes of blue-coat boys gave themselves such airs in pulling out the tickets, and shewed white hands open to the company, to let us see there was no cheat. We dined at a country-house near *Chelsea*, where Mr. *Addison* often retires; and to-night, at the *Coffee-house*, we hear sir *Simon Harcourt* is made lord-keeper; so that now we expect every moment the *Parliament* will be dissolved; but I forgot that this letter will not go in three or four days, and that my news will be stale, which I should therefore put in the last paragraph. Shall I send this letter before I hear from *MD*, or shall I keep it

it to lengthen ? I have not yet seen *Stella's* mother, because I will not see lady *Giffard* ; but I will contrive to go there when lady *Giffard* is abroad. I forgot to mark my two former letters ; but I remember this is *Number 3*, and I have not yet had *Number 1* from *MD* ; but I shall by *Monday*, which I reckon will be just a fortnight after you had my first. I am resolved to bring over a great deal of china. I loved it mightily to-day. What shall I bring ?

16. Morning. Sir *John Holland*, comptroller of the household, has sent to desire my acquaintance : I have a mind to refuse him because he is a *Whig*, and will, I suppose, be out among the rest ; but he is a man of worth and learning. Tell me, do you like this journal way of writing ? Is it not tedious and dull ?

Night. I dined to-day with a cousin, a printer, where *Patty Rolt* lodges, and then came home, after a visit or two ; and it has been a very insipid day. Mrs. *Long's* misfortune is confirmed to me ; bailiffs were in her house ; she retired to private lodgings ; thence to the country, no-body knows where : her friends leave letters at some inn, and they are carried to her ; and she writes answers without dating them from any place. I swear it grieves me to the soul,

17. To-day I dined six miles out of town, with *Will Pate* the learned woollen-draper ; Mr. *Stratford* went with me : six miles here is nothing :

nothing : we left *Pate* after sun-set, and were here before it was dark. This letter shall go on *Tuesday*, whether I hear from *MD* or no. My health continues pretty well ; pray God *Stella* may give me a good account of hers : and I hope you are now at *Trim*, or soon designing it. I was disappointed to-night : the fellow gave me a letter, and I hoped to see little *MD*'s hand ; and it was only to invite me to a venison pasty to-day : so I lost my pasty into the bargain. Pox on these declining courtiers ! Here is Mr. *Brydges* the paymaster-general desiring my acquaintance ; but I hear the queen sent lord *Shrewsbury* to assure him he may keep his place ; and he promises me great assistance in the affair of the *First-Fruits*. Well, I must turn over this leaf to-night, though the side would hold another line ; but pray consider this is a whole sheet ; it holds a plaguy deal, and you must be content to be weary ; but I'll do so no more. Sir *Simon Harcourt* is made attorney-general, and not lord-keeper.

18. To-day I dined with Mr. *Stratford* at Mr. *Addison*'s retirement near *Chelsea* ; then came to town ; got home early, and begun a letter to the *Tatler* about the corruptions of style and writing, &c. and having not heard from you, am resolved this letter shall go to-night. Lord *Wharton* was sent for to town in mighty haste, by the duke of *Devonshire* : they have some project in hand ; but it will not do, for every hour we expect a thorough revolution, and that the *Parliament* will be dissolved. When you see *Joe*, tell him lord *Wharton* is too busy
to

to mind any of his affairs ; but I will get what good offices I can from Mr. *Addison*, and will write to-day to Mr. *Pratt* ; and bid *Joe* not to be discouraged, for I am confident he will get the money under any government ; but he must have patience.

19. I have been scribbling this morning, and I believe shall hardly fill this side to-day, but send it as it is ; and it is good enough for naughty girls that won't write to a body, and to a good boy like *Presto*. I thought to have sent this to-night, but was kept by company, and could not ; and, to say the truth, I had a little mind to expect one post more for a letter from *MD*. Yesterday at noon died the earl of *Anglesey*, the great support of the *Tories* ; so that employment of vice-treasurer of *Ireland* is again vacant. We were to have been great friends, and I could hardly have a loss that could grieve me more. The bishop of *Durham* died the same day. The duke of *Ormond*'s daughter was to visit me to-day at a third place by way of advance, and I am to return it to-morrow. I have had a letter from lady *Berkeley*, begging me for charity to come to *Berkeley-castle*, for company to my lord, who has been ill of a dropsy ; but I cannot go, and must send my excuse to-morrow. I am told, that in a few hours there will be more removals.

20. To-day I returned my visits to the duke's daughters ; the insolent drabs came up to my very mouth to salute me ; then I heard the report confirmed of removals ; my lord-president
Somers ;

Somers ; the duke of *Devonshire*, lord-steward ; and Mr. *Boyle*, secretary of state, are all turned out to-day. I never remember such bold steps taken by a *Court* : I am almost shocked at it, though I did not care if they were all hanged. We are astonished why the *Parliament* is not yet dissolved, and why they keep a matter of that importance to the last. We shall have a strange *Winter* here between the struggles of a cunning provoked discarded party, and the triumphs of one in power ; of both which I shall be an indifferent spectator, and return very peaceably to *Ireland*, when I have done my part in the affair I am entrusted with, whether it succeeds or no. To-morrow I change my lodgings in *Pall-mall* for one in *Bury-street*, where I suppose I shall continue while I stay in *London*. If any thing happens to-morrow I will add it.—*Robin's Coffee-house*. We have great news just now from *Spain* ; *Madrid* taken, and *Pampeluna*. I am here ever interrupted.

21. I have just received your letter, which I will not answer now ; God be thanked all things are so well. I find you have not yet had my second : I had a letter from *Parvisol*, who tells me he gave Mrs. *Walls* a bill of twenty pounds for me, to be given to you ; but you have not sent it. This night the *Parliament* is dissolved : great news from *Spain* ; king *Charles* and *Stanhope* are at *Madrid*, and count *Staremberg* has taken *Pampeluna*. Farewel. This is from *St. James's Coffee-house*. I will begin my answer to your letter to-night ; but not send it this week. Pray tell me whether you like this
journal

journal way of writing.—I don't like your reasons for not going to *Trim*. *Parvisol* tells me he can sell your horse; sell it with a pox? Pray let him know that he shall sell his soul as soon. What? sell any thing that *Stella* loves, and may sometimes ride? It is hers, and let her do as she pleases: pray let him know this by the first that you know goes to *Trim*. Let him sell my grey, and be hanged.

L E T T E R IV.

London, Sept. 21, 1710.

HERE must I begin another letter, on a whole sheet, for fear sawcy little *MD* should be angry, and think *much* that the paper is too *little*. I had your letter this night, as I told you just and no more in my last; for this must be taken up in answering yours, saucebox. I believe I told you where I dined to-day; and to-morrow I go out of town for two days to dine with the same company on *Sunday*; *Molesworth* the *Florence* envoy, *Stratford*, and some others. I heard to-day that a gentlewoman from lady *Giffard*'s house had been at the *Coffee-house* to enquire for me. It was *Stella*'s mother, I suppose. I shall send her a penny-post letter to-morrow, and contrive to see her without hazard-ing seeing lady *Giffard*, which I will not do until she begs my pardon.

22. I dined to-day at *Hampstead* with lady *Lucy*, &c. and when I got home found a letter from *Joe*, with one inclosed to lord *Wharton*,
which

which I will send to his excellency, and second it as well as I can ; but to talk of getting the queen's order, is a jest. Things are in such a combustion here, that I am advised not to meddle yet in the affair I am upon, which concerns the clergy of a whole kingdom ; and does he think any body will trouble the queen about *Joe* ? We shall, I hope, get a recommendation from the lord lieutenant to the trustees for the linen business, and I hope that will do ; and so I will write to him in a few days, and he must have patience. This is an answer to part of your letter as well as his. I lied, it is to-morrow I go to the country, and I won't answer a bit more of your letter yet.

23. Here is such a stir and bustle with this little *MD* of ours ; I must be writing every night ; I can't go to-bed without a word to them ; I can't put out my candle till I have bid them good night : O Lord, O Lord ! Well, I dined the first time, to-day, with *Will Frankland* and his *Fortune* : she is not very handsome. Did I not say I would go out of town to-day ; I hate lying abroad and clutter ; I go to-morrow in *Frankland's* chariot, and come back at night. Lady *Berkeley* has invited me to *Berkeley-castle*, and lady *Betty Germain* to *Drayton* in *Northamptonshire*, and I'll go to neither. Let me alone, I must finish my pamphlet. I have sent a long letter to *Bickerstaff* : let the bishop of *Clogher-smoak* it if he can. Well, I'll write to the bishop of *Killala* ; but you might have told him how sudden and unexpected my journey was though. Deuce take lady S—— ; and if I

2

know

know D——y, he is a rawboned-faced fellow, not handsome, nor visibly so young as you say: she sacrifices two thousand pounds a year, and keeps only six hundred. Well, you have had all my land journey in my second letter, and so much for that. So, you have got into *Presto's* lodgings; very fine, truly! We have had a fortnight of the most glorious weather on earth, and still continues: I hope you have made the best of it. *Ballygall* will be a pure good place for air, if Mrs. *Ashe* makes good her promise. *Stella* writes like an emperor: I am afraid it hurts your eyes; take care of that pray, pray Mrs. *Stella*. Can't you do what you will with your own horse? Pray don't let that puppy *Parvisol* sell him. *Patrick* is drunk about three times a week, and I bear it, and he has got the better of me; but one of these days I will positively turn him off to the wide world, when none of you are by to intercede for him. —Stuff—how can I get her husband into the *Charter-house*? get a—into the *Charter-house*.—Write constantly! Why, firrah, don't I write every day, and sometimes twice a day to MD? Now I have answered all your letter, and the rest must be as it can be: send me my bill. Tell Mrs. *Brent* * what I say of the *Charter-house*. I think this enough for one night; and so farewell till this time to-morrow.

24. To day I dined six miles out of town at *Will Pate's*, with *Stratford*, *Frankland*, and the *Molesworths*, and came home at night, and was

* The Doctor's housekeeper.

weary and lazy. I can say no more now, but good night.

25. I was so lazy to-day that I dined at next door ‡, and have sat at home since six, writing to the bishop of *Clogher*, dean *Sterne*, and Mr. *Manley*: the last, because I am in fear for him about his place, and have sent him my opinion, what I and his other friends here think he ought to do. I hope he will take it well. My advice was, To keep as much in favour as possible with sir *Thomas Frankland*, his master here.

26. Smoak how I widen the margin by lying in bed when I write. My bed lies on the wrong side for me, so that I am forced often to write when I am up. *Manley* you must know has had people putting in for his place already; and has been complained of for opening letters. Remember that last *Sunday*, *September* 24, 1710, was as hot as *Midsummer*. This was written in the morning; 'tis now night, and *Preslo* in bed. Here's a clutter, I have gotten *MD*'s second letter, and I must answer it here. I gave the bill to *Tooke*, and so—Well, I dined to-day with sir *John Holland* the comptroller, and sat with him till eight; then came home and sent my letters, and writ part of a lampoon §, which goes on very slow, and now I am writing to sawcy *MD*; no won-

‡ This must have been at Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*'s.

§ This was, *The Virtues of Sid Hamet, the Magician's Rod*.

der, indeed, good boys must write to naughty girls. I han't seen your mother yet; my penny-post letter, I suppose, miscarried: I will write another. Mr. S—— came to see me; and said *M——* was going to the country next morning with her husband (who I find is a surly brute) so I could only desire my service to her.

27. To-day all our company dined at *Will Frankland's*, with *Steele* and *Addison* too. This is the first rainy day since I came to town; I can't afford to answer your letter yet. *Morgan*, the puppy, writ me a long letter to desire I would recommend him for purse-bearer or secretary to the next lord-chancellor that would come with the next governor. I will not answer him; but beg you will say these words to his father *Raymond* *, or any body that will tell him: That Dr. *Swift* has received his letter, and would be very ready to serve him, but cannot do it in what he desires, because he has no sort of interest in the persons to be applied to. These words you may write, and let *Joe*, or Mr. *Warburton* †, give them to him: a pox on him! However, 'tis by these sort of ways that fools get preferment. I must not end yet, because I can't say good night without losing a line, and then *MD* would scold; but now, good night.

* Dr *Raymond* is only called his father, because he espoused Mr. *Morgan's* interest with all his power.

† The Doctor's curate at *Laracor*.

28. I have the finest piece of *Brazil* tobacco for *Dingley* that ever was born. You talk of *Leigh*; why he won't be in *Dublin* these two months: he goes to the country, then returns to *London*, to see how the world goes here in *Parliament*. Good night, firrahs; no, no, not night; I writ this in the morning, and looking carelessly I thought it had been of last night. I dined to-day with Mrs. *Barton* alone at her lodgings, where she told me for certain that lady *S*— was with child when she was last in *England*, and pretended a tympany, and saw every body; then disappeared for three weeks, her tympany was gone, and she looked like a ghost, &c. No wonder she married when she was so ill at containing. *Conolly* is out, and Mr. *Roberts* in his place, who loses a better here, but was formerly a commissioner in *Ireland*. That employment cost *Conolly* three thousand pounds to lord *Wharton*; so he has made one ill bargain in his life.

29. I wish *MD* a merry *Michaelmas*. I dined with Mr. *Addison*, and *Fervas* the painter, at *Addison's* country place; and then came home, and writ more to my lampoon. I made a *Tatler* since I came: guess which it is, and whether the bishop of *Clogher* smoaks it. I saw Mr. *Sterne* to-day: he will do as you order, and I will give him chocolate for *Stella's* health. He goes not these three weeks. I wish I could send it some other way. So now to your letter, brave boys. I don't like your way of saving shillings: nothing vexes me but that it does not make *Stella* a coward in a coach. I don't think
any

any lady's advice about my ear signifies two-pence : however I will, in compliance to you, ask Dr. *Cockburn*. *Radcliffe* I know not, and *Bernard* I never see. *Walls* will certainly be stingingier for seven years, upon pretence of his robbery. So *Stella* puns again ; why, 'tis well enough ; but I'll not second it, though I could make a dozen : I never thought of a pun since I left *Ireland*.—Bishop of *Clogher*'s bill ? Why, he paid it me ; do you think I was such a fool to go without it ? As for the four shillings, I will give you a bill on *Parvisol* for it on t'other side this paper ; and pray tear off the two letters I shall write to him and *Joe*, or let *Dingley* transcribe and send them ; though that to *Parvisol*, I believe, he must have my hand for. No, no, I'll eat no grapes ; I ate about six t'other day at sir *John Holland*'s ; but would not give six-pence for a thousand, they are so bad this year. Yes, faith, I hope in God *Presto* and *MD* will be together this time twelvemonth : What then ? Last year I suppose I was at *Laracor* ; but next I hope to eat my *Michaelmas* goose at my two little gooses' lodgings. I drink no *aile* (I suppose you mean *ale*) but yet good wine every day, of five and six shillings a bottle. O Lord, how much *Stella* writes : pray don't carry that too far, young women, but be temperate to hold out. Tomorrow I go to Mr. *Harley*. Why ; small hopes from the duke of *Ormond* : he loves me very well, I believe, and would, in my turn, give me something to make me easy ; and I have good interest among his best friends. But I don't think of any thing further than the busi-

ness I am upon : you see I writ to *Manley* before I had your letter, and I fear he will be out. Yes, Mrs. Owl, *Blighe's* corpse came to *Chester* when I was there, and I told you so in my letter, or forgot it. I lodge in *Bury-street*, where I removed a week ago. I have the first floor, a dining-room, and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week ; plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach ; yet after all it will be expensive. Why do you trouble yourself, Mistress *Stella*, about my *instrument* ? I have the same the archbishop gave me ; and it is as good now the bishops are away. The dean friendly ; the dean be poxt : a great piece of friendship indeed, what you heard him tell the bishop of *Clogher* ; I wonder he had the face to talk so : but he lent me money, and that's enough. Faith I would not send this these four days, only for writing to *Joe* and *Parvisol*. Tell the dean, that when the bishops send me any packets, they must not write to me at Mr. *Steele's* ; but direct for Mr. *Steele*, at his office at the *Cockpit* ; and let the inclosed be directed for me : that mistake cost me eighteen-pence t'other day.

30. I dined with *Stratford* to-day, but am not to see Mr. *Harley* till *Wednesday* : 'tis late, and I send this before there is occasion for the bell ; because I would have *Joe* have his letter, and *Parvisol* too ; which you must so contrive as not to cost them double postage. I can say no more, but that I am, &c.

L E T T E R V.

London, Sept. 30, 1710.

HAN'T I brought myself into a fine pre-munire to begin writing letters in whole sheets, and now I dare not leave it off. I can't tell whether you like these journal letters: I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but, perhaps, little *MD* is pleased to know how *Presto* passes his time in her absence. I always begin my last the same day I ended my former. I told you where I dined to-day at a tavern with *Stratford*: *Lewis*, who is a great favourite of *Harley's*, was to have been with us; but he was hurried to *Hampton-court*, and sent his excuse; and that next *Wednesday* he would introduce me to *Harley*. 'Tis good to see what a lamentable confession the *Whigs* all make me of my ill usage: but I mind them not. I am already represented to *Harley* as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being *Whig* enough; and I hope for good usage from him. The *Tories* dryly tell me, I may make my fortune, if I please; but I do not understand them, or rather, I do understand them.

Oct. 1. To-day I dined at *Molesworth's*, the *Florence* envoy; and sat this evening with my friend *Darteneuf*, whom you have heard me talk of; the greatest punner of this town next myself. Have you smokt the *Tatler* that I writ? It is much liked here, and I think it a pure one. To-morrow I go with *Delaval* the *Portugal* envoy, to dine with lord *Halifax* near

Hampton-court. Your *Manley's* brother, a parliament-man here, has gotten an employment ; and I am informed uses much interest to preserve his brother : and, to-day, I spoke to the elder *Frankland* to engage his father, (post-master here) and I hope he will be safe, although he is cruelly hated by all the *Tories* of *Ireland*. I have almost finished my lampoon, and will print it for revenge on a certain great person *. It has cost me but three shillings in meat and drink since I came here, as thin as the town is. I laugh to see myself so disengaged in these revolutions. Well, I must leave off and go write to sir *John Stanley*, to desire him to engage lady *Hyde* as my mistress to engage lord *Hyde* in favour of Mr. *Pratt*,

2. Lord *Halifax* was at *Hampton-court* at his lodgings, and I dined with him there with *Methuen*, and *Delaval*, and the late attorney-general. I went to the drawing-room before dinner, (for the queen was at *Hampton-court*) and expected to see *nobody* ; but I met acquaintance enough. I walked in the gardens, saw the cartons of *Raphael*, and other things, and with great difficulty got from lord *Halifax*, who would have kept me to-morrow to shew me his house and park, and improvements. We left *Hampton-court* at sun-set, and got here in a chariot and two horses time enough by star-light. That's something charms me mightily about *London* ; that you go dine a dozen miles off in *October*, stay all day, and return so quickly ;

* The earl of *Godolphin*.

you cannot do any thing like this in *Dublin* †. I writ a second penny-post letter to your mother, and hear nothing of her. Did I tell you that earl *Berkeley* died last *Sunday* was se'nnight, at *Berkeley-castle*, of a dropfy? Lord *Halifax* began a health to me to-day; it was the *Resurrection of the Whigs*, which I refused unless he would add their *Reformation* too: and I told him he was the only *Whig* in *England* I loved, or had any good opinion of.

3. This morning *Stella's* sister came to me with a letter from her mother, who is at *Sheene*; but will soon be in town, and will call to see me: she gave me a bottle of palsy water, a small one, and desired I would send it you by the first convenience, as I will; and she promises a quart bottle of the same: your sister lookt very well, and seems a good modest sort of girl. I went then to Mr. *Lewis*, first secretary to lord *Dartmouth*, and favourite to Mr. *Harley*, who is to introduce me to-morrow morning. *Lewis* had with him one Mr. *Dyet*, a justice of peace, worth twenty thousand pounds, a commissioner of the stamp-office, and married to a sister of sir *Philip Meadows*, envoy to the emperor. I tell you this, because it is odds but this Mr. *Dyet* will be hanged; for he is discovered to have counterfeited stamp

† When this letter was written there were no turnpike roads in *Ireland*: but the case now is quite altered, and you may dine any where as far from *Dublin*, and return as quickly, as you can from *London*.

paper,

paper, in which he was a commissioner ; and, with his accomplices, has cheated the queen of a hundred thousand pounds. You will hear of it before this come to you, but may be not so particularly ; and it is a very odd accident in such a man. Smoak *Presto* writing news to *MD*. I dined to-day with lord *Mountjoy* at *Kensington*, and walked from thence this evening to town like an emperor. Remember that yesterday, *October* 2, was a cruel hard frost, with ice ; and six days ago I was dying with heat. As thin as the town is, I have more dinners than ever, and am asked this month by some people, without being able to come for pre-engagements. Well, but I should write plainer, when I consider *Stella* can't read, and *Dingley* is not so skilful at my ugly hand. I had, to-night, a letter from Mr. *Pratt*, who tells me, *Joe* will have his money when there are trustees appointed by the lord lieutenant for receiving and disposing the linen fund ; and whenever those trustees are appointed, I will solicit whoever is lord lieutenant, and am in no fear of succeeding. So pray tell or write him word, and bid him not be cast down ; for *Ned Southwell* and Mr. *Addison* both think *Pratt* in the right. Don't lose your money at *Manley's* to night, firrahs.

4. After I had put out my candle last night, my landlady came into my room, with a servant of lord *Halifax*, to desire I would go dine with him at his house near *Hampton-court* ; but I sent him word I had business of great importance that hindered me, &c. And, to-day, I

was

was brought privately to Mr. *Harley*, who received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable: he has appointed me an hour on *Saturday* at four, afternoon, when I will open my business to him; which expression I would not use if I were a woman. I know you smokt it; but I did not till I writ it. I dined to-day at Mr. *Delaval's*, the envoy for *Portugal*, with *Nic. Rowe* the poet, and other friends; and I gave my lampoon to be printed. I have more mischief in my heart; and I think it shall go round with them all, as this hits, and I can find hints. I am certain I answered your 2d letter, and yet I do not find it here. I suppose it was in my 4th: and why *N. 2d, 3d*; is it not enough to say, as I do, 1, 2, 3? &c. I am going to work at another *Tatler*: I'll be far enough but I say the same thing over two or three times, just as I do when I am talking to little *MD*; but what care I? they can read it as easily as I can write it: I think I have brought these lines pretty straight again. I fear it will be long before I finish two sides at this rate. Pray, dear *MD*, when I occasionally give you any little commission mixt with my letters, don't forget it, as that to *Morgan* and *Joe*, &c. for I write just as I can remember, otherwise I would put them all together. I was to visit Mr. *Sterne* to-day, and give him your commission about handkerchiefs: that of chocolate I will do myself, and send it him when he goes, and you'll pay me when *the giver's bread*, &c. To-night I will read a pamphlet, to amuse myself. God preserve your dear healths.

5. This morning *Delaval* came to see me, and we went together to *Kneller's* *, who was not in town. In the way we met the electors for parliament-men : and the rabble came about our coach, crying A *Colt*, a *Stanhope*, &c. we were afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses broken, and so were always of their side. I dined again at *Delaval's* ; and in the evening, at the *Coffee-house*, heard sir *Andrew Fountain* was come to town. This has been but an insipid sort of day, and I have nothing to remark upon it worth three-pence : I hope *MD* had a better, with the dean, the bishop, or Mrs. *Walls*. Why, the reason you lost four and eight-pence last night but one at *Manley's*, was because you played bad games : I took notice of fix that you had ten to one against you : Would any but a mad lady go out twice upon *Manilio*, *Basto*, and two small diamonds ? Then in that game of spades, you blundered when you had ten-ace ; I never saw the like of you : and now you are in a huff because I tell you this. Well, here's two and eight-pence half-penny towards your loss.

6. Sir *Andrew Fountain* came this morning, and caught me writing in bed. I went into the city with him ; and we dined at the *Chophouse* with *Will Pate*, the learned woollen-drapeer : then we sauntered at *china-shops* and book-fellers ; went to the tavern, drank two pints of white wine, and never parted till ten : and now I am come home, and must copy out some

* Sir *Godfrey Kneller's*, the painter.

papers I intend for Mr. *Harley*, whom I am to see, as I told you, to-morrow afternoon ; so that this night I shall say little to *MD*, but that I heartily wish myself with them, and will come as soon as I either fail, or compass my business. We now hear daily of elections ; and, in a list I saw yesterday of about twenty, there are seven or eight more *Tories* than in the last *Parliament* ; so that I believe they need not fear a majority, with the help of those who will vote as the *Court* pleases. But I have been told, that Mr. *Harley* himself would not let the *Tories* be too numerous, for fear they should be insolent, and kick against him ; and for that reason they have kept several *Whigs* in employments, who expected to be turned out every day ; as sir *John Holland* the comptroller, and many others. And so get you gone to your cards, and your claret and orange, at the dean's, and I'll go write.

7. I wonder when this letter will be finished : it must go by *Tuesday*, that's certain ; and if I have one from *MD* before, I will not answer it, that's as certain too ! 'Tis now morning, and I did not finish my papers for Mr. *Harley* last night ; for you must understand *Presto* was sleepy, and made blunders and blots. Very pretty that I must be writing to young women in a morning fresh and fasting, faith. Well, good morrow to you ; and so I go to business, and lay aside this paper till night, firrahs.—At night. *Jack How* told *Harley*, that if there were a lower place in *Hell* than another, it was reserved for his porter, who tells lies so gravely, and with so civil a manner. This porter I have
had

had to deal with, going this evening at four to visit Mr. *Harley*, by his own appointment. But the fellow told me no lie, though I suspected every word he said. He told me his master was just gone to dinner, with much company, and desired I would come an hour hence, which I did, expecting to hear Mr. *Harley* was gone out; but they had just done dinner. Mr. *Harley* came out to me, brought me in, and presented to me his son-in-law, lord *Doblane** (or some such name) and his own son, and, among others, *Will Penn* the quaker: we sat two hours drinking as good wine as you do; and two hours more he and I alone; where he heard me tell my business; entered into it with all kindness; asked for my powers, and read them; and read likewise a memorial I had drawn up †, and put it in his pocket to shew the queen; told me the measures he would take; and, in short, said every thing I could wish: told me he must bring Mr. *St. John* (secretary of state) and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what some friends have told me, That he would do every thing to bring me over. He has desired to dine with me (what a comical mistake was that) I mean he has desired me to dine with him on *Tuesday*; and after four hours being with him, set me down at *St. James's Coffee-house*, in a hackney-coach. All this is odd and comical, if you

* I ord *Dupplin*.

† See the collection of Letters printed for *Dodsley* and others, N^o. 30.

consider him and me. He knew my Christian name very well. I could not forbear saying thus much upon this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I'll tell you; you must know, 'tis fatal to me to be a scoundrel and a prince the same day: for being to see him at four, I could not engage myself to dine at any friend's; so I went to *Tooke*, to give him a ballad and dine with him; but he was not at home: so I was forced to go to a blind chop-house, and dine for ten-pence upon gill-ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the first minister of state. And now I am going in charity to send *Steele* a *Tatler*, who is very low of late. I think I am civiller than I used to be; and have not used the expression of (*you in Ireland*) and (*we in England*) as I did when I was here before, to your great indignation.—They may talk of the *you know what* †; but, gad, if it had not been for that, I should never have been able to get the access I have had; and if that helps me to succeed, then that *same thing* will be serviceable to the church. But how far we must depend upon new friends, I have learnt by long practice, though I think among great ministers, they are just as good as old ones.

† These words seem to refer to the apprehension the ministry were under, that *Swift* would take part with their enemies, and therefore it was that *Harley* would do every thing to bring him over. It is certain, that after *Swift* had become intimate with the ministry, they freely acknowledged to him in conversation, that he was the only man in *England* they were afraid of.

And

And so I think this important day has made a great hole in this side of the paper ; and the fiddle faddles of to-morrow and *Monday* will make up the rest ; and, besides, I shali see *Harley* on *Tuesday* before this letter goes.

8. I must tell you a great piece of refinement of *Harley*. He charged me to come to him often : I told him I was loth to trouble him in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee ; which he immediately refused, and said, That was not a place for friends to come to. 'Tis now but morning, and I have got a foolish trick, I must say something to *MD* when I wake, and wish them a good morrow ; for this is not a shaving-day, *Sunday*, so I have time enough : but get you gone, you rogues, I must go write : yes, 'twill vex me to the blood if any of these long letters should miscarry : if they do, I will shrink to half sheets again ; but then what will you do to make up the journal ? there will be ten days of *Presto's* life lost ; and that will be a sad thing, faith and troth.—At night. I was at a loss to-day for a dinner, unless I would have gone a great way, so I dined with some friends that board hereabout, as a spunger ; and this evening sir *Andrew Fountain* would needs have me go to the tavern, where, for two bottles of wine, *Portugal* and *Florence*, among three of us, we had sixteen shillings to pay ; but if ever he catches me so again, I'll spend as many pounds : and therefore I have it among my extraordinaries : but we had a neck of mutton drest *a la Maintenon*, that the dog could

not eat : and it is now twelve o'clock, and I must go sleep. I hope this letter will go before I have *MD's* third. Do you believe me ? and yet, faith, I long for *MD's* third too : and yet I would have it to say, that I writ five for two. I am not fond at all of *St. James's Coffee-house*, as I used to be. I hope it will mend in winter ; but now they are all out of town at elections, or not come from their country houses. Yesterday I was going with *Dr. Garth* to dine with *Charles Main*, near the *Tower*, who has an employment there : he is of *Ireland* ; the bishop of *Clogher* knows him well : an honest good-natured fellow, a thorough hearty laugher, mightily beloved by the men of wit : his mistress is never above a cook-maid. And so, good night, &c.

9. I dined to-day at sir *John Stanley's* ; my lady *Stanley* is one of my favourites : I have as many here as the bishop of *Killala* has in *Ireland*. I am thinking what scurvy company I shall be to *MD* when I come back : they know every thing of me already : I will tell you no more, or I shall have nothing to say, no story to tell, nor any kind of thing. I was very uneasy last night with ugly, nasty, filthy wine, that turned sour on my stomach. I must go to the tavern : oh, but I told you that before. To-morrow I dine at *Harley's*, and will finish this letter at my return ; but I can write no more now, because of the archbishop : faith 'tis true ; for I am going now to write to him an account of what I have done in the business with *Harley* : and, faith, young women, I'll

tell you what you must count upon, that I never will write one word on the third side in these long letters.

10. Poor *MD*'s letter was lying so huddled up among papers I could not find it: I mean poor *Presto*'s letter. Well, I dined with Mr. *Harley* to day, and hope some things will be done; but I must say no more: and this letter must be sent to the post-house, and not by the bell-man. I am to dine again there on *Sunday* next; I hope to some good issue. And so now, soon as ever I can in bed, I must begin my 6th to *MD* as gravely as if I had not written a word this month: fine doings, faith. Me-thinks I don't write as I should, because I am not in bed: see the ugly wide lines. God Almighty ever bless you, &c.

Faith, this is a whole treatise; I'll go reckon the lines on t'other sides. I've reckoned them*.

L E T T E R VI.

London, Oct. 10, 1710.

SO, as I told you just now in the letter I sent half an hour ago, I dined with Mr. *Harley* to-day, who presented me to the attorney-general sir *Simon Harcourt*, with much compliment on all sides, &c. *Harley* told me he had shewn my memorial to the queen, and seconded

* Seventy-three lines in folio upon one page, and in a very small hand.

it very heartily ; and he desires me to dine with him again on *Sunday*, when he promises to settle it with her majesty, before she names a governor ; and I protest I am in hopes it will be done, all but the forms, by that time ; for he loves the church : this is a popular thing, and he would not have a governor share in it ; and, besides, I am told by all hands, he has a mind to gain me over. But in the letter I writ last post (yesterday) to the archbishop, I did not tell him a syllable of what Mr. *Harley* said to me last night, because he charged me to keep it secret ; so I would not tell it to you, but that before this goes, I hope the secret will be over. I am now writing my poetical *Description of a Shower in London*, and will send it to the *Tatler*. This is the last sheet of a whole quire I have written since I came to town. Pray, now it comes into my head, will you, when you go to Mrs. *Walls*, contrive to know whether Mrs. *Wesley* be in town, and still at her brother's, and how she is in health, and whether she stays in town. I writ to her from *Chester*, to know what I should do with her note ; and I believe the poor woman is afraid to write to me : so I must go to my business, &c.

II. To-day at last I dined with lord *Mont-
trath*, and carried lord *Mountjoy* and sir *Andrew
Fountain* with me ; and was looking over them
at ombre till eleven this evening like a fool :
they played running ombre half crowns ; and
sir *Andrew Fountain* won eight guineas of Mr.
Coote : so I am come home late, and will say
but little to *MD* this night. I have gotten

D 2
half

half a bushel of coals, and *Patrick*, the extravagant whelp, had a fire ready for me ; but I pickt off the coals before I went to-bed. It is a sign *London* is now an empty place, when it will not furnish me with matter for above five or six lines in a day. Did you smoak in my last how I told you the very day and the place you were playing at ombre ? But I interlined and altered a little, after I had received a letter from Mr. *Manley*, that said you were at it in his house, while he was writing to me ; but without his help I guess'd within one day. Your town is certainly much more sociable than ours. I have not seen your mother yet, &c.

12. I dined to-day with Dr. *Garth* and Mr. *Addison*, at the *Devil* tavern by *Temple-bar*, and *Garth* treated ; and 'tis well I dine every day, else I should be longer making out my letters : for we are yet in a very dull state, only enquiring every day after new elections, where the *Tories* carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. *Addison's* election has passed easy and undisputed ; and I believe, if he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused. An odd accident has happened at *Colchester* : one captain *Lavallin* coming from *Flanders* or *Spain*, found his wife with child by a clerk of *Doctors Commons*, whose trade, you know, it is to prevent fornications : and this clerk was the very same fellow that made the discovery of *Dyet's* counterfeiting the stamp paper. *Lavallin* has been this fortnight hunting after the clerk to kill him ; but the fellow was constantly employed at the *Treasury* about the discovery he made :

made: the wife had made a shift to patch up the business, alledging that the clerk had told her her husband was dead, and other excuses; but t'other day somebody told *Lavallin* his wife had intrigues before he married her: upon which he goes down in a rage, shoots his wife through the head, then falls on his sword; and, to make the matter sure, at the same time discharges a pistol through his own head, and died on the spot, his wife surviving him about two hours, but in what circumstances of mind and body is terrible to imagine. I have finished my poem on the *Shower*, all but the beginning, and am going on with my *Tatler*. They have fixt about fifty things on me since I came: I have printed but three. One advantage I get by writing to you daily, or rather you get, is, that I shall remember not to write the same things twice; and yet I fear I have done it often already: but I'll mind and confine myself to the accidents of the day; and so get you gone to ombre, and be good girls, and save your money, and be rich against *Presto* comes, and write to me now and then: I am thinking it would be a pretty thing to hear sometimes from sawcy *MD*; but don't hurt your eyes, *Stella*, I charge you.

13. O Lord, here's but a trifle of my letter written yet; what shall *Presto* do for prittle prattle to entertain *MD*? The talk now grows fresher of the duke of *Ormond* for *Ireland*, though Mr. *Addison* says he hears it will be in commission, and lord *Gallaway* one. These letters of mine are a sort of journal, where

matters open by degrees ; and, as I tell true or false, you will find by the event whether my intelligence be good ; but I don't care twopence whether it be or no — At night. To-day I was all about *St. Paul's*, and up at the top like a fool ; with sir *Andrew Fountain* and two more ; and spent seven shillings for my dinner like a puppy : this is the second time he has served me so ; but I'll never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me, unconsidering puppies ! There's a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two come from the university, one *Harrison*, a little pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature ; has written some mighty pretty things ; that in your 6th *Miscellanea*, about the *Sprig of an Orange*, is his : he has nothing to live on but being governor to one of the duke of *Queensbury's* sons for forty pounds a year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and make him pay his club. *Henley* is a great crony of his : they are often at the tavern at six or seven shillings reckoning, and always makes the poor lad pay his full share. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the same way to-night : I absolutely refused, and made *Harrison* lag behind, and persuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, because I find all rich fellows have that humour of using all people without any consideration of their fortunes ; but I'll see them rot before they shall serve me so. Lord *Halifax* is always teasing me to go down to his country house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants, and twelve shillings coach hire ; and he shall

shall be hanged first. Is not this a plaguy silly story? But I am vext at the heart; for I love the young fellow, and am resolved to stir up people to do something for him: he is a *Whig*, and I'll put him upon some of my cast *Whigs*; for I have done with them, and they have, I hope, done with this kingdom for our time. They were sure of the four members for *London* above all places and they have lost three in the four. Sir *Richard Onslow*, we hear, has lost for *Surry*; and they are overthrown in most places. Lookee, gentlewomen, if I write long letters, I must write you news and stuff, unless I send you my verses; and some I dare not; and those on the *Shower in London* I have sent to the *Tatler*, and you may see them in *Ireland*. I fancy you'll smock me in the *Tatler* I am going to write; for I believe I have told you the hint. I had a letter sent me to-night from sir *Matthew Dudley*, and found it on my table when I came in. Because it is extraordinary I will transcribe it from beginning to end. It is as follows [Is the *Devil* in you? *Oct.* 13, 1710.] I would have answered every particular passage in it, only I wanted time. Here's enough for to-night, such as it is, &c.

14. Is that tobacco at the top of the paper*, or what? I don't remember I slobbered. Lord, I dreamt of *Stella*, &c. so confusedly last night, and that we saw dean *Bolton* and *Sterne* go into a shop; and she bid me call them to her, and

* The upper part of the letter was little besmeared with some such stuff; the mark is still on it.

they proved to be two parsons I know not ; and I walked without till she was shifting, and such stuff, mixt with much melancholy and uneasiness, and things not as they should be, and I know not how : and it is now an ugly gloomy morning.—At night. Mr. *Addison* and I dined with *Ned Southwell*, and walkt in the *Park* ; and at the *Coffee-house* I found a letter from the bishop of *Clogher*, and a packet from *MD*. I opened the bishop's letter ; but put up *MD*'s, and visited a lady just come to town, and am now got into bed, and going to open your little letter : and God send I may find *MD* well, and happy, and merry, and that they love *Presto* as they do fires. Oh, I won't open it yet ! yes I will ! no I won't ; I am going ; I can't stay till I turn over † : What shall I do ? My fingers itch ; and now I have it in my left hand ; and now I'll open it this very moment.—I have just got it, and am cracking the seal, and can't imagine what's in it ; I fear only some letter from a bishop, and it comes too late : I shall employ nobody's credit but my own. Well, I see though—Pshaw, 'tis from *Sir Andrew Fountain* : What, another ! I fancy this is from *Mrs. Barton* ; she told me she would write to me ; but she writes a better hand than this : I wish you would enquire ; it must be at *Dawson's* office at the *Castle*. I fear this is from *Patty Rolt*, by the scrawl. Well, I'll read *MD*'s letter. Ah, no ; it is from poor lady *Berkeley*, to invite me to *Berkeley-castle* this winter ; and now it grieves my heart : she

† That is, to the next page ; for he is now within three lines of the bottom of the first.

says she hopes my lord is in a fair way of recovery; poor lady. Well, now I go to *MD's* letter: faith, 'tis all right; I hoped it was wrong. Your letter, *N. 3*, that I have now received, is dated *Sept. 26*, and *Manley's* letter,^o that I had five days ago, was dated *Oct. 3*, that's a fortnight difference: I doubt it has lain in *Steele's* office, and he forgot. Well, there's an end of that: he is turned out of his place; and you must desire those who send me packets, to inclose them in a paper directed to Mr. *Addison*, at *St. James's Coffee-house*: not common letters, but packets: the bishop of *Clogher* may mention it to the archbishop when he sees him. As for your letter, it makes me mad: flidikins, I have been the best boy in *Christendom*, and you come with your two eggs a penny.—Well; but stay, I'll look over my book: adad, I think there was a *chasm* between my *N. 2* and *N. 3*. Faith, I won't promise to write to you every week; but I'll write every night, and when it is full I will send it; that will be once in ten days, and that will be often enough; and if you begin to take up the way of writing to *Presto*, only because it is *Tuesday*, a *Monday* bedad, it will grow a task; but write when you have a mind.—No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no—Agad, agad, agad, agad, agad, agad; no, poor *Stellakins*. Slids, I would the horse were in your—chamber. Have not I ordered *Parvisol* to obey your directions about him? And han't I said in my former letters, that you may pickle him, and boil him, if you will? What do you trouble me about your horses for? Have I any thing to do with them?—Revolutions

volutions a hindrance to me in my business ;
 Revolutions—to me in my business ? If it were
 not for the revolutions, I could do nothing at
 all ; and now I have all hopes possible, though
 one is certain of nothing ; but to-morrow I
 am to have an answer, and am promised an ef-
 fectual one. I suppose I have said enough in
 this and a former letter how I stand with new
 people ; ten times better than ever I did with
 the old ; forty times more caressed. I am to
 dine to-morrow at Mr. *Harley's* ; and if he
 continues as he has begun, no man has been
 ever better treated by another. What you say
 about *Stella's* mother, I have spoken enough to
 it already. I believe she is not in town ; for
 I have not yet seen her. My lampoon is cried
 up to the skies ; but nobody suspects me for it,
 except sir *Andrew Fountain* : at least they say
 nothing of it to me. Did not I tell you of a
 great man who received me very coldly ? That's
 he ; but say nothing ; 'twas only a little re-
 venge : I'll remember to bring it over. The
 bishop of *Clogher* has smacked my *Tatler* about
 shortening of words, &c. But, God so * ! &c.

15. I will write plainer if I can remember
 it ; for *Stella* must not spoil her eyes, and *Ding-
 ley* can't read my hand very well ; and I am
 afraid my letters are too long : then you must
 suppose one to be two, and read them at twice.
 I dined to-day with Mr. *Harley* : Mr. *Prior*
 dined with us. He has left my memorial with

* This appears to be an interjection of surprize
 at the length of his journal.

the

the queen, who has consented to give the *First-Fruits* and *Twentieth Parts*, and will, we hope, declare it to-morrow in the cabinet. But I beg you to tell it to no person alive; for so I am ordered, till in publick: and i hope to get something of greater value. After dinner came in lord *Peterborow*: we renewed our acquaintance, and he grew mightily fond of me. They began to talk of a paper of verses called *Sid Hamet*. Mr. *Harley* repeated part, and then pulled them out, and gave them to a gentleman at the table to read, though they had all read them often: lord *Peterborow* would let nobody read them but himself: so he did; and Mr. *Harley* bobbed me at every line to take notice of the beauties. *Prior* rallied lord *Peterborow* for author of them; and lord *Peterborow* said, he knew them to be his; and *Prior* then turned it upon me, and I on him. I am not guessed at all in town to be the author; yet so it is: but that is a secret only to you. Ten to one whether you see them in *Ireland*; yet here they run prodigiously. *Harley* presented me to lord president of *Scotland*, and Mr. *Benson*, lord of the treasury. *Prior* and I came away at nine, and sat at the *Smyrna* till eleven, receiving acquaintance.

16. This morning early I went in a chair, and *Patrick* before it, to Mr. *Harley*, to give him another copy of my memorial, as he desired; but he was full of business, going to the queen, and I could not see him; but he desired I would send up the paper, and excused himself upon his hurry. I was a little baulkt; but

but they tell me it is nothing. I shall judge by next visit. I tipped his porter with half a crown; and so I am well there for a time at least. I dined at *Stratford's* in the city, and had *Burgundy* and *Tockay*: came back afoot like a scoundrel; then went with Mr. *Addison* and supped with lord *Mountjoy*, which made me sick all night. I forgot that I bought six pound of chocolate for *Stella*, and a little wooden box: and I have a great piece of *Brazil* tobacco for *Dingley*, and a bottle of palsy water for *Stella*: all which, with the two handkerchiefs that Mr. *Sterne* has bought, and you must pay him for, will be put in the box directed to Mrs. *Curry's*, and set by Dr. *Hawkshaw*, whom I have not seen; but *Sterne* has undertaken it. The chocolate is a present, madam, for *Stella*: Don't read this, you little rogue, with your little eyes; but give it to *Dingley*, pray now; and I'll write as plain as the skies: and let *Dingley* write *Stella's* part, and *Stella* dictate to her, when she apprehends her eyes, &c.

17. This letter should have gone this post, if I had not been taken up with business, and two nights being late out; so it must stay till *Thursday*. I dined to day with your Mr. *Sterne*, by invitation, and drank *Irish* wine*; but, before we parted, there came in the prince of puppies, colonel *Edgworth*†; so I went away.

This

* *Claret*

† It is reported of this colonel *Ambrose Edgworth*, that he once made a visit to one of his brothers, who lived at the distance of about one day's journey

This day came out the *Tatler* made up wholly of my *Shower*, and a preface to it. They say 'tis the best thing I ever writ, and I think so too. I suppose the bishop of *Clogher* will shew it

ney from his house, and that he travelled to see him with his led horse, portmantuas, &c. As soon as he arrived at his brother's, the portmantuas were unpacked, and three suits of fine cloaths, one finer than another, hung upon chairs in his bed-chamber, together with his night-gown, and shaving-plate, disposed in their proper places. The next morning, upon his coming down to breakfast, with his boots on, his brother asked him where he proposed riding before dinner: I am going directly home, said the colonel. Lord! said his brother, I thought you intended to stay some time with us. No, replied the colonel, I can't stay with you at present; I only just came to see you and my sister, and must return home this morning. And accordingly his cloaths, &c. were packed up, and off he went.

But what merit soever the colonel might have had to boast of, his son *Talbot Edgworth* excelled him by at least fifty bars length. *Talbot* never thought of any thing but fine cloaths, splendid furniture for his horse, and exciting, as he flattered himself, universal admiration. In these pursuits he expended his whole income, which, at best, was very inconsiderable: in other respects he cared not how he lived. To do him justice, he was an exceeding handsome fellow, well shaped, and of a good heighth, rather tall than of the middle size. He began very early in his life, even before he was of age, to shine forth in the world, and continued to blaze during the whole reign of *George* the first. He bethought himself very happily of one extravagance,

it you. Pray tell me how you like it. *Tooke* is going on with my *Miscellany*. I'd give a penny the letter to the bishop of *Killaloe* was in it: 'twould do him honour. Could not you contrive to say you hear they are printing my *Things* together; and that you wish the book-feller had that letter among the rest: but don't say any thing of it as from me. I forgot whether it was good or no; but only having heard it much commended, perhaps it may deserve it. Well, I have to-morrow to finish this letter in, and then I'll send it next day. I am so vexed that you should write your third to me, when you had but my second, and I had written five, which now I hope you have all: and so I tell you, you are sawcy, little, pretty, dear rogues, &c.

18. To-day I dined, by invitation, with *Stratford* and others, at a young merchant's in

vagance, well suited to his disposition: he insisted upon an exclusive right to one board at *Lucas's Coffee-house*, where he might walk backwards and forwards, and exhibit his person to the gaze of all beholders; in which particular he was indulged almost universally: but now and then some arch fellow would usurp on his privilege, take possession of the board, meet him, and dispute his right; and when this happened to be the case, he would chafe, bluster, ask the gentleman his name, and immediately set him down in his table-book, as a man that he would fight when he came to age. With regard to the female world, his common phrase was, *They may look and die*. In short, he was the jest of the men, and the contempt of the women.

the city, with *Hermitage* and *Tockay*, and staid till nine, and am now come home. And that dog *Patrick* is abroad, and drinking, and I can't get my night-gown. I have a mind to turn that puppy away : he has been drunk ten times in three weeks. But I han't time to say more ; so good night, &c.

19. I am come home from dining in the city with Mr. *Addison*, at a merchant's ; and just now, at the *Coffee-house*, we have notice that the duke of *Ormond* was this day declared lord lieutenant at *Hampton-court*, in council. I have not seen Mr. *Harley* since ; but hope the affair is done about *First-Fruits*. I will see him, if possible, to-morrow morning ; but this goes to-night. I have sent a box to Mr. *Sterne*, to send to you by some friend : I have directed it for Mr. *Curry*, at his house ; so you have warning when it comes, as I hope it will soon. The handkerchiefs will be put in some friend's pocket, not to pay custom. And so here ends my sixth, sent when I had but three of *MD*'s : now I am beforehand, and will keep so ; and God Almighty bless dearest *MD*, &c.

L E T T E R VII.

London, Oct. 19, 1719.

O Faith, I am undone ! this paper is larger than t'other, and yet I am condemned to a sheet ; but since it is *MD*, I did not value though I were condemned to a pair. I told you in my letter to-day where I had been, and how the day past ; and so, &c.

20. To-

20. To-day I went to Mr. *Lewis*, at the secretary's office, to know when I might see Mr. *Harley*; and by and by comes up Mr. *Harley* himself, and appoints me to dine with him to-morrow. I dined with Mrs. *Van-homrigh*, and went to wait on the two lady *Butlers*; but the porter answered, They were not at home: the meaning was, the youngest, lady *Mary*, is to be married to-morrow to lord *Ashburnham*, the best match now in *England*, twelve thousand pounds a year, and abundance of money. Tell me how my *Shower* is liked in *Ireland*: I never knew any thing pass better here. I spent the evening with *Wortley Montague* and Mr. *Addison*, over a bottle of *Irish* wine. Do they know any thing in *Ireland* of my greatness among the *Tories*? Every body reproaches me of it here; but I value them not. Have you heard of the verses about the *Rod of Sid Hamet*? Say nothing of them for your life. Hardly any body suspects me for them, only they think no-body but *Prior* or I could write them. But I doubt they have not reached you. There is likewise a *Ballad* full of puns, on the *Westminster Election*, that cost me half an hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing. But this is likewise a secret to all but *MD*. If you have them not, I'll bring them over.

21. I got *MD*'s fourth to-day at the *Coffee-house*. God Almighty bless poor dear *Stella*, and her eyes and head: What shall we do to cure them, poor dear life? Your disorders are a pull-back for your good qualities. Would
to

to heaven I were this minute shaving your poor dear head, either here or there. Pray do not write, nor read this letter, nor any thing else, and I will write plainer for *Dingley* to read, from henceforward, though my pen is apt to ramble when I think who I am writing to. I will not answer your letter until I tell you that I dined this day with Mr. *Harley*, who presented me to the earl of *Sterling*, a *Scotch* lord; and in the evening came in lord *Peterborow*. I staid till nine before Mr. *Harley* would let me go, or tell me any thing of my affair. He says, the queen has now granted the *First-Fruits* and *Twentieth Parts*; but he will not give me leave to writeto the archbishop, because the queen designs to signify it to the bishops in *Ireland* in form, and to take notice, That it was done upon a memorial from me, which Mr. *Harley* tells me he does to make it look more respectful to me, &c. and I am to see him on *Tuesday*. I know not whether I told you, that in my memorial which was given to the queen, I begged for two thousand pounds a year more, though it was not in my commission; but that Mr. *Harley* says cannot yet be done, and that he and I must talk of it further: however, I have started it, and it may follow in time. Pray say nothing of the *First-Fruits* being granted; unless I give leave at the bottom of this. I believe never any thing was compassed so soon, and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. *Harley*, who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to shew the rascals of the other party that they

used a man unworthily, who had deserved better. The memorial given to the Queen from me speaks with great plainness of lord *Wharton*. I believe this business is as important to you as the *Convocation* disputes from *Tisdall* *. I hope in a month or two all the forms of settling this matter will be over, and then I shall have nothing to do here. I will only add one foolish thing more, because it is just come into my head. When this thing is made known, tell me impartially whether they give any of the merit to me, or no; for I am sure I have so much, that I will never take it upon me.—— Insolent fluts ! because I say *Dublin, Ireland*, therefore you must say *London, England* : that's

* These words, notwithstanding their great obscurity at present, were very clear and intelligible to Mrs. *Johnson* : they referred to conversations, which passed between her and Dr. *Tisdall* seven or eight years before ; when the doctor, who was not only a learned and faithful Divine, but a zealous Church-Tory, frequently entertained her with convocation disputes. This gentleman, in the years 1703 and 1704, paid his addresses to Mrs. *Johnson*. Vide the first three Letters in *Dodsley's* Collection of *Swift's* Correspondence, printed 1766, especially Letter the 3d, which at present wants some annotations to clear up many obscurities. If the reader be curious in these matters, he may consult *An Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character of Dr. Jonathan Swift*, chap. v. p. 87. printed by *Bathurst* in the year 1755 ; where the above-mentioned Letters are referred to, where he may see by what means the event of this courtship was finally determined.

Stella's

Stella's malice †.—Well, for that I won't answer your letter till to-morrow-day, and so and so : I'll go write something else, and it won't be much ; for 'tis late.

22. I was this morning with Mr. *Lewis*, the under-secretary to lord *Dartmouth*, two hours talking politicks, and contriving to keep *Steele* in his office of stamp paper : he has lost his place of *Gazetteer*, three hundred pounds a year, for writing a *Tatler*, some months ago, against Mr. *Harley*, who gave it him at first, and raised the salary from sixty to three hundred Pounds. This was devilish ungrateful ; and *Lewis* was telling me the particulars : but I had a hint given me, that I might save him in the other employment ; and leave was given me to clear matters with *Steele*. Well, I dined with Sir *Matthew Dudley*, and in the evening went to sit with Mr. *Addison*, and offer the matter at distance to him, as the discreeter person ; but found *Party* had so possessed him, that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with any thing I said. So I stopt short in my overture, and we parted very dryly ; and I shall say nothing to *Steele*, and let them do as they will ; but if things stand as they are, he will certainly lose it, unless I save him ; and there-

† There is a particular compliment to *Stella* couched in these words. *Stella* was herself an *Englishwoman*, born at *Richmond* in *Surry* ; nevertheless she respected the interest and the honour of *Ireland*, where she had lived for some years, with a generous patriotic spirit.

fore I will not speak to him, that I may not report to his disadvantage. Is not this vexatious? and is there so much in the proverb of proffered service? When shall I grow wise? I endeavour to act in the most exact points of honour and conscience, and my nearest friends will not understand it so. What must a man expect from his enemies? This would vex me, but it shall not; and so I bid you good night, &c.

23. I know 'tis neither wit nor diversion to tell you every day where I dine, neither do I write it to fill my letter; but I fancy I shall, some time or other, have the curiosity of seeing some particulars how I passed my life when I was absent from *MD* this time; and so I tell you now that I dined to-day at *Molesworth's*, the *Florence* envoy, then went to the coffee-house, where I behaved myself coldly enough to Mr. *Addison*, and so came home to scribble. We dine together to-morrow and next day by invitation; but I shall alter my behaviour to him, till he begs my pardon, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends, and friendships are all monsters, but *MD's*.

24. I forgot to tell you, that last night I went to Mr. *Harley's*, hoping——faith, I am blundering, for it was this very night at six; and I hoped he would have told me all things were done and granted: but he was abroad, and come home ill, and was gone to bed, much out of order, unless the porter lied. I dined
to-day

to-day at Sir *Matthew Dudley's* with Mr. *Addison*, &c.

25. I was to-day to see the duke of *Ormond*; and coming out, met lord *Berkeley* of *Stratton*, who told me, that Mrs. *Temple*, the widow, died last *Saturday*, which, I suppose, is much to the outward grief and inward joy of the family. I dined to-day with *Addison* and *Steele*, and a sister of Mr. *Addison*, who is married to one Monfr. *Sartre*, a *Frenchman*, *Prebendary* of *Westminster*, who has a delicious house and garden; yet I thought it was a sort of monastick life in those cloisters, and I liked *Laracor* better. *Addison's* sister is a sort of a wit, very like him. I am not fond of her, &c.

26. I was to-day to see Mr. *Congreve*, who is almost blind with cataracts growing on his eyes; and his case is, that he must wait two or three years, until the cataracts are riper, and till he is quite blind, and then he must have them couched; and besides he is never rid of the gout, yet he looks young and fresh, and is as chearful as ever. He is younger by three years or more * than I, and I am twenty years younger than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe, by mentioning the gout. I find such suspicions frequently, but they go off again. I had a second letter from Mr. *Morgan*; for which I thank you: I wish you were whipt

* *Congreve* was born in the year 1672; consequently he was between four and five years younger than Dr. *Swift*.

for forgetting to send him that answer I desired you in one of my former, that I could do nothing for him of what he desired, having no credit at all, &c. Go, be far enough, you negligent baggages. I have had also a letter from *Parvisol*, with an account how my livings are set, and that they are fallen, since last year, sixty pounds. A comfortable piece of news. He tells me plainly, that he finds you have no mind to part with the horse, because you sent for him at the same time you sent him my letter; so that I know not what must be done. 'Tis a sad thing that *Stella* must have her own horse, whether *Parvisol* will or no. So now to answer your letter that I had three or four days ago. I am not now in bed, but am come home by eight; and it being warm, I write up. I never writ to the bishop of *Killala*, which, I suppose, was the reason he had not my letter. I have not time, there's the short of it.—As fond as the dean is of my letter, he has not written to me. I would only know whether dean *Bolton* * paid him the twenty pounds; and for the rest, he may kiss ——. And that you may ask him, because I am in pain about it, that dean *Bolton*, is such a *whipster*. 'Tis the most obliging thing in the world in dean *Sterne* to be so kind to you. I believe he knows it will please me, and makes up, that way, his other usage. No, we have had none of your

* This gentleman was afterwards promoted to the archbishoprick of *Cashel*. He was one of the most eloquent speakers of his time, and was a very learned man, especially in Church History.

snow, but a little one morning; yet I think it was great snow for an hour or so, but no longer. I had heard of *Will Crowe's* death before, but not the foolish circumstance that hastened his end. No, I have taken care that captain *Pratt* shall not suffer by lord *Anglesea's* death. I'll try some contrivance to get a copy of my picture from *Jervas*. I'll make Sir *Andrew Fountain* buy one as for himself, and I'll pay him again and take it, that is, provided I have money to spare when I leave this.—Poor *John!* is he gone? and madam *Parvisol* has been in town? Humm. Why, *Tighe* and I, when he comes, shall not take any notice of each other; I would not do it much in this town, though we had not fallen out.—I was to-day at Mr. *Sterne's* lodging; he was not within, and Mr. *Leigh* is not come to town, but I will do *Dingley's* errand when I see him. What do I know whether china be dear or no? I once took a fancy of resolving to grow mad for it, but now 'tis off; I suppose I told you in some former letter. And so you only want some salad dishes, and plates, and &c. Yes, yes, you shall. I suppose you have named as much as will cost five pounds.—Now to *Stella's* little postscript; and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Can't you dictate to *Dingley*, and not strain your little dear eyes? I am sure 'tis the grief of my soul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write, shut your eyes, and write just a line, and no more, thus [How do you do, Mrs. *Stella*?] That was written with my eyes shut. Faith, I think it is better than

when they are open * : and then *Dingley* may stand by, and tell you when you go too high or too low.—My letters of business, with packets, if there be any more occasion for such, must be inclosed to Mr. *Addison*, at *St. James's Coffee-house* : but I hope to hear, as soon as I see Mr. *Harley*, that the main difficulties are over, and that the rest will be but form.—Make two or three nutgalls, make two or three—galls, stop your receipt in your—I have no need on't. Here's a clutter ! Well, so much for your letter, which I will now put up in my letter-partition in my cabinet, as I always do every letter as soon as I answer it. Method is good in all things. Order governs the world. The Devil is the author of confusion. A general of an army, a minister of state ; to descend lower, a gardener, a weaver, &c. That may make a fine observation, if you think it worth finishing ; but I have not time. Is not this a terrible long piece for one evening ? I dined to-day with *Patty Rolt* at my cousin *Leach's*, with a pox, in the city : he is a printer, and prints the *Postman*, oh, ho, and is my cousin, God knows how, and he married Mrs. *Baby Aires* of *Leicester* ; and my cousin *Thomson* was with us : and my cousin *Leach* offers to bring me acquainted with the author of the *Postman* ; and says, he does not doubt but the gentleman will be glad of my acquaintance, and that he is a very ingenious man, and a great scholar, and has been

* It is actually better written, and in a plainer hand.

beyond sea. But I, was modest, and said, May be the gentleman was shy, and not fond of new acquaintance; and so put it off: and I wish you could hear me repeating all I have said of this in its proper tone, just as I am writing it. 'Tis all with the same cadence with oh hoo, or as when little girls say, I have got an apple, miss, and I won't give you some. 'Tis plaguy twelve-penny weather this last week, and has cost me ten shillings in coach and chair hire. If the fellow that has your money will pay it, let me beg you to buy *Bank Stock* with it, which is fallen near thirty *per cent.* and pays eight pounds *per cent.* and you have the principal when you please: it will certainly soon rise. I would to God lady *Giffard* would put in the four hundred pounds she owes you, and take the five *per cent.* common interest, and give you the remainder. I will speak to your mother about it when I see her. I am resolved to buy three hundred pounds of it for myself, and take up what I have in *Ireland*; and I have a contrivance for it, that I hope will do, by making a friend of mine buy it as for himself, and I'll pay him when I can get in my money. I hope *Stratford* will do me that kindness. I'll ask him to-morrow or next day.

27. Mr. *Rowe* the poet desired me to dine with him to-day. I went to his office (he is under-secretary in Mr. *Addison's* place that he had in *England*) and there was Mr. *Prior*; and they both fell commending my *Shower* beyond any thing that has been written of the kind:
there

there never was such a *Shower* since *Danæ's*, &c. You must tell me how 'tis liked among you. I dined with *Rowe*; *Prior* could not come: and after dinner we went to a blind tavern, where *Congreve*, Sir *Richard Temple*, *Eastcourt*, and *Charles Main* were over a bowl of bad punch. The knight sent for six flasks of his own wine for me, and we staid till twelve. But now my head continues pretty well; I have left off my drinking, and only take a spoonful mixt with water, for fear of the gout, or some ugly distemper; and now, because it is late I will, &c.

28. *Garth* and *Addison* and I dined to-day at a hedge tavern; then I went to Mr. *Harley*, but he was denied, or not at home: so I fear I shall not hear my business is done before this goes. Then I visited lord *Pembroke*, who is just come to town, and we were very merry talking of old things, and I hit him with one pun. Then I went to see the ladies *Butler*, and the son of a whore of a porter denied them: so I sent them a threatening message by another lady, for not excepting me always to the porter. I was weary of the *Coffee-house*, and *Ford* desired me to sit with him at next door, which I did, like a fool, chatting till twelve, and now am got into bed. I am afraid the new ministry is at a terrible loss about money: the *Whigs* talk so, it would give one the spleen; and I am afraid of meeting Mr. *Harley* out of humour. They think he will never carry through this undertaking. God knows what will come of it. I should be terribly vexed to see things
come

come round again : it will ruin the church and clergy for ever ; but I hope for better. I'll send this on *Tuesday*, whether I hear any further news of my affair or not.

29. Mr. *Addison* and I dined to-day with lord *Mountjoy* ; which is all the adventures of this day.—I chatted a while to-night in the *Coffee-house*, this being a full night ; and now am come home to write some business.

30. I dined to day at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's*, and sent a letter to poor Mrs. *Long*, who writes to us, but is God knows where, and will not tell any body the place of her residence. I came home early, and must go write.

31. The month ends with a fine day ; and I have been walking, and visiting *Lewis*, and concerting where to see Mr. *Harley*. I have no news to send you. *Aire*, they say, is taken, though the *Whitehall* letters this morning say quite the contrary : 'tis good, if it be true. I dined with Mr. *Addison* and *Dick Stuart*, lord *Mountjoy's* brother ; a treat of *Addison's*. They were half fuddled, but not I ; for I mixt water with my wine, and left them together between nine and ten ; and I must send this by the bellman, which vexes me, but I will put it off no longer. Pray God it does not miscarry. I seldom do so ; but I can put off little *MD* no longer. Pray give the under note to Mrs. *Brent*.

I'm

I'm a pretty gentleman ; and you lose all your money at cards, firrah *Stella*. I found you out ; I did so.

I'm staying before I can fold up this letter, till that ugly *D* is dry in the last line but one. Don't you see it ? O Lord, I'm loth to leave you, faith——but it must be so, till the next time. Pox take that *D* ; I'll blot it to dry it.

L E T T E R VIII.

London, October 31, 1710.

SO, now I have sent my seventh to your fourth, young women ; and now I'll tell you what I would not in my last, that this morning sitting in my bed, I had a fit of giddiness : the room turned round for about a minute, and then it went off, leaving me sickish, but not very : and so I past the day as I told you ; but I would not end a letter with telling you this, because it might vex you : and I hope in God I shall have no more of it. I saw Dr. *Cockburn* to-day, and he promises to send me the pills that did me good last year, and likewise has promised me an oil for my ear, that he has been making for that ailment for somebody else.

Nov. 1. I wish *MD* a merry new year. You know this is the first day of it with us. I had no giddiness to-day, but I drank brandy, and have bought a pint for two shillings. I sat up the night before my giddiness pretty late, and writ very much ; so I will impute it to that.

that. But I never eat fruit, nor drink ale, but drink better wine than you do, as I did to-day with Mr. *Addison* at lord *Mountjoy's* : then went at five to see Mr. *Harley*, who could not see me for much company ; but sent me his excuse, and desired I would dine with him on *Friday* ; and then I expect some answer to this business, which must either be soon done, or begun again ; and then the duke of *Ormond* and his people will interfere for their honour, and do nothing. I came home at six, and spent my time in my chamber, without going to the *Coffee-house*, which I grow weary of ; and I studied at leisure, writ not above forty lines, some inventions of my own, and some hints, and read not at all, and this because I would take care of *Presto*, for fear little *MD* should be angry.

2. I took my four pills last night, and they lay an hour in my throat, and so they will do to-night. I suppose I could swallow four affronts as easily. I dined with Dr. *Cockburn* to-day, and came home at seven ; but Mr. *Ford* has been with me till just now, and 'tis near eleven. I have had no giddiness to-day. Mr. *Dopping* I have seen, and he tells me coldly, my *Shower* is liked well enough ; there's your *Irish* judgment. I writ this post to the bishop of *Clogher*. 'Tis now just a fortnight since I heard from you. I must have you write once a fortnight, and then I'll allow for wind and weather. How goes ombre ? Does Mrs. *Walls* win constantly, as she used to do ; and Mrs. *Stoite* ? I have not thought of her this long time ;

time ; how does she ? I find we have a cargo of *Irish* coming for *London* : I am sorry for it ; but I never go near them. And *Tighe* is landed ; but Mrs. *Wesley*, they say, is going home to her husband, like a fool. Well ; little monkies mine, I must go write ; and so good night.

3. I ought to read these letters I write, after I have done ; for looking over thus much I found two or three literal mistakes, which should not be when the hand is so bad. But I hope it does not puzzle little *Dingley* to read, for I think I mend : but methinks when I write plain, I don't know how, but we are not alone, all the world can see us. A bad scrawl is so snug, it looks like a *PMD* *. We have scurvy *Tatlers* of late : so pray do not suspect me. I have one or two hints I design to send him, and never any more : he does not deserve it. He is governed by his wife most abominably, as bad as——I never saw her since I came ; nor has he ever made me an invitation ; either he dares not, or is such a thoughtless *Tisdall* fellow, that he never minds it. So what care I for his wit ? for he is the worst company in the world, till he has a bottle of wine in his head. I cannot write straighter in bed, so you must be content.—At night in bed. Stay, let me see where's this letter to *MD* among these papers ? Oh ! here. Well, I'll go on now ; but I am very busy (smoak the new pen.) I

* *PMD*. This cypher stands for *Presto*, *Stella*, and *Dingley* ; as much as to say, it looks like us three quite retired from all the rest of the world.

dined with Mr. *Harley* to-day, and am invited there again on *Sunday*. I have now leave to write to the primate and archbishop of *Dublin*, that the queen has granted the *First-Fruits*; but they are to take no notice of it, till a letter is sent them by the queen's orders from lord *Dartmouth*, secretary of state, to signify it. The bishops are to be made a corporation to dispose of the revenue, &c. and I shall write to the archbishop of *Dublin* to-morrow (I have had no giddiness to-day) I know not whether they will have any occasion for me longer to be here; nor can I judge till I see what letter the queen sends to the bishops, and what they will do upon it. If dispatch be used, it may be done in six weeks; but I cannot judge. They sent me to-day a new commission, signed by the primate and archbishop of *Dublin* †, and promise me letters to the two archbishops here; but mine a—for it all. The thing is done, and has been so these ten days; though I had only leave to tell it to-day. I had this day likewise a letter from the bishop of *Clogher*, who complains of my not writing; and what vexes me, says he knows you have long letters from me every week. Why do you tell him so? 'Tis not right, faith: but I won't be angry with *MD* at distance. I writ to him last post, before I had his, and will write again soon, since I see he expects it, and that lord and lady *Mountjoy* put him off upon me to give themselves ease. Lastly, I had this day a letter from a certain naughty rogue called *MD*, and

† See Doddsley's collection, letter xxxiii.

it was N. 5, which I shall not answer to-night, I thank you. No, faith, I have other fish to fry ; but to-morrow or next day will be time enough. I have put *MD*'s commissions in a memorandum paper. I think I have done all before, and remember nothing but this to-day about glasses and spectacles and spectacle cases. I have no commission from *Stella*, but the chocolate and handkerchiefs ; and those are bought, and I expect they will be soon sent. I have been with, and sent to, Mr. *Sterne*, two or three times to know, but he was not within. Odds my life, what am I doing ? I must go write and do business.

4. I dined to-day at *Kensington*, with *Addison*, *Steele*, &c. came home, and writ a short letter to the archbishop of *Dublin*, to let him know the queen has granted the thing, &c. I writ in the *Coffee-house*, for I staid at *Kensington* till nine, and am plaguy weary ; for colonel *Proud* was very ill company, and I'll never be of a party with him again ; and I drank punch, and that and ill company has made me hot.

5. I was with Mr. *Harley* from dinner to seven this night, and went to the *Coffee-house*, where Dr. *D'Avenant* would fain have had me gone and drink a bottle of wine at his house hard by, with Dr. *Chamberlain* ; but the puppy used so many words, that I was afraid of his company ; and though we promised to come at eight, I sent a messenger to him, that *Chamberlain* was going to a patient, and therefore we would put it off till another time : so he,
and

and the comptroller, and I were prevailed on, by sir *Matthew Dudley*, to go to his house, where I staid till twelve, and left them. *D'Avenant* has been teasing me to look over some of his writings that he is going to publish; but the rogue is so fond of his own productions, that I hear he will not part with a syllable; and he has lately put out a foolish pamphlet, called, *The third Part of Tom Double*; to make his court to the *Tories*, whom he had left.

6. I was to-day gambling in the city to see *Patty Rolt*, who is going to *Kingston*, where she lodges; but to say the truth, I had a mind for a walk to exercise myself, and happened to be disengaged: for dinners are ten times more plentiful with me here than ever, or than in *Dublin*. I won't answer your letter yet, because I am busy. I hope to send this before I have another from *MD*: 'twould be a sad thing to answer two letters together, as *MD* does from *Presto*. But when the two sides are full, away the letter shall go, that's certain, like it or not like it; and that will be about three days hence, for the answering night will be a long one.

7. I dined to-day at sir *Richard Temple's*, with *Congreve*, *Vanburg*, lieutenant general *Farington*, &c. *Vanburg*, I believe I told you, had a long quarrel with me about those *Verses on his House*; but we were very civil and cold. Lady *Marlborough* used to tease him with them, which had made him angry, though he be a good-natured fellow. It was a *Thanksgiving-day*, and I was at *Court*, where the queen past us by with all *Tories* about her; not one *Whig*: *Buckingham*, *Rocheſter*, *Leeds*, *Shrewsbury*, *Berkeley of Stratton*, lord keeper

Harcourt, Mr. *Harley*, lord *Pembroke*, &c. and I have seen her without one *Tory*. The queen made me a curtsy, and said, in a sort of familiar way to *Presto*, *How does MD?* I considered she was a queen, and so excused her. I do not miss the *Whigs* at Court; but have as many acquaintance there as formerly.

8. Here's ado and a clutter! I must now answer *MD's* fifth; but first you must know I dined at the *Portugal* envoy's to-day, with *Addison*, *Van-burg*, admiral *Wager*, sir *Richard Temple*, *Methuen*, &c. I was weary of their company, and stole away at five, and came home like a good boy, and studied till ten, and had a fire; O ho! and now am in bed. I have no fire-place in my bed-chamber; but 'tis very warm weather when one's in bed. Your fine cap, madam *Dingley*, is too little, and too hot: I'll have that furr taken off; I wish it were far enough; and my old velvet cap is good for nothing. Is it velvet under the furr? I was feeling, but can't find: if it be, 'twill do without it, else I will face it; but then I must buy new velvet: but may be I may beg a piece. What shall I do? Well, now to rogue *MD's* letter. God be thanked for *Stella's* eyes mending; and God send it holds; but faith you writ too much at a time: better write less, or write it at ten times. Yes, faith, a long letter in a morning from a dear friend is a dear thing. I smoke a compliment, little mischievous girls, I do so. But who are those *Wiggs* that think I am turned *Tory*? Do you mean *Whigs*? Which *Wiggs* and wat to you mean? I know nothing of *Raymond*, and only had one letter from him a little after I came here. [Pray remember *Morgan*.] *Raymond* is indeed like to have much influence over me in

London, and to share much of my conversation. I shall, no doubt, introduce him to *Harley*, and lord keeper, and the secretary of state. The *Tatler* upon *Milton's Spear* is not mine, madam. What a puzzle there was betwixt you and your judgment? In general you may be sometimes sure of things, as that about style, because it is what I have frequently spoken of; but guessing is mine—and I defy mankind, if I please. Why, I writ a pamphlet when I was last in *London*, that you and a thousand have seen, and never guest it to be mine. Could you have guest the *Shower in Town* to be mine? How chance you did not see that before your last letter went; but I suppose you in *Ireland* did not think it worth mentioning. Nor am I suspected for the lampoon; only *Harley* said he smoaked me, (have I told you so before?) and some others knew it. 'Tis called *The Rod of Sid Hamet*. And I have written several other things that I hear commended, and nobody suspects me for them; nor you shan't know till I see you again. What do you mean *That boards near me, that I dine with now and then*? I know no such person: I don't dine with boarders. What the pox! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you, better than I do. What do you mean, sirrah? Slids, my ailment has been over these two months almost. Impudence, if you vex me, I'll give ten shillings a week for my lodging; for I am almost st—k out of this with the sink, and it helps me to verses in my *Shower*. Well, madam *Dingley*, what say you to the world to come? What *Ballad*? Why go look, it was not good for much: have patience till I come back: patience is a gay thing as, &c. I hear nothing of lord *Mountjoy's* coming for *Ireland*. When is *Stella's Birth-day*? in *March*? Lord

blefs me, my turn at *Chrift-Church*; it is fo natural to hear you write about that, I believe you have done it a hundred times; it is as freſh in my mind, the verger coming to you; and why to you? Would he have you preach for me? O, pox on your ſpelling of *Latin*, *Jonſonibus atque*, that's the way. How did the dean get that name by the end? 'Twas you betrayed me: not I, faith; I'll not break his head. Your mother is ſtill in the country, I ſuppoſe, for ſhe promiſed to ſee me when ſhe came to town. I writ to her four days ago, to deſire her to break it to lady *Giffard*, to put ſome money for you in the *Bank*, which was then fallen thirty *per cent*. Would to God mine had been here, I ſhould have gained one hundred pounds, and got as good intereſt as in *Ireland*, and much ſecurer. I would fain have borrowed three hundred pounds; but money is ſo ſcarce here, there is no borrowing, by this fall of ſtocks. 'Tis riſing now, and I knew it would: it fell from one hundred and twenty-nine to ninety-fix. I have not heard ſince from your mother. Do you think I would be ſo unkind not to ſee her, that you deſire me in a ſtyle ſo melancholy? Mrs. *Raymond* you ſay is with child: I am ſorry for it; and ſo is, I believe, her huſband. Mr. *Harley* ſpeaks all the kind things to me in the world; and, I believe, would ſerve me, if I were to ſtay here; but I reckon in time the duke of *Ormond* may give me ſome addition to *Laracor*. Why ſhould the *Whigs* think I came to *England* to leave them? Sure my journey was no ſecret? I proteſt ſincerely, I did all I could to hinder it, as the dean can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the Devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the leaſt to any of them all? Rot 'em, for ungrateful dogs; I'll make them

them repent their usage before I leave this place. They say here the same thing of my leaving the *Whigs*; but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had. I will take care of your spectacles, as I told you before, and of the bishop of *Killala's*; but I will not write to him, I han't time. What do you mean by my fourth, madam *Dinglibus*? Does not *Stella* say you have had my fifth, goody Blunder? You frightened me till I lookt back. Well, this is enough for one night. (Pray give my humble service to Mrs. *Stoyte* and her sister, *Kate* is it or *Sarah*? I have forgot her name, faith.) I think I'll e'en (and to Mrs. *Walls* and the archdeacon) send this to-morrow: no, faith, that will be in ten days from the last. I'll keeep it till *Saturday*, though I write no more. But what if a letter from *MD* should come in the mean time? Why then I would only say, Madam, I have received your sixth letter; your most humble servant to command, *Presto*; and so conclude. Well, now I'll write and think a little, and so to bed, and dream of *MD*.

9. I have my mouth full of water, and was going to spit it out, because I reasoned with myself, how could I write when my mouth was full. Han't you done things like that, reasoned wrong at first thinking? Well, I was to see Mr. *Lewis* this morning, and am to dine a few days hence, as he tells me, with Mr. secretary *St. John*; and I must contrive to see *Harley* soon again, to hasten this business from the queen. I dined to-day at lord *Montrath's*, with lord *Mountjoy*, &c. but the wine was not good, so I came away, stayed at the *Coffee-house* till seven, then came home to my fire, the maidenhead of my second half-bushel, and

am now in bed at eleven, as usual. 'Tis mighty warm; yet I fear I should catch cold this wet weather, if I sat an evening in my room after coming from warm places: and I must make much of myself, because *MD* is not here to take care of *Presto*; and I am full of business, writing, &c. and don't care for the *Coffee-house*; and so this serves for all together, not to tell it you over and over, as silly people do; but *Presto* is a wiser man, faith, than so, let me tell you, gentlewomen. See, I am got to the third side; but, faith, I won't do that often; but I must say something early to-day, till the letter is done, and on *Saturday* it shall go; so I must have something till to-morrow, till to-morrow and next day.

10. O Lord, I would this letter was with you with all my heart: If it should miscarry, what a deal would be lost? I forgot to leave a gap in the last line but one for the seal, like a puppy; but I should have allowed for night, good night; but when I am taking leave, I can't leave a bit, faith; but I fancy the seal won't come there. I dined to-day at lady *Lucy's*, where they ran down my *Shower*; and said *Sid Hamet* was the silliest poem they ever read, and told *Prior* so, whom they thought to be author of it. Don't you wonder I never dined there before? But I am too busy, and they live too far off; and, besides, I don't like women so much as I did. [*MD* you must know, are not women.] I supped to-night at *Addison's*, with *Garth*, *Steele*, and Mr. *Dopping*; and am come home late. *Lewis* has sent to me to desire I will dine with some company I shall like. I suppose it is Mr. secretary *St. John's* appointment. I had a letter just now from *Raymond*, who is at *Bristol*, and says he will be at
London

London in a fortnight, and leave his wife behind him; and desires any lodging in the house where I am: but that must not be. I shan't know what to do with him in town: to be sure I will not present him to any acquaintance of mine, and he will live a delicate life, a parson and a perfect stranger. Paaast twelvve o'clock, and so good night, &c. Oh! but I forgot, *Jemmy Leigh* is come to town; says he has brought *Dingley's* things, and will send them with the first convenience. My parcel I hear is not sent yet. He thinks of going for *Ireland* in a month, &c. I cannot write to-morrow, because—what, because of the archbishop; because I will seal my letter early; because I am engaged from noon till night; because of many kind of things; and yet I will write one or two words to-morrow morning, to keep up my journal constant, and at night I will begin the ninth.

11. Morning by candlelight. You must know that I am in my night-gown every morning between six and seven, and *Patrick* is forced to ply me fifty times before I can get on my night-gown; and so now I'll take my leave of my own dear *MD* for this letter, and begin my next when I come home at night. God Almighty bless and protect dearest *MD*. Farewel, &c.

This letter's as long as a sermon, faith.

L E T T E R IX.

London, Nov. 11, 1710.

I DINED to-day, by invitation, with the secretary of state Mr. *St. John*. Mr. *Harley* came in to us before dinner, and made me his excuses

for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose advancing money to the government : there dined with us only Mr. *Lewis*, and Dr. *Freind* (that writ *Lord Peterborow's Actions in Spain.*) I staid with them till just now between ten and eleven, and was forced again to give my eighth to the bell-man, which I did with my own hands, rather than keep it till next post. The secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. *Prior* came in after dinner; and, upon an occasion, he [the secretary] said, the best thing he ever read is not your's, but Dr. *Swift's* on *Vanbrugh*; which I do not reckon so very good neither. But *Prior* was damped until I stult him with two or three compliments. I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for sir *William Temple*, because he might have been secretary of state at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment. His father is a man of pleasure, that walks the *Mall*, and frequents *St. James's Coffee-house*, and the *Chocolate-houses*, and the young son is principal secretary of state. Is there not something very odd in that? He told me, among other things, that Mr. *Harley* complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement; and so I told him, and it was so: indeed it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in *Ireland* hardly regarding me: but there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet. At coming home I saw a letter from your mother, in answer to one I sent her two days ago. It seems she is in town; but cannot come out in a morning, just as you said; and God knows when I shall be at leisure in an afternoon; for if I should
send

send her a penny-post letter, and afterwards not be able to meet her, it would vex me; and, besides, the days are short, and why she cannot come early in a morning before she is wanted, I cannot imagine. I will desire her to let lady *Giffard* know that she hears I am in town, and that she would go to see me to enquire after you. I wonder she will confine herself so much to that old *Beast's* humour. You know I cannot in honour see lady *Giffard*, and consequently not go into her house. This I think is enough for the first time.

12. And how could you write with such thin paper? (I forgot to say this in my former) Can't you get thicker? Why, that's a common caution that writing-masters give their scholars; you must have heard it a hundred times. 'Tis this,

If paper be thin,
Ink will slip in;
But if it be thick,

You may write with a stick.

I had a letter to-day from poor Mrs. *Long*, giving me an account of her present life, obscure in a remote country town *, and how easy she is under it. Poor creature! 'tis just such an alteration in life, as if *Presto* should be banished from *MD*, and condemned to converse with Mrs. *Raymond*. I dined to-day with *Ford*, sir *Richard Levinge*, &c. at a place where they board, hard by. I was lazy, and not very well, sitting so long with company yesterday. I have been very busy writing this evening at home, and had a fire: I am spending my second half-bushel of coals; and now am in bed, and 'tis late.

* She was then at *Lynn* in *Norfolk*.

13. I dined to-day in the city, and then went to christen *Will Frankland's* child; and lady *Falconbridge* was one of the godmothers: this is a daughter of *Oliver Cromwel*, and extremely like him by his pictures that I have seen. I staid till almost eleven, and am now come home and gone to bed. My business in the city was to thank *Stratford* for a kindness he has done me, which now I will tell you. I found *Bank Stock* was fallen thirty-four in the hundred, and was mighty desirous to buy it; but I was a little too late for the cheapest time, being hindred by business here; for I was so wise to guess to a day when it would fall. My project was this: I had three hundred pounds in *Ireland*; and so I writ to Mr. *Stratford* in the city, to desire he would buy me three hundred pounds in *Bank Stock*, and that he should keep the papers, and that I would be bound to pay him for them; and if it should rise or fall, I would take my chance, and pay him interest in the mean time. I shewed my letter to one or two people, who understand those things; and they said, money was so hard to be got here, that no man would do it for me. However, *Stratford*, who is the most generous man alive, has done it: but it costs one hundred pounds and a half, that is ten shillings, so that three hundred pounds cost me three hundred pounds and thirty shillings. This was done about a week ago, and I can have five pounds for my bargain already. Before it fell it was one hundred and thirty pounds, and we are sure it will be the same again. I told you I writ to your mother, to desire that lady *Giffard* would do the same with what she owes you; but she tells your mother she has no money. I would to God all you had in the world was there. Whenever you lend money take this rule,

rule, to have two people bound, who have both visible fortunes ; for they will hardly die together ; and when one dies, you fall upon the other, and make him add another security : and if *Rathburn* (now I have his name) pays you in your money, let me know, and I will direct *Parvisol* accordingly : however, he shall wait on you and know. So, ladies, enough of business for one night. Paaaaaft twelvve o'clock. I must only add, that after a long fit of rany weather, it has been fair two or three days, and is this day grown cold and frosty ; so that you must give poor little *Presto* leave to have a fire in his chamber, morning and evening too, and he'll do as much for you.

14. What, has your chancellor lost his senses, like *Will Crowe* ? I forgot to tell *Dingley*, that I was yesterday at *Ludgate*, bespeaking the spectacles at the great shop there, and shall have them in a day or two. This has been an insipid day. I dined with Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*, and came gravely home, after just visiting the *Coffee-house*. Sir *Richard Cox*, they say, is sure of going over lord chancellor, who is as arrant a puppy as ever eat bread : but the duke of *Ormond* has a natural affection to puppies, which is a thousand pities, being none himself. I have been amusing myself at home till now, and in bed bid you good night.

15. I have been visiting this morning, but nobody was at home, secretary *St. John*, sir *Thomas Hanmer*, sir chancellor *Cox-comb*, &c. I attended the duke of *Ormond* with about fifty other *Irish* gentlemen at *Skinners-hall*, where the *Lordonderry Society* laid out three hundred pounds to treat us and his grace with a dinner. Three great tables
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with the deffert laid in mighty figure. Sir *Richard Levinge* and I got discreetly to the head of the second table, to avoid the crowd at the first : but it was so cold, and so confounded a noise with the trumpets and hautboys, that I grew weary, and stole away before the second course came on : so I can give you no account of it, which is a thousand pities. I called at *Ludgate* for *Dingley's* glassses, and shall have them in a day or two ; and I doubt it will cost me thirty shillings for a microscope, but not without *Stella's* permission ; for I remember she is a *virtuoso*. Shall I buy it or no ? 'Tis not the great bulky ones, nor the common little ones, to impale a louse (saving your presence) upon a needle's point ; but of a more exact sort, and clearer to the sight, with all its equipage in a little trunk that you may carry in your pocket. Tell me, sirrah, shall I buy it or not for you ? I came home straight, &c.

16. I dined to-day in the city with Mr. *Manley*, who invited Mr. *Addison* and me, and some other friends, to his lodging, and entertained us very handsomely. I returned with Mr. *Addison*, and loitered till nine in the *Coffee-house*, where I am hardly known by going so seldom. I am here soliciting for *Trounce* ; you know him : he was gunner in the former yacht, and would fain be so in the present one : if you remember him, a good lusty fresh-coloured fellow. Shall I stay till I get another letter from *MD* before I close up this ? Mr. *Addison* and I meet a little seldomer than formerly, although we are still at bottom as good friends as ever ; but differ a little about party.

17. To-day I went to *Lewis* at the secretary's office, where I saw and spoke to Mr. *Harley*, who promised, in a few days, to finish the rest of my business. I reproached him for putting me on the necessity of minding him of it, and rallied him, &c. which he took very well. I dined to-day with one Mr. *Gore*, elder brother to a young merchant of my acquaintance, and *Stratford*, and my other friend merchants dined with us, where I staid late, drinking claret and burgundy, and am just got to bed, and will say no more, but that it now begins to be time to have a letter from my own little *MD*; for the last I had above a fortnight ago, and the date was old too.

18. To-day I dined with *Lewis* and *Prior* at an eating-house, but with *Lewis's* wine. *Lewis* went away, and *Prior* and I sat on, where we complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mutual wit and poetry. Coming home at seven, a gentleman unknown stopt me in the *Pall-mall*, and askt my advice; said he had been to see the queen (who was just come to town) and the people in waiting would not let him see her; that he had two hundred thousand men ready to serve her in the war; that he knew the queen perfectly well, and had an apartment at *Court*, and if she heard he was there, she would send for him immediately; that she owed him two hundred thousand pounds, &c. and he desired my opinion whether he should go try again whether he could see her; or because, perhaps, she was weary after her journey, whether he had not better stay till to-morrow. I had a mind to get rid of my companion, and begged him of all love to go and wait on her immediately; for that, to my knowledge, the queen would admit him; that

this was an affair of great importance, and required dispatch : and I instructed him to let me know the success of his business, and come to the *Smyrna Coffee-house*, where I would wait for him till midnight ; and so ended this adventure. I would have fain given the man half a crown ; but was afraid to offer it him, lest he should be offended ; for beside his money, he said he had a thousand pounds a year. I came home not early, and so, madams both, good night, &c.

19. I dined to-day with poor lord *Mountjoy*, who is ill of the gout ; and this evening I christened our coffee-man *Elliot's* child, where the rogue had a most noble supper, and *Steele* and I sat among some scurvy company over a bowl of punch, so that I am come home late, young women, and can't stay to write to little rogues.

20. I loitered at home, and dined with sir *Andrew Fountain* at his lodging, and then came home : a silly day.

21. I was visiting all this morning, and then went to the secretary's office, and found Mr. *Harley*, with whom I dined ; and secretary *St. John*, &c. and *Harley* promised in a very few days to finish what remains of my business. *Prior* was of the company, and we all dine at the secretary's to-morrow. I saw *Stella's* mother this morning : she came early, and we talked an hour. I wish you would propose to lady *Giffard* to take the three hundred pounds out of her hands, and give her common interest for life, and security that you will pay her : the bishop of *Clogher*, or any friend, would be security for you, if you gave them counter-security ; and it may be argued, that it will
pass

pass better to be in your hands than hers in case of mortality, &c. Your mother says, if you write she'll second it; and you may write to your mother, and then it will come from her. She tells me lady *Giffard* has a mind to see me, by her discourse; but I told her what to say, with a *vengeance*. She told lady *Giffard* she was going to see me: she looks extremely well. I am writing in my bed like a tyger, and so good night, &c.

22. I dined with secretary *St. John*; and lord *Dartmouth*, who is t'other secretary, dined with us, and lord *Orrery* and *Prior*, &c. *Harley* called, but could not dine with us, and would have had me away while I was at dinner; but I did not like the company he was to have. We stayed till eight, and I called at the *Coffee-house*, and looked where the letters lie; but no letter directed for Mr. *Presto*: at last I saw a letter to Mr. *Addison*, and it looked like a rogue's hand, so I made the fellow give it me, and opened it before him, and saw three letters all for myself: so, truly, I put them in my pocket, and came home to my lodging. Well, and so you shall hear: well, and so I found one of them in *Dingley's* hand, and t'other in *Stella's*, and the third in *Domville's*. Well, so you shall hear; So, said I to myself, what now, two letters from *MD* together? But I thought there was something in the wind; so I opened one, and I opened t'other; and so you shall hear, one was from *Walls*. Well, but t'other was from own dear *MD*; yes it was. O faith, have you received my seventh, young women, already; then I must send this to-morrow, else there will be old doings at our house, faith.—Well, I won't answer your letter in this: no faith, catch me at that, and I never saw the like. Well; but as
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to *Walls*, tell him (with service to him and wife, &c.) that I have no imagination of Mr. *Pratt's* losing his place : and while *Pratt* continues *Clements* is in no danger ; and I have already engaged lord *Hyde* he speaks of, for *Pratt* and twenty others ; but, if such a thing should happen, I will do what I can. I have above ten businesses of other people's now on my hands, and, I believe, shall miscarry in half. It is your sixth I now have received. I writ last post to the bishop of *Clogher* again. Shall I send this to-morrow ? Well, I will to oblige *MD*. Which would you rather, a short letter every week, or a long one every fortnight ? A long one ; well, it shall be done, and so good night. Well, but is this a long one ? No, I warrant you : too long for naughty girls.

23. I only ask, have you got both the ten pounds, or only the first ; I hope you mean both. Pray be good housewives ; and I beg you to walk when you can for health. Have you the horse in town ? and do you ever ride him ? how often ? Confess. Ahhh, sirrah, have I caught you ? Can you contrive to let Mrs. *Fenton* know, that the request she has made me in her letter, I will use what credit I have to bring about, although I hear it is very difficult, and I doubt I shall not succeed. *Cox* is not to be your chancellor : all joined against him. I have been supping with lord *Peterborow* at his house, with *Prior*, *Lewis*, and Dr. *Freind*. 'Tis the ramblingest lying rogue on earth. Dr. *Raymond* is come to town : 'tis late, and so I bid you good night.

24. I tell you pretty management : *Ned Southwell* told me t'other day, he had a letter from the bishops of *Ireland*, with an address to the duke of *Ormond*,

Ormond, to intercede with the queen, to take off the *First-Fruits*. I dined with him to-day, and saw it, with another letter to him from the bishop of *Killare*, to call upon me for the papers, &c. and I had last post one from the archbishop of *Dublin*, telling me the reason of this proceeding; that upon hearing the duke of *Ormond* was declared lord lieutenant, they met, and the bishops were for this project, and talkt coldly of my being solicitor, as one that was favour'd by t'other party, &c. but desired that I would still solicit. Now the wisdom of this is admirable; for I had given the archbishop an account of my reception from Mr. *Harley*, and how he had spoken to the queen, and promised it should be done; but Mr. *Harley* ordered me to tell no person alive. Some time after he gave me leave to let the primate and archbishop know that the queen had remitted the *First-Fruits*; and that in a short time they should have an account of it in form from lord *Dartmouth*, secretary of state. So while their letter was on the road to the duke of *Ormond* and *Southwell*, mine was going to them with an account of the thing being done. I writ a very warm answer to the archbishop immediately, and shewed my resentments, as I ought, against the bishops, only in good manners, excepting himself. I wonder what they will say when they hear the thing is done. I was yesterday forced to tell *Southwell* so, that the queen had done it, &c. for he said, my lord duke would think of it some months hence when he was going for *Ireland*; and he had it three years in doing formerly, without any success. I give you free leave to say, on occasion, that it is done, and that Mr. *Harley* prevailed on the queen to do it, &c. as you please. As I hope to live, I despise the credit of it, out of an

excess of pride, and desire you will not give me the least merit when you talk of it ; but I would vex the bishops, and have it spread that Mr. *Harley* had done it : pray do so. Your mother sent me last night a parcel of wax candles, and a band-box full of small plum-cakes. I thought it had been something for you ; and, without opening them, sent answer by the maid that brought them, that I would take care to send the things, &c. but I will write her thanks. Is this a long letter, sirrahs ? Now, are you satisfied ? I have had no fit since the first : I drink brandy every morning, and take pills every night. Never fear, I an't vexed at this puppy business of the bishops, although I was a little at first. I'll tell you my reward : Mr. *Harley* will think he has done me a favour ; the duke of *Ormond*, perhaps, that I have put a neglect on him ; and the bishops in *Ireland*, that I have done nothing at all. So goes the world. But I have got above all this, and, perhaps, I have better reason for it than they know : and so you shall hear no more of *First-Fruits*, dukes, *Harleys*, archbishops, and *Southwells*.

I have slipt off *Raymond* upon some of his countrymen to shew him the town, &c. and I lend him *Patrick*. He desires to sit with me in the evenings ; upon which I have given *Patrick* positive orders that I am not within at evenings.

L E T T E R X.

London, Nov. 25, 1710.

I'LL tell you something that's plaguy silly : I had forgot to say on the 23d in my last, where I dined ; and because I had done it constantly, I thought it was a great omission, and was going to

interline

interline it ; but at last the filliness of it made me cry, Pshah, and I let it alone. I was to-day to see the *Parliament* meet ; but only saw a great crowd : and *Ford* and I went to see the tombs at *Westminster*, and fauntered so long I was forced to go to an eating-house for my dinner. *Bromley* is chosen speaker, *nemine contradicente* : Do you understand those two words ? And *Pompey*, colonel *Hill's Black*, designs to stand speaker for the footmen. I am engaged to use my interest for him, and have spoken to *Patrick* to get him some votes. We are now all impatient for the queen's speech, what she will say about removing the ministry, &c. I have got a cold, and I don't know how ; but got it I have, and am hoarse : I don't know whether it will grow better or worse. What's that to you ? I won't answer your letter to-night. I'll keep you a little longer in suspense : I can't send it. Your mother's cakes are very good, and one of them serves me for a breakfast, and so I'll go sleep like a good boy.

26. I have got a cruel cold, and staid within all this day in my night-gown, and dined on six-pennyworth of victuals, and read and writ, and was denied to every body. Dr. *Raymond* called often, and I was denied ; and at last, when I was weary, I let him come up, and asked him, without consequence, How *Patrick* denied me, and whether he had the art of it ? So by this means he shall be used to have me denied to him ; otherwise he would be a plaguy trouble and hindrance to me : he has sat with me two hours, and drank a pint of ale cost me five pence, and smoakt his pipe, and 'tis now past eleven that he is just gone. Well, my eighth is with you now, young women, and your seventh to me is somewhere in a

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post-boy's bag ; and so go to your gang of deans, and *Stoytes*, and *Walls*, and lose your money ; go, sauce-boxes, and so good night and be happy, dear rogues Oh, but your box was sent to Dr. *Hawkshaw* by *Sterne*, and you will have it with *Hawkshaw*, and spectacles, &c. &c.

27. To-day Mr. *Harley* met me in the court of requests, and whispered me to dine with him. At dinner I told him what those bishops had done, and the difficulty I was under. He bid me never trouble myself ; he would tell the duke of *Ormond* the business was done, and that he need not concern himself about it. So now I am easy, and they may hang themselves for a parcel of insolent ungrateful rascals. I suppose I told you in my last, how they sent an address to the duke of *Ormond*, and a letter to *Southwell*, to call on me for the papers, after the thing was over, but they had not received my letter ; though the archbishop might, by what I writ to him, have expected it would be done. Well, there's an end of that ; and in a little time the queen will send them notice, &c. And so the methods will be settled ; and then I shall think of returning, although the baseness of those bishops makes me love *Ireland* less than I did.

28. Lord *Hallifax* sent to invite me to dinner, where I staid till six, and crost him in all his *Whig* talk, and made him often come over to me. I know he makes court to the new men, although he affects to talk like a *Whig*. I had a letter to-day from the bishop of *Clogher* ; but I writ to him lately, that I would obey his commands to the duke of *Ormond*. He says I bid him read the *London Shaver*, and that you both swore it was

Shaver, and not *Shower*. You all lie, and you are puppies, and can't read *Presto's* hand. The bishop is out entirely in his conjectures of my share in the *Tatlers*.—I have other things to mind, and of much greater importance *, else I have little to do to be acquainted with a new ministry, who consider me a little more than *Irish* bishops do.

29. Now for your saucy good dear letter : let me see, what does it say ? come then. I dined to-day with *Ford*, and went home early ; he debauched me to his chamber again with a bottle of wine till twelve : so good night. I can't write an answer now, you rogues.

30. To day I have been visiting, which I had long neglected ; and I dined with Mrs. *Barton* alone ; and sauntered at the *Coffee-house* till past eight, and have been busy till eleven, and now I'll answer your letter, sauce-box. Well, let me see now again. My wax candle's almost out, but however I'll begin. Well then, don't be so tedious, Mr. *Presto* ; what can you say to *MD's* letter ? Make haste, have done with your preambles —Why, I say I am glad you are so often abroad ; your mother thinks it is want of exercise hurts you, and so do I. (She called here to-night, but I was not within, that's by the bye.) Sure you don't deceive me, *Stella*, when you say you are in better health than you were these three weeks ; for Dr. *Raymond* told me yesterday, that *Smyth* of the *Blind-Quay* had been telling Mr. *Leigh*, that

* He was writing the *Examiner* at this time.

he left you extremely ill ; and in short, spoke so, that he almost put poor *Leigh* into tears, and would have made me run distracted ; though your letter is dated the 11th instant, and I saw *Smyth* in the city above a fortnight ago, as I past by in a coach. Pray, pray, don't write, *Stella*, until you are mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, well in your eyes, and are sure it won't do you the least hurt. Or come, I'll tell you what ; you, mistress *Stella*, shall write your share at five or six sittings, one sitting a day ; and then comes *Dingley* all together, and then *Stella* a little crumb towards the end, to let us see she remembers *Presto* ; and then conclude with something handsome and genteel, as your most humblecumdumble, or, &c. O Lord ! does *Patrick* write word of my not coming till *spring* ? Insolent man ! he know my secrets ? No ; as my lord *Mayor* said, No ; if I thought my shirt knew, &c. Faith, I will come as soon as it is any way proper for me to come ; but, to say the truth, I am at present a little involved with the present ministry in some certain things (which I tell you as a secret) and soon as ever I can clear my hands, I will stay no longer : for I hope the *first-fruit* business will be soon over in all its forms. But, to say the truth, the present ministry have a difficult task, and want me, &c. Perhaps they may be just as grateful as others : but, according to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the public ; and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power. For God's sake, not a word of this to any alive.—Your chancellor ? Why, madam, I can tell you he has been dead this fortnight. Faith, I could hardly forbear our little language about a nasty dead chancellor, as
you

you may see by the blot *. Ploughing? A pox plough them; they'll plough me to nothing. But have you got your money, both the ten pounds? How durst he pay you the second so soon? Pray, be good hufwifes.—Aye, well, and *Joe*, why, I had a letter lately from *Joe*, desiring I would take some care of their poor town †, who, he says, will lose their liberties. To which I desired Dr. *Raymond* would return answer; That the town had behaved themselves so ill to me, so little regarded the advice I gave them, and disagreed so much among themselves, that I was resolved never to have more to do with them; but that whatever personal kindness I could do to *Joe*, should be done. Pray, when you happen to see *Joe*, tell him this, lest *Raymond* should have blundered or forgotten.—Poor Mrs. *Wesley*—Why these poligyes ‡ for being abroad? Why should you be at home at all, until *Stella* is quite well?—So, here is mistress *Stella* again with her two eggs, &c. My *Shower* admired with You; why the bishop of *Clogher* says, he has seen something of mine of the same sort, better than the *Shower*. I suppose he means *The Morning*; but it is not half so good. I want your judgment of things, and not your country's. How does *MD* like it? and do they

* To make this intelligible, it is necessary to observe, that the words *this fortnight*, in the preceding sentence, were first written in what he calls their little language, and afterwards scratched out and written plain. It must be confessed this little language, which passed current between *Swift* and *Stella*, has occasioned infinite trouble in the revival of these papers.

† *Trim*.

‡ So written for apologies.

taste it *a'l*? &c. § I am glad dean *Bolton* has paid the twenty pounds. Why should not I chide the bishop of *Clogher* for writing to the archbishop of *Cashel*, without sending the letter first to me? It does not signify a — ; for he has no credit at court. Stuff—they are all puppies. I'll break your head in good earnest, young woman, for your nasty jest about Mrs. *Barton*. Unlucky flut-tikin, what a word is there? Faith, I was thinking yesterday, when I was with her, whether she could break them or no ||, and it quite spoiled my imagination. Mrs. *Walls*, does *Stella* win as she pretends? No indeed, *deftor*; she loses always, and will play so *ventersomely*, how can she win? See here now; an't you an impudent lying flut? Do, open *Domvile's* letter; what does it signify, if you have a mind? Yes, faith, you write smartly with your eyes shut; all was well but the *w*. See how I can do it; *Madam Stella, your humble servant* ¶. O, but one may look whether one goes crooked or no, and so write on. I'll tell you what you may do; you may write with your eyes half shut, just as when one is going to sleep: I have done so for two or three lines now? 'tis but just seeing enough to go straight.—Now, madam *Dingley*, I think I bid you tell Mr. *Walls*, that in case there be occasion, I will serve his friend as far as I can; but I hope there will be none. Yet I believe you will have a new *Parlia-*

§ He certainly means the ridicule of *triplets* in particular.

|| This jest is lost, whatever it was, for want of *MD's* letter.

¶ Here he writ with his eyes shut, and the writing is somewhat crooked, although as well in other respects as if his eyes had been open.

ment ;

ment ; but I care not whether you have or no a better. You are mistaken in all your conjectures about the *Tatlers*. I have given him one or two hints, and you have heard me talk about the *Shilling*. Faith, these answering letters are very long ones : you have taken up almost the room of a week in journals ; and I'll tell you what, I saw fellows wearing crosses to-day *, and I wondered what was the matter ; but just this minute I recollect it is little *Presto's birth-day* ; and I was resolved these three days to remember it when it came, but could not. Pray, drink my health to-day at dinner ; do, you rogues. Do you like *Sid Hamet's Rod* ? Do you understand it all ? Well, now at last I have done with your letter, and so I'll lay me down to sleep, and about fair maids ; and I hope merry maids all.

Dec. 1. Morning. I wish *Smyth* were hanged. I was dreaming the most melancholy things in the world of poor *Stella*, and was grieving and crying all night.—Pshoh, 'tis foolish : I'll rise and divert myself ; so good morrow, and God of his infinite mercy keep and protect you. The bishop of *Clogher's* letter is dated *Nov. 21*. He says, you thought of going with him to *Clogher*. I am heartily glad of it, and wish you would ride there, and *Dingley* go in a coach. I have had no fit since my first, although sometimes my head is not quite in good order.—At night. I was this morning to visit Mr. *Pratt*, who is come over with poor sick lord *Shelburn* ; they made me dine with them, and there I staid, like a booby, till eight, looking over them at ombre, and then came

* *St. Andrew's day,*

home. Lord *Shelburn*'s giddiness is turned into a cholick, and he looks miserably.

2. *Steele*, the rogue, has done the impudentest thing in the world : he said something in a *Tatler*, that we ought to use the word *Great Britain*, and not *England*, in common conversation, as, *The finest lady in Great Britain*, &c. Upon this, *Rowe*, *Prior*, and I sent him a letter, turning this into ridicule. He has to-day printed the letter, and signed it J. S. M. P. and N. R. the first letters of all our names. *Congreve* told me to-day, he smokt it immediately. *Congreve* and I and Sir *Charles Wager* dined to-day at *Delaval*'s, the *Portugal* envoy ; and I staid there till eight, and came home, and am now writing to you before I do business, because that dog *Patrick* is not at home, and the fire is not made, and I am not in my gear. Pox take him !—I was looking by chance at the top of this side, and find I make plaguy mistakes in words ; so that you must fence against that as well as bad writing. Faith, I can't nor won't read what I have written. (Pox of this puppy !) Well, I'll leave you till I am got to bed, and then I'll say a word or two.—Well, 'tis now almost twelve, and I have been busy ever since, by a fire too, (I have my coals by half a bushel at a time, I'll assure you) and now I am got to bed. Well, and what have you to say to *Presto* now he is a-bed ? Come now, let us hear your speeches. No, 'tis a lie, I an't sleepy yet. Let us sit up a little longer, and talk. Well, where have you been to-day, that you are but just this minute come home in a coach ? What have you lost ? Pay the coachman, *Stella*. No, faith, not I, he'll grumble.—What new acquaintance have you got ? come, let us hear. I have made *Delaval* promise
to

to fend me some *Brazil* tobacco from *Portugal* for you, madam *Dingley*. I hope you'll have your chocolate and spectacles before this comes to you.

3. Pshaw, I must be writing to these dear faucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy ; but an old saying, and a true one, Be you lords, or be you earls, you must write to naughty girls. I was to-day at *Court*, and saw *Raymond* among the *Beef-eaters*, staying to see the queen : so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen of bows, and went to church, and then to *Court* again, to pick up a dinner, as I did with Sir *John Stanley*, and then we went to visit lord *Mountjoy*, and just now left him, and 'tis near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes pretty near to the bottom, and 'tis but eight days since the date, and don't think I'll write on t'other side, I thank you for nothing. Faith, if I would use you to letters on sheets as broad as this room, you would always expect them from me. Oh, faith, I know you well enough ; but an old saying, &c. Two sides in a sheet, and one in a street. I think that's but a silly old saying, and so I'll go to sleep, and do you so too.

4. I dined to-day with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, and then came home, and studied till eleven. No adventure at all to-day.

5. So I went to the court of requests (we have had the Devil and all of rain by the bye) to pick up a dinner ; and *Henley* made me go dine with him and one colonel *Brag* at a tavern, cost me money, faith. *Congreve* was to be there, but
came

came not. I came with *Henley* to the *Coffee-house*, where lord *Salisbury* seemed mighty desirous to talk with me; and while he was wriggling himself into my favour, that dog *Henley* asked me aloud, whether I would go to see lord *Somers*, as I had promised (which was a lie) and all to vex poor Lord *Salisbury*, who is a high *Tory*. He played two or three other such tricks, and I was forced to leave my lord, and I came home at seven, and have been writing ever since, and will now go to bed. T'other day I saw *Jack Temple* in the court of requests: it was the first time of seeing him; so we talked two or three careless words, and parted. Is it true that your recorder and mayor, and fanatick * aldermen, a month or two ago, at a solemn feast, drank Mr. *Harley's*, lord *Rocheſter's*, and other *Tory* healths? Let me know; it was confidently said here.—The scoundrels! It ſhan't do, *Tom*.

6. When is this letter to go, I wonder: harkee, young women, tell me that. *Saturday* next for certain, and not before: then it will be juſt a fortnight; time enough for naughty girls, and long enough for two letters, faith. *Congreve* and *Delaval* have at laſt prevailed on Sir *Godfrey Kneller* to in-treat him to let him draw my picture for nothing; but I know not yet when I ſhall fit.—It is ſuch monſtrous rainy weather, that there is no doing with it. Secretary *St. John* ſent to me this morning, that my dining with him to-day was put off

* The aldermen of *Dublin* were fanatical in thoſe days; but for theſe eight or ten years paſt, the proteſtant party have ſo far prevailed, that they have kept out fanaticks of all denominations, and ſeem determined never to admit one more into their body.

till

till to-morrow ; so I peaceably sat with my neighbour *Ford*, dined with him, and came home at six, and am now in bed as usual ; and now it is time to have another letter from *MD*, yet I would not have it till this goes ; for that would look like two letters for one. Is it not whimsical that the dean has never once written to me ? And I find the archbishop very silent to that letter I sent him with an account that the business was done. I believe he knows not what to write or say ; and I have since written twice to him, both times with a vengeance. Well, go to bed, sirrahs, and so will I. But have you lost to-day ? Three shillings. O fye, O fye.

7. No, I won't send this letter to-day, nor till *Saturday*, faith ; and I'm so afraid of one from *MD* between this and that : if it comes, I'll just say I received a letter, and that's all. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John*, where were lord *Anglesea*, Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, *Prior*, *Friend*, &c. and then made a debauch after nine at *Prior's* house, and have eaten cold pye, and I hate the thoughts of it, and I am full, and I don't like it, and I'll go to bed, and it is late, and so good night.

8. To-day I dined with Mr. *Harley* and *Prior* ; but Mr. *St. John* did not come, though he promised : he chid me for not seeing him oftner. Here's a damned libellous pamphlet come out against lord *Wharton*, giving the character first, and then telling some of his actions : the character is very well, but the facts indifferent. It has been sent by dozens to several gentlemen's lodgings, and I had one or two of them, but nobody knows the author or printer. We are terribly afraid of
the

the plague ; they say it is at *Newcastle*. I begged Mr. *Harley* for the love of God to take some care about it, or we are all ruined. There have been orders for all ships from the *Baltick* to pass their quarantine before they land ; but they neglect it. You remember I have been afraid these two years.

9. O faith, you are a saucy rogue. I have had your sixth letter just now, before this is gone ; but I won't answer a word of it, only that I never was giddy since my first fit, but I have had a cold just a fortnight, and cough with it still morning and evening ; but it will go off. It is, however, such abominable weather that no creature can walk. They say here three of your commissioners will be turned out, *Ogle*, *South*, and *St. Quintain*, and that *Dick Stuart* and *Ludlow* will be two of the new ones. I am a little soliciting for another ; 'tis poor lord *Abercorn*, but that is a secret, I mean, that I befriend him, is a secret ; but I believe it is too late, by his own fault and ill fortune. I dined with him to-day. I am heartily sorry you don't go to *Clogher*, faith, I am ; and so God Almighty protect poor dear, dear, dear, dearest *MD*. Farewel till to-night. I'll begin my eleventh to-night ; so I am always writing to little *MD*.

L E T T E R X I.

London, Dec. 9, 1710.

SO, young women, I have just sent my tenth to the post-office, and, as I told you, have received your seventh (faith I'm afraid I mistook, and said your sixth, and then we shall be all in confusion this month.) Well, I told you I dined
with

with lord *Abercorn* to-day, and that's enough till by and bye; for I must go write idle things; and twittle twattle, What's here to do with your little *MD's*? and so I put this by for a while.—'Tis now late, and I can only say *MD's* a dear faucy rogue, and what then? *Presto* loves them the better.

10. This son of a b— *Patrick* is out of the way, and I can do nothing; am forced to borrow coals: 'tis now fix o'clock, and I am come home after a pure walk in the park; delicate weather, begun only to-day. A terrible storm last night: we hear one of your packet-boats is cast away, and young *Beau Swift* in it, and general *Sankey*: I know not the truth; you will before me. *Raymond* talks of leaving the town in a few days, and going in a month to *Ireland*, for fear his wife should be too far gone, and forced to be brought to-bed here. I think he is in the right; but perhaps this packet-boat will fright him. He has no relish for *London*; and I do not wonder at it. He has got some *Templars* from *Ireland* that shew him the town. I do not let him see me above twice a week, and that only while I am dressing in the morning.—So, now the puppy is come in, and I have got my own ink, but a new pen; and so now you are rogues and sauce-boxes till I go to bed; for I must go study, firrahs. Now I think of it, tell the bishop of *Clogher* he shall not cheat me of one inch of my *Bell Metal*. You know it is nothing but to save the town money; and *Eniskilling* can afford it better than *Laracor*: he shall have but one thousand five hundred weight. I have been reading, &c. as usual, and am now going to bed; and I find this day's article

cle is long enough: so get go gone till to-morrow and then. I dined with fir *Matthew Dudley*.

11. I am come again as yesterday, and the puppy had again lockt up my ink, notwithstanding all I said to him yesterday; but he came home a little after me, so all is well: they are lighting my fire, and I'll go study. The fair weather is gone again, and it has rained all day. I do not like this open weather, though some say it is healthy. They say it is a false report about the plague at *Newcastle*. I have no news to-day: I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, to desire them to buy me a scarf; and lady *Abercorn* is to buy me another, to see who does best: mine is all in rags. I saw the duke of *Richmond* yesterday at *Court* again; but would not speak to him: I believe we are fallen out. I am now in bed; and it has rained all this evening, like wild-fire: Have you so much rain in your town? *Raymond* was in a fright, as I expected, upon the news of this ship-wreck; but I persuaded him, and he leaves this town in a week. I got him acquainted with fir *Robert Raymond*, the solicitor general, who owns him to be of his family; and I believe it may do him a kindness, by being recommended to your new lord chancellor.—I had a letter from Mrs. *Long*, that has quite turned my stomach against her: no less than two nasty jests in it with dashes to suppose them. She is corrupted in that country town * with vile conversation.—I won't answer your letter till I have leisure: so let this go on as it will, what care I? what cares saucy *Presto*?

12. I was to-day at the secretary's office with *Lewis*, and in came lord *Rivers*, who took *Lewis*

* *Lynn-Regis*.

out and whispered him; and then came up to me to desire my acquaintance, &c. so we bowed and complimented awhile, and parted; and I dined with *Phil. Savage* †, and his *Irish Club*, at their boarding place; and, passing an evening scurvily enough, did not come home till eight. Mr. *Addison* and I hardly meet once a fortnight; his *Parliament* ‡ and my different friendships keep us asunder. Sir *Matthew Dudley* turned away his butler yesterday morning, and at night the poor fellow died suddenly in the streets: Was not it an odd event? But what care you; but then I knew the butler.—Why, it seems your packet-boat is not lost: pshah, how silly that is, when I had already gone through the forms, and said it was a sad thing, and that I was sorry for it. But when must I answer this letter of our *MD's*? Here it is, it lies between this paper on t'other side of the leaf: one of these odd-come-shortly's I'll consider, and so good night.

13. Morning. I am to go trapping with lady *Kerry* and Mrs. *Pratt* to see fights all this day: they engaged me yesterday morning at tea. You hear the havock making in the army: *Meredith*, *Macartney*, and colonel *Honeywood*, are obliged to sell their commands at half value, and leave the army, for drinking Destruction to the present ministry, and dressing up a hat on a stick, and calling it *Harley*; then drinking a glass with one hand, and discharging a pistol with the other at the maukin; wishing it were *Harley* himself; and a hundred other such pretty tricks, as enflaming their soldiers, and foreign ministers, against the

† Chancellor of the *Exchequer* in *Ireland*.

‡ i. e. his attendance in parliament.

late changes at *Court*. *Cadogan* has had a little paring : his mother told me yesterday he had lost the place of envoy ; but I hope they will go no further with him, for he was not at those mutinous meetings. Well, these saucy jades take up so much of my time, with writing to them in a morning ; but faith I am glad to see you whenever I can : a little snap and away ; and so hold your tongue, for I must rise : not a word for your life. How nowww ? So, very well ; stay till I come home, and then, perhaps, you may hear further from me. And where will you go to-day, for I can't be with you for these ladies ? It is a rainy ugly day. I'd have you send for *Walls*, and go to the dean's ; but don't play small games when you lose. You'll be ruined by *Manilio*, *Basto*, the *Queen*, and two small *Trumps* in red. I confess 'tis a good hand against the player : but then there are *Spadilio*, *Punto*, the *King*, strong *Trumps* against you, which, with one *Trump* more, are three tricks ten ace : for, suppose you play your *Manilio*.—Oh, silly, how I prate and can't get away from this *MD* in a morning. Go, get you gone, dear naughty girls, and let me rise. There, *Patrick* lockt up my ink again the third time last night : the rogue gets the better of me ; but I will rise in spite of you, firrahs.—At night. Lady *Kerry*, Mrs. *Pratt*, Mrs. *Cadogan*, and I, in one coach ; lady *Kerry*'s son and his governor, and two gentlemen in another ; maids and misses, and little master (lord *Shelburn*'s children) in a third, all hackneys, set out at ten o'clock this morning from lord *Shelburn*'s house in *Piccadilly* to the *Tower*, and saw all the sights, lions, &c. then to *Bedlam* ; then dined at the *Chop-house* behind the *Exchange* ; then to *Gresham College* (but the keeper was not

at home) and concluded the night at the *Puppet-Shew*, whence we came home safe at eight, and I left them. The ladies were all in mobbs; how do you call it? undrest; and it was the rainiest day that ever dript; and I'm weary, and 'tis now past eleven.

14. Stay, I'll answer some of your letter this morning in bed: let me see; come and appear, little letter. Here I am, says he, and what say you to Mrs. *MD* this morning fresh and fasting? Who dares think *MD* negligent? I allow them a fortnight, and they give it me. I could fill a letter in a week; but it is longer every day, and so I keep it a fortnight, and then 'tis cheaper by one half. I have never been giddy, dear *Stella*, since that morning: I have taken a whole box of pills, and keckt at them every night, and drank a pint of brandy at mornings.—Oh then, you kept *Presto's* little *Birth-day*: would to God I had been with you. I forgot it, as I told you before. Rediculous, madam; I suppose you mean Ridiculous: let me have no more of that; 'tis the author of the *Atalantis's* spelling. I have mended it in your letter. And can *Stella* read this writing without hurting her dear eyes? O, faith, I'm afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pray, pray, pretty *Stella*.—'Tis well enough what you observe, That if I writ better, perhaps you would not read so well, being used to this manner; 'tis an alphabet you are used to: you know such a pothook makes a letter; and you know what letter, and so, and so.—I'll swear he told me so, and that they were long letters too; but I told him it was a *Gasconnade* of yours, &c. I am talking of the bishop of *Clogher*, how he forgot.

Turn over *. I had not room on t'other side to say that, so I did it on this : I fancy that's a good *Irish* blunder. Ah, why don't you go down to *Clogher* nautinautinautideargirls ; I dare not say nauti without dear ; O, faith, you govern me. But, seriously, I'm sorry you don't go, as far as I can judge at this distance. No, we would get you another horse ; I will make *Parvisol* get you one. I always doubted that horse of yours : prythee sell him, and let it be a present to me. My heart akes when I think you ride him. Order *Parvisol* to sell him, and that you are to return me the money : I shall never be easy until he is out of your hands. Faith, I have dreamt five or six times of horses stumbling since I had your letter. If he can't sell him, let him run this *Winter*. Faith, if I was near you, I would whip your—to some tune, for your grave saucy answer about the dean and *Jonsonibus* ; I would, young women. And did the dean preach for me ? Very well. Why, would they have me stand here and preach to them ? No, the *Tatler* of the *Shilling* was not mine, more than the hint, and two or three general heads for it. I have much more important business on my hands : and, besides, the ministry hate to think that I should help him, and have made reproaches on it ; and I frankly told them, I would do it no more. This is a secret though, Madam *Stella*. You win eight shillings ; you win eight fiddle-sticks. Faith, you say nothing of what you lose, young women.—I hope *Manley* is in no great danger ; for *Ned Southwell* is his friend, and so is sir *Thomas Frankland* ; and his brother *John Manley* stands up

* He seems to have written these words in a whim, for the sake of what follows.

heartily for him. On t'other side, all the gentlemen of *Ireland* here are furiously against him. Now, Mistress *Dingley*, an't you an impudent slut to expect a letter next packet from *Presto*, when you confess yourself, that you had so lately two letters in four days? Unreasonable baggage! No, little *Dingley*, I am always in bed by twelve; I mean my candle's out by twelve, and I take great care of myself. Pray let every body know, upon occasion, that Mr. *Harley* got the *First-Fruits* from the queen for the clergy of *Ireland*, and that nothing remains but the forms, &c. So you say the dean and you dined at *Stoyte's*, and Mrs. *Stoyte* was in raptures that I remembered her. I must do it but seldom, or it will take off her rapture. — But, what now, you saucy sluts, all this written in a morning, and I must rise and go abroad. Pray stay till night: don't think I'll squander mornings upon you, pray good Madam. Faith, if I go on longer in this trick of writing in the morning, I shall be afraid of leaving it off, and think you expect it, and be in awe. Good morrow, firrahs, I will rise. — At night. I went to-day to the court of requests (I will not answer the rest of your letter yet, that by the way) in hopes to dine with Mr. *Harley*: but lord *Dupplin*, his son-in law, told me he did not dine at home; so I was at a loss, until I met with Mr. secretary *St. John*, and went home and dined with him, where he told me of a good bite. Lord *Rivers* told me two days ago, that he was resolved to come *Sunday* fortnight next to hear me preach before the queen. I assured him the day was not yet fixt, and I knew nothing of it. To-day the secretary told me, that his father, sir *Harry St. John*, and lord *Rivers*, were to be at *St. James's* church, to hear me preach there; and were as-

fured I was to preach : so there will be another bite ; for I know nothing of the matter, but that Mr. *Harley* and *St. John* are resolved I must preach before the queen, and the secretary of state has told me he will give me three weeks warning ; but I desired to be excused, which he will not. *St. John*, “ you shall not be excused : ” however, I hope they will forget it ; for if it should happen, all the puppies hereabouts will throng to hear me, and expect something wonderful, and be plaguily baulkt ; for I shall preach plain honest stuff *. I staid with *St. John* till eight, and then came home, and *Patrick* desired leave to go abroad, and by and by comes up the girl to tell me, a gentleman was below in a coach who had a bill to pay me ; so I let him come up, and who should it be but Mr. *Addison* and *Sam Dopping*, to haul me out to supper, where I have staid till twelve. If *Patrick* had been at home I should have scaped this ; for I have taught him to deny me almost as well as Mr. *Harley*’s porter.——Where did I leave off in *MD*’s letter : let me see. So, now I have it. You are pleased to say, Madam *Dingley*, that those that go for *England*, can never tell when to come back. Do you mean this as a reflection upon *Presto*, Madam ? Sauce-boxes, I’ll come back as soon as I can, as hope saved, and I hope with some advantage, unless all ministries be alike, as perhaps they may. I hope *Hawkshaw* is in *Dublin* before now, and that you have your things, and like your spectacles : if you do not, you shall have better. I hope *Dingley*’s tobacco did not spoil *Stella*’s chocolate, and that all is safe : pray let me know. Mr. *Addison* and I

* The ministry never could prevail upon the doctor to preach before the queen.

are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off, by this damned business of party : he cannot bear seeing me fall in so with this ministry ; but I love him still as well as ever, though we seldom meet.—Hussy, *Stella*, you jest about poor *Congreve's* eyes ; you do so, hussy ; but I'll bang your bones, faith.—Yes, *Steele* was a little while in prison, or at least in a spunging house, some time before I came, but not since.—Pox on your convocations, and your *Lamberts* ; they write with a vengeance ! I suppose you think it a piece of affectation in me to wish your *Irish* folks would not like my *Shower* ; but you are mistaken. I should be glad to have the general applause there as I have here (though I say it) but I have only that of one or two, and therefore I would have none at all, but let you all be in the wrong. I don't know, this is not what I would say ; but I am so intoxicated with supper and stuff that I can't express myself—What you say of *Sid Ham t* is well enough ; that an enemy should like it, and a friend not ; and that telling the author would make both change their opinions. Why did not you tell *Griffyth* that you fancied there was something in it of my manner ; but first spur up his commendation to the height, as we served my poor uncle about the sconce that I mended. Well, I desired you to give what I intended for an answer to Mrs. *Fenton*, to save her postage, and myself trouble ; and I hope I have done it, if you han't.

15. Lord, what a long day's writing was yesterday's answer to your letter, sirrahs ? I dined to-day with *Lewis* and *Ford*, whom I have brought acquainted. *Lewis* told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr. *Harley* to save *Steele* his

other employment, and have a little mercy on him, and I had been saying the same thing to *Lewis*, who is Mr. *Harley*'s chief favourite. *Lewis* tells Mr. *Harley* how kindly I should take it, if he would be reconciled to *Steele*, &c. Mr. *Harley*, on my account, falls in with it, and appoints *Steele* a time to let him attend him, which *Steele* accepts with great submission, but never comes, nor sends any excuse. Whether it was blundering, fullness, insolence, or rancor of party, I cannot tell; but I shall trouble myself no more about him. I believe *Addison* hindered him out of meer spight, being grated to the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends queen's secretary at *Geneva*; and I'll do it if I can, it is poor *Pastoral Philips*.

16. O, why did you leave my picture behind you at t'other lodgings; forgot it? Well; but pray remember it now, and don't roll it up, d'ye hear, but hang it carefully in some part of your room, where chairs and candles, and mop-sticks won't spoil it, firrahs. No truly, I will not be godfather to goody *Walls* this bout, and I hope she'll have no more. There will be no quiet nor cards for this child. I hope it will die the day after the christening. Mr. *Harley* gave me a paper, with an account of the sentence you speak of against the lads that defaced the statue *, and that

* An equestrian statue of king *William* the III^d, in *College-Green, Dublin*. It was common in the days of party, for wild young students of the university of *Dublin* to play several tricks with this statue. Sometimes in their frolicks they would set a mawkin behind the effigies

that *Ingoldsby* reprieved that part of it of standing before the statue. I hope it was never executed. We have got your *Broderick* out ; *Doyne* is to succeed him, and *Cox Doyne*. And so there's an end of your letter ; 'tis all answered, and now I must go on upon my own stock ; go on, did I say ? Why, I have written enough ; but this is too soon to send it yet, young women ; faith I dare not use you to it, you'll always expect it ; what remains shall be only short journals of a day, and so I'll rise ; for this morning.—At night. I dined with my opposite neighbour, *Darteneuf*, and I was soliciting this day, to present the bishop of

effigies of the king ; sometimes dress up the horse and rider with bows and sheaves of straw ; but their infernal sin was that of whipping the truncheon out of the rider's hand, and thereby leaving the poor statue defenceless. For these and the like freaks, many young gentlemen were in former days expelled the university. But, in after-times, there was ample amends made to the statue for these affronts ; if wheeling round its pedestal with all gravity and solemnity, then alighting from coaches, falling down upon the knees, and drinking to the glorious and immortal memory of the dead, with eyes lifted up to the statue, could express the gratitude and devotion of its adorers. It is said, that what originally gave the students offence, was the site of the statue, the front of it being directed to the city, and the back diametrically opposite to the great and beautiful entrance of the college ; which is certainly a great deformity : and besides, it causes so very awkward an interruption in the passage to the university, and is generally so bedaubed with filth and dirt, that every man of taste would be glad it were removed either to *St. Stephen's-Green*, the *Barracks*, or some other place, where it might shew to advantage. If that were done, how beautiful would appear the noble and majestick front of that learned university !

Clogher Vice-Chancellor † ; but it won't do ; they are all set against him, and the duke of *Ormond*, they say, has resolved to dispose of it somewhere else. Well ; little saucy rogues, don't stay out too late to-night, because it is *Saturday* night, and young women should come home soon then.

17. I went to *Court* to seek a dinner, but the queen was not at church, she has got a touch of the gout ; so the *Court* was thin, and I went to the *Coffee-house* ; and Sir *Thomas Frankland*, and his eldest son and I went and dined with his son *William*. I talk'd a great deal to Sir *Thomas* about *Manley*, and find he is his good friend, and so has *Ned Southwell* been, and I hope he will be safe, though all the *Irish* folks here are his mortal enemies. There was a devilish bite to-day. They had it, I know not how, that I was to preach this morning at *St. James's Church*, an abundance went, among the rest lord *Radnor*, who never is abroad till three in the afternoon. I walk'd all the way home from *Hatton-Garden* at six, by moon-light, a delicate night. *Raymond* called at nine, but I was denied, and now I am in bed between eleven and twelve, just going to sleep, and dream of my own dear roguish impudent pretty *MD*.

18. You will now have short days works, just a few lines to tell you where I am, and what I am doing ; only I will keep room for the last day to tell you news, if there be any worth sending. I have been sometimes like to do it at the top of my letter, until I remark it would be old before it reached you. I was hunting to dine with Mr. *Harley* to-day, but could not find him ; and so I

† Of the University of *Dublin*.

dined

dined with honest Dr. *Cockburn*, and came home at six, and was taken out to next door by *Dopping* and *Ford*, to drink bad claret and oranges, and we let *Raymond* come to us, who talks of leaving the town to-morrow, but I believe will stay a day or two longer. It is now late, and I will say no more, but end this line with bidding my own dear saucy *MD* good night, &c.

19. I am come down proud stomach in one instance, for I went to-day to see the duke of *Buckingham*; but came too late; then I visited Mrs. *Barton*, and thought to have dined with some of the ministry; but it rained, and Mrs. *Vanbomrigh* was nigh, and I took the opportunity of paying her for a scarf she bought me, and dined there; at four I went to congratulate with lord *Shelburn*, for the death of poor lady *Shelburn* dowager; he was at his country house; and returned while I was there, and had not heard of it, and he took it very well. I am now come home before six, and find a packet from the bishop of *Clogher*, with one inclosed to the duke of *Ormond*, which is ten days earlier dated than another I had from *Parvifol*; however, 'tis no matter, for the duke has already disposed of the vice chancellorship to the archbishop of *Tuam**, and I could not help it, for it is a thing wholly you know in the duke's power; and I find the bishop has enemies about the duke. I write this while *Patrick* is folding up my scarf, and doing up the fire (for I keep a fire, it costs me twelve-pence a week) and so be quiet till I am gone to bed, and then sit down by me a little, and we'll talk a few words more. Well; now *MD* is at my bed-side; and now what shall

* Dr. *Vesey*.

we say? How does Mrs. *Stoite*? What had the dean for supper? How much did Mrs. *Walls* win? poor lady *Shelburn*: well, go get you to bed, firrahs.

20. Morning. I was up this morning early, and shaved by candle-light, and write this by the fire-side. Poor *Raymond* just came in and took his leave of me; he is summoned by high order from his wife, but pretends he has had enough of *London*. I was a little melancholy to part with him; he goes to *Bristol*, where they are to be with his merchant brother, and now thinks of staying till *May*; so she must be brought to bed in *England*. He was so easy and manageable, that I almost repent I suffered him to see me so seldom. But he is gone, and will save *Patrick* some lies in a week; *Patrick* is grown admirable at it, and will make his fortune. How now, firrah, must I write in a morning to your impudence? Stay till night, And then I'll write in black and white; By candle-light Of wax so bright, It helps the sight, A bite a bite—Marry come up, mistress Boldface.—At night. Dr. *Raymond* came back, and goes to-morrow. I did not come home till eleven, and found him here to take leave of me. I went to the court of requests, thinking to find Mr. *Harley* and dine with him, and refused *Henley*, and every body, and at last knew not where to go, and met *Jemmy Leigh* by chance, and he was just in the same way, so I dined at his lodgings on a beef-steak, and drank your health, then left him and went to the tavern with *Ben Tooke* and *Portlack*, the duke of *Ormond*'s secretary, drinking nasty white-wine till eleven. I am sick, and ashamed of it, &c.

21. I met that beast *Ferris*, lord *Berkeley's* steward formerly; I walkt with him a turn in the *Park*, and that scoundrel dog is as happy as an emperor, has married a wife with a considerable estate in land and houses about this town, and lives at his ease at *Hammersmith*. See your confounded sect. — Well; I had the same luck to-day with Mr. *Harley*; 'twas a lovely day, and went by water into the city, and dined with *Stratford* at a merchant's house, and walkt home with as great a dunce as *Ferris*, I mean honest colonel *Caufield*, and came home by eight, and now am in bed, and going to sleep for a wager, and will send this letter on *Saturday*, and so; but first I'll wish you a merry *Christmas* and a happy *New-Year*, and pray God we may never keep them asunder again.

22. Morning. I am going now to Mr. *Harley's* *Levee* on purpose to vex him; I'll say I had no other way of seeing him, &c. *Patrick* says, it is a dark morning, and that the duke of *Argyle* is to be knighted to-day, the booby means installed at *Windsor*. But I must rise, for this is a shaving-day, and *Patrick* says, there is a good fire; I wish *MD* were by it, or I by *MD's*. — At night. I forgot to tell you, madam *Dingley*, that I payed nine shilling for your glass and spectacles, of which three were for the bishop's case: I am sorry I did not buy you such another case; but if you like it, I will bring one over with me, pray tell me: the glass to read was four shillings, the spectacles two. And have you had your chocolate? *Leigh* says, he sent the petticoat by one Mr. *Spencer*. Pray have you no further commissions for me? I paid the glass-man but last night, and he would have made me a present of the microscope

cope worth thirty shillings, and would have sent it home along with me ; I thought the deuce was in the man : he said I could do him more service than that was worth, &c. I refused his present, but promised him all service I could do him ; and so now I am obliged in honour to recommend him to every body. — At night. I went to Mr. *Harley's Levee* ; he came and asked me, what I had to do there, and bid me come and dine with him on a family dinner ; which I did, and it was the first time I ever saw his lady and daughter ; at five my lord keeper came in : I told Mr. *Harley*, he had formerly presented me to sir *Simon Harcourt*, but now must to my lord keeper, so he laughed, &c.

23. Morning. This letter goes to-night without fail ; I hope there is none from you yet at the *Coffee-house* ; I'll send and see by and bye ; and let you know, and so and so. *Patrick* goes to see for a letter : what will you lay, Is there one from *MD* or no ? No, I say ; done for six-pence. Why has the dean never once written to me ? I won six-pence ; I won six-pence ; there's not one letter to *Presto*. Good morrow, dear sirrahs : *Stratford* and I dine to-day with lord *Mountjoy*. God Almighty preserve and bless you ; farewell, &c.

I have been dining at lord *Mountjoy's* ; and am come to study ; our news from *Spain* this post takes off some of our fears. The *Parliament* is prorogued to day, or adjourned rather till after the *Holy-days*. Bank stock is 105, so I may get 12*l.* for my bargain already. *Patrick* the puppy is abroad, and how shall I send this letter ? Good night little dears both, and be happy, and remember your poor *Presto*, that wants you sadly, as hope saved. Let me go study, naughty girls, and
don't

don't keep me at the bottom of the paper. O faith, if you knew what lies on my hands constantly, you would wonder to see how I could write such long letters; but we'll talk of that some other time *. Good night again, and God bless dear *MD* with his best blessings, yes, yes, and *Dingley* and *Stella* and me too, &c.

Ask the bishop of *Clogher* about the pun I sent him of lord *Stawell's* brother; 'twill be a pure bite. This letter has 199 lines in it, beside all postscripts; I had a curiosity to reckon.

There's a long letter for you.

It is longer than a sermon, faith.

I had another letter from Mrs. *Fenton*, who says you were with her; I hope you did not go on purpose. I will answer her letter soon; it is about some money in lady *Giffard's* hands.

They say you have had eight packets due to you; so pray, madams, don't blame *Presto*, but the *Wind*.

My humble service to Mrs. *Walls* and Mrs. *Stoite*; I miss'd the former a good while.

L E T T E R XII.

London, Dec. 23, 1710.

I Have sent my 11th to-night as usual, and begin the dozenth, and I told you I dined with *Stratford* at lord *Mountjoy's*, and I'll tell you no more

* Writing the *Examiner*.

at present, guess for why ; because I am going to mind things, and mighty affairs, not your nasty *First-Fruits* : I let them alone till Mr. *Harley* gets the queen's letter, but other things of greater moment, that you shall know one day, when the ducks have eaten up all the dirt. So sit still a while just by me while I am studying, and don't say a word, I charge you, and when I am going to bed, I'll take you along, and talk with you a little while, so there, sit there.—Come then, let us see what we have to say to these saucy brats, that will not let us go sleep at past eleven. Why, I am a little impatient to know how you do ; but that I take it for a standing maxim, that when you are silent, all is pretty well, because that is the way I will deal with you ; and if there was any thing you ought to know now, I would write by the first post, although I had written but the day before. Remember this, young women, and God Almighty preserve you both, and make us happy together ; and tell me how accounts stand between us, that you may be paid long before it is due, not to want. I will return no more money while I stay, so that you need not be in pain to be paid ; but let me know at least a month before you can want. Observe this, d'ye hear, little dear sirrahs, and love *Presto*, as *Presto* loves *MD*, &c.

24. You will have a merryer *Christmas-Eve* than we here. I went up to *Court* before church, and in one of the rooms, there being but little company, a fellow in a red coat without a sword came up to me, and after words of course askt me how the ladies did. I askt, what ladies ? He said, Mrs. *Dingley* and Mrs. *Johnson* : Very well, said I, when I heard from them last : And pray when
came

came you from thence, sir? he said, I never was in *Ireland*; and just at that word lord *Winchelsea* comes up to me, and the man went off: as I went out I saw him again, and recollected him, it was *Vedeau* with a pox: I then went and made my apologies that my head was full of something I had to say to lord *Winchelsea*, &c. and I askt after his wife, and so all was well, and he enquired after my lodging, because he had some favour to desire of me in *Ireland*, to recommend somebody to somebody, I know not what it is. When I came from church I went up to *Court* again, where sir *Edmond Bacon* told me the bad news from *Spain*, which you will hear before this reaches you; as we have it now, we are undone there, and it was odd to see the whole countenances of the court changed so in two hours. Lady *Mountjoy* carried me home to dinner, where I staid not long after and came home early, and now am got into bed, for you must always write to your *MDs* in bed, that's a maxim. Mr. *White* and Mr. *Red*, Write to *MD* when abed; Mr. *Black* and Mr. *Brown*, write to *MD* when you're down; Mr. *Oak* and Mr. *Willow*, Write to *MD* on your pillow.—What's this? faith I smell fire; what can it be; this house has a thousand f—ks in it. I think to leave it on *Thursday*, and lodge over the way. Faith I must rise, and look at my chimney, for the smell grows stronger, stay—I have been up, and in my room, and found all safe, only a mouse within the fender to warm himself, which I could not catch. I smelt nothing there, but now in my bed-chamber I smell it again; I believe I have singed the woolen curtain, and that's all, though I cannot smoak it. *Presfo's* plaguy silly to-night, an't he? Yes, and so he be.

Aye, but if I should wake and see fire. Well ; I'll venture ; so good night, &c.

25. Pray, young women, if I write so much as this every day, how will this paper hold a fortnight's work, and answer one of yours into the bargain ? You never think of this, but let me go on like a simpleton. I wish you a merry *Christmas*, and many, many a one with poor *Presto* at some pretty place. I was at church to-day by eight, and received the sacrament, and came home by ten ; then went to *Court* at two, it was a *Collar-day*, that is, when the knights of the garter wear their collars ; but the queen stay'd so late at sacrament, that I came back, and dined with my neighbour *Ford*, because all people dine at home on this day. This is likewise a *Collar-day* all over *England* in every house, at least where there is *Brawn* : that's very well — I tell you a good pun ; a fellow hard by pretends to cure *Agues*, and has set out a sign, and spells it *Egoes* ; a gentleman and I observing it, said, How does that fellow pretend to cure *Agues* ? I said, I did not know, but I was sure it was not by a *Spell*. That's admirable. And so you askt the bishop about that pun of lord *Stawell's* brother. Bite. Have I caught you, young women ? Must you pretend to ask after roguish puns, and *Latin* ones too ? Oh but you smoakt me, and did not ask the bishop. O but you are a fool, and you did. I met *Vedeau* again at *Court* to-day, and I observed he had a sword on ; I fancy he was broke, and has got a commission, but I never askt him. *Vedeau* I think his name is, yet *Parvisol's* man is *Vedel*, that's true. Bank stock will fall like stock-fish by this bad news, and two days ago I could have got 12*l.* by my bargain ; but I don't intend to sell, and in time it will rise. 'Tis odd, that

my lord *Peterborow* foretold this loss two months ago, one night at Mr. *Harley's*, when I was there; he bid us count upon it, that *Stanhope* would lose *Spain* before *Christmas*, that he would venture his head upon it, and gave us reasons; and though Mr. *Harley* argued the contrary, he still held to his opinion. I was telling my lord *Anglesea* this at *Court* this morning, and a gentleman by said, he had heard my lord *Peterborow* affirm the same thing. I have heard wise folks say, An ill tongue may do much. And 'tis an odd saying, Once I guess right, And I got credit by't; Thrice I guess wrong, And I kept my credit on. No, 'tis you are sorry, not I.

26. By the lord *Harry* I shall be undone here with *Christmas* boxes. The rogues of the *Coffee-house* have raised their tax, every one giving a crown, and I gave mine for shame, besides a great many half-crowns to great mens porters, &c. I went to-day by water into the city, and dined with no less a man than the city printer. There is an intimacy between us, built upon reasons that you shall know when I see you; but the rain caught me within twelve-penny length of home. I called at Mr. *Harley's*, who was not within, dropt my half-crown with his porter, drove to the *Coffee-house*, where the rain kept me till nine. I had letters to-day from the archbishop of *Dublin*, and Mr. *Bernage*; the latter sends me a melancholy account of lady *Shelburn's* death, and his own disappointments, and would gladly be a captain; if I can help him I will.

27. Morning. I bespoke a lodging over the way for to-morrow, and the dog let it yesterday to another; I gave him no earnest, so it seems he could do it; *Patrick* would have had me give

him earnest to bind him; but I would not. So I must go saunter to-day for a lodging somewhere else. Did you ever see so open a winter in *England*? We have not had two frosty days; but it pays it off in rain: we have not had three fair days these six weeks. O faith I dreamt mightily of *MD* last night; but so confused I can't tell a word. I have made *Ford* acquainted with *Lewis*, and to-day we dined together; in the evening I called at one or two neighbour's, hoping to spend a *Christmas* evening; but none were at home, they were all gone to be merry with others. I have often observed this, That in merry times every body is abroad: where the duce are they? So I went to the *Coffee-house*, and talkt with Mr. *Addison* an hour, who at last remembered to give me two letters, which I can't answer to-night, nor to-morrow neither, I can assure you, young women, count upon that. I have other things to do than to answer naughty girls, an old saying and true. Letters from *MDs* Must not be answered in ten days: 'tis but bad rhyme, &c.

28. To-day I had a message from sir *Thomas Hanmer* to dine with him, the famous Dr. *Smallridge* was of the company, and we sat till six, and I came home to my new lodgings in *St. Alban Street*, where I pay the same rent (eight shillings a week) for an apartment two pair of stairs; but I have the use of the parlour to receive persons of quality, and I am got into my new bed, &c.

29. Sir *Andrew Fountain* has been very ill this week; and sent to me early this morning to have prayers, which you know is the last thing. I found the doctors and all in despair about him. I read prayers to him, found he had settled all things; and when I came out, the nurse askt me,
whether

whether I thought it possible he could live ; for the doctors thought not. I said, I believed he would live ; for I found the seeds of life in him, which I observe seldom fail ; (and I found them in poor dearest *Stella*, when she was ill many years ago) and to-night I was with him again, and he was mightily recovered, and I hope he will do well, and the doctor approved my reasons ; but if he should die, I should come off scurvily. The secretary of state (*Mr. St. John*) sent to me to dine with him ; *Mr. Harley* and lord *Peterborow* dined there too, and at night came lord *Rivers*. Lord *Peterborow* goes to *Vienna* in a day or two : he has promised to make me write to him. *Mr. Harley* went away at six, but we staid till seven. I took the secretary aside, and complained to him of *Mr. Harley*, that he had got the queen to grant the *First-Fruits*, promised to bring me to her, and get her letter to the bishops of *Ireland* ; but the last part he had not done in six weeks, and I was in danger to lose reputation, &c. He took the matter right, desired me to be with him on *Sunday* morning, and promises me to finish the affair in four days ; so I shall know in a little time what I have to trust to.—It is nine of clock, and I must go study, you little rogues ; and so good night, &c.

30. Morning. The weather grows cold, you sauce-boxes. Sir *Andrew Fountain*, they bring me word, is better. I'll go rise, for my hands are starving while I write in bed.—Night. Now Sir *Andrew Fountain* is recovering, he desires to be at ease ; for I called in the morning to read prayers, but he had given orders not to be disturbed. I have lost a legacy by his living ; for he told me he had left me a picture and some books, &c. I

called to see my *quondam* neighbour *Ford* (do you know what *quondam* is? though) and he engaged me to dine with him; for he always dines at home on *Opera*-days. I came home at six, writ to the archbishop, then studied till past eleven, and stole to bed, to write to *MD* these few lines to let you know I am in good health at the present writing hereof, and hope in God *MD* is so too. I wonder I never write politicks to you: I could make you the profoundest politician in all the lane.—Well, but when shall we answer this letter N. 8. of *MD*'s? Not till next year, faith. O Lord—but that will be a *Monday* next. Cod's so, is it; and so it is: never saw the like.—I made a pun t'other day to *Ben Portlack* about a pair of drawers. Poh, said he, that's mine a——all over. Pray, pray, *Dingley*, let me go sleep; pray, pray, *Stella*, let me go slumber, and put out my wax candle.

31. Morning. It is now seven, and I have got a fire, but am writing a-bed in my bed-chamber. 'Tis not shaving-day, so I shall be ready early to go before church to Mr. *St. John*, and to-morrow I will answer our *MD*'s letter. Would you answer *MD*'s letter, On *New-year's*-day you'll do it better: For when the year with *MD*'gins, It without *MD* never lins. (These Proverbs have always old words in them; *lins* is leaves off.) But if on *New-year* you write nones, *MD* then will bang your bones.—But *Patrick* says I must rise.—Night. I was early this morning with secretary *St. John*, and gave him a memorial to get the queen's letter for the *First Fruits*, who has promised to do it in a very few days. He told me he had been with the duke of *Marlborough*, who was lamenting his former wrong steps

steps in joining with the *Whigs*, and said he was worn out with age, fatigues, and misfortunes. I swear it pityed me; and I really think they will not do well in too much mortifying that man, although indeed it is his own fault. He is covetous as *Hell*, and ambitious as the *Prince* of it: he would fain have been general for life, and has broken all endeavours for Peace, to keep his greatness and get money. He told the queen, he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She said, if she could have conveniently turned about, she would have laughed, and could hardly forbear it in his face. He fell in with all the abominable measures of the late ministry, because they gratified him for their own designs. Yet he has been a successful general, and I hope he will continue his command. O Lord, smother the politics to *MD*. Well; but if you like them, I will scatter a little now and then, and mine are all fresh from the chief hands. Well, I dined with Mr. *Harley*, and came away at six: there was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr. *Harley* made me read a paper of verses of *Prior's*. I read them plain without any fine manner, and *Prior* swore I should never read any of his again; but he would be revenged, and read some of mine as bad. I excused myself, and said, I was famous for reading verses the worst in the world*, and that every body snatcht them from me when I offered to begin. So we laughed.—Sir *Andrew Fountain* still continues ill. He is plagued with some sort of bile.

Jan. 1. Morning. I wish my dearest pretty *Dingley* and *Stella* a happy new-year, and health,

* Although it be said in jest, there is some truth in this.

and mirth, and good stomachs, and *Fr's* company. Faith, I did not know how to write *Fr*. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write *pdfr* †. *Patrick* wishes me a happy New-year, and desires I would rise, for it is a good fire, and faith 'tis cold. I was so politick last night with *MD*, never saw the like. Get the *Examiners*, and read them; the last nine or ten are full of the reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see Sir *Andrew Fountain*; but perhaps to-night I may answer *MD's* letter: so good morrow, my mistresses all, good morrow. I wish you both a merry New-year, Roast beef, minced pyes, and good strong beer, And me a share of your good cheer. That I was there, or you were here, And you're a little saucy dear.—Good morrow again, dear sirrahs; one cannot rise for your play.—At night. I went this morning to visit lady *Kerry* and lord *Shelburn*, and they made me dine with them. Sir *Andrew Fountain* is better. And now let us come and see what this saucy dear letter of *MD* says. Come out, letter, come out from between the sheets: here it is underneath, and it won't come out. Come out again, I say: so there. Here it is. What says *Presto* to me; pray? says it. Come, and let me answer for you to your ladies. Hold up your head then, like a good letter. There. Pray, how have you got up with *Presto*? madam *Stella*. You write your eighth when you receive mine: now I write my twelfth, when I receive your eighth. Don't you allow for what are upon the road, simpleton? What say you to that? And so you kept *Presto's* little birth-

† *Presto*.

day,

day, I warrant: would to God I had been at the health rather than here, where I have no manner of pleasure, nothing but eternal business upon my hands. I shall grow wise in time; but no more of that: only I say *Amen* with my heart and vitals, that we may never be asunder again ten days together while poor *Presto* lives.——

—— I can't be merry so near any splenitick talk; so I made that long line, and now all's well again. Yes, you are a pretending flut, indeed, with your fourth and fifth in the margin, and your journal, and every thing. Wind—we saw no wind here, nothing at all extraordinary at any time. We had it once when you had it not. But an old saying and a true; I hate all wind, Before and behind, From cheeks with eyes, or from blind——. Your chimney fall down! God preserve you. I suppose you only mean a brick or two: but that's a damn'd lie of your chimney being carried to the next house with the wind. Don't put such things upon us; those matters won't pass here: keep a little to possibilities. My lord *Hertford* would have been ashamed of such a stretch. You should take care of what company you converse with: when one gets that faculty, 'tis hard to break one's self of it. *Jemmy Leigh* talks of going over; but *quando*? I don't know when he'll go. O, now you have had my ninth, now you are come up with me; marry come up with you, indeed. I know all that business of lady S——. Will nobody cut that D——y's throat? Five hundred pounds do you call poor pay for living three months the life of a king? They say she died with grief, partly, being forced to appear as witness in *Court* about some squabble among their servants.——The bishop of *Clogher* shewed you a pamphlet. Well, but

but you must not give your mind to believe those things ; people will say any thing. The character is here reckoned admirable, but most of the facts are trifles. It was first printed privately here ; and then some bold cur ventured to do it publickly, and sold two thousand in two days : who the author is must remain uncertain. Do you pretend to know, impudence ? How durst you think so ? Pox on your parliaments : the archbishop has told me of it ; but we do not vouchsafe to know any thing of it here. No, no, no more of your giddiness yet ; thank you, *Stella*, for asking after it ; thank you ; God Almighty bless you for your kindness to poor *Presto*. You write to lady *Giffard* and your mother upon what I advise when it is too late. But yet I fancy this bad news will bring down stocks so low, that one might buy to great advantage. I design to venture going to see your mother some day when lady *Giffard* is abroad. Well, keep your *Rathburn* and stuff. I thought he was to pay in your money upon his houses to be flung down about the what d'ye call it.—Well, madam *Dingley*, I sent your inclosed to *Bristol*, but have not heard from *Raymond* since he went. Come, come, young women, I keep a good fire ; it costs me twelve-pence a week, and I fear something more ; vex me, and I'll have one in my bed chamber too. No, did not I tell you but just now, we have no high winds here. Have you forgot already ?—Now you're at it again, silly *Stella* ; why does your mother say, my candles are scandalous ? They are good fixes in the pound, and she said, I was extravagant enough to burn them by day-light. I never burn fewer at a time than one. What would people have ? The D—burst *Hawkshaw*. He told me he had not the box, and the next day *Sterne* told me he had sent it a fortnight

fortnight ago ; *Patrick* could not find him t'other day, but he shall to-morrow : Dear life and heart, do you tease me ? does *Stella* tease *Presto* ? That pally-water was in the box ; it was too big for a packet, and I was afraid of its breaking. *Leigh* was not in town then, or I would not have trusted it to *Sterne*, whom yet I have befriended enough to do me more kindness than that. I'll never rest till you have it, or till it is in a way for you to have it. Poor dear rogue, naughty to think it teases me ; How could I ever forgive myself for neglecting any thing that related to your health ? Sure I were a *Devil* if I did. —————

————— See how far I am forced to stand from *Stella*, because I am afraid she thinks poor *Presto* has not been careful about her little things ; I am sure I bought them immediately according to order, and packt them up with my own hands, and sent them to *Sterne*, and was six times with him about sending them away. I am glad you are pleased with your glasses. I have got another velvet cap, a new one lord *Herbert* bought and presented me one morning I was at breakfast with him, where he was as merry and easy as ever I saw him, yet had received a challenge half an hour before, and half an hour after fought a duel. It was about ten days ago. You are mistaken in your guesses about *Tatlers* : I did neither write that on *Noses* nor *Religion*, nor do I send him of late any hints at all. —Indeed, *Stella*, when I read your letter, I was not uneasy at all ; but when I came to answer the particulars, and found that you had not received your box, it grated me to the heart, because I thought through your little words, that you imagined I had not taken the care I ought. But there has been some blunder in this matter, which

which I will know to-morrow, and write to *Sterne*, for fear he should not be within.—And pray, pray *Presto*, pray now do.—No, *Raymond* was not above four times with me while he staid, and then only while I was dressing. Mrs. *Fenton* * has written me another letter about some money of hers in lady *Giffard*'s hands, that is intrusted to me by my mother, not to come to her husband. I send my letters constantly every fortnight, and if you will have them oftener you may, but then they will be the shorter. Pray, let *Parvisol* sell the horse. I think I spoke to you of it in a former letter : I am glad you are rid of him; and was in pain while I thought you rode him; but if he would buy you another, or any body else, and that you could be often able to ride, why don't you do it ?

2. I went this morning early to the secretary of state, Mr. *St. John*, and he told me from Mr. *Harley*, that the warrant was now drawn, in order for a patent for the *First-Fruits* : it must pass through several offices, and take up some time, because in things the queen gives they are always considerate ; but that he assures me 'tis granted and done, and past all dispute, and desires I will not be in any pain at all. I will write again to the archbishop to-morrow, and tell him this, and I desire you will say it on occasion. From the secretary I went to Mr. *Sterne*, who said he would write to you to-night, and that the box must be at *Chester*, and that some friend of his goes very soon, and will carry it over. I dined with Mr. secretary *St. John*, and at six went to *Darteneuf*'s house to drink punch with him, and

* Mrs. *Fenton* was sister to Dr. *Swift*.

Mr. *Addison*, and little *Harrison*, a young poet whose fortune I am making. *Steele* was to have been there, but came not, nor never did twice, since I knew him, to any appointment. I staid till past eleven, and am now in bed. *Steele's* last *Tatler* came out to-day. You will see it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world. He never told so much as Mr. *Addison* of it, who was surprized as much as I; but, to say the truth, it was time, for he grew cruel dull and dry. To my knowledge he had several good hints to go upon; but he was so lazy and weary of the work, that he would not improve them. I think I'll send this after * to-morrow: Shall I before 'tis full *Dingley*?

3. Lord *Peterborow* yesterday called me into a barber's shop, and there we talkt deep politicks: he desired me to dine with him to day at the *Globe* in the *Strand*; he said he would shew me so clearly how to get *Spain*, that I could not possibly doubt it. I went to-day accordingly, and saw him among half a dozen lawyers and attornies and hang-dogs, signing of deeds and stuff before his journey; for he goes to-morrow to *Vienna*. I sat among that scurvy company till after four, but heard nothing of *Spain*; only I find, by what he told me before, that he fears he shall do no good in his present journey. We are to be mighty constant correspondents. So I took my leave of him, and called at Sir *Andrew Fountain's*, who mends much. I came home, and please you, at six, and have been studying till now past eleven.

4. Morning. Morrow, little dears. O, faith, I have been dreaming; I was to be put in prison,

* *After* is interlined.

I don't

I don't know why, and I was so afraid of a black dungeon ; and then all I had been enquiring yesterday of Sir *Andrew Fountain's* sickness I thought was of poor *Stella*. The worst of dreams is, that one wakes just in the humour they leave one. Shall I send this to-day ? With all my heart : it is two days within the fortnight ; but may be *MD* are in haste to have a round dozen, and then how are you come up to me with your eighth, young women ? But you indeed ought to write twice slower than I, because there are two of you ; I own that.—Well then, I'll seal up this letter by my morning candle, and carry it into the city with me, where I go to dine, and put it in the post-office with my own fair hands. So, let me see whether I have any news to tell *MD*. They say, they will very soon make some enquiries into the corruptions of the late ministry ; and they must do it, to justify their turning them out. *Atterbury* we think is to be dean of *Christ-Church* in *Oxford* ; but the *College* would rather have *Smalridge*—What's all this to you ? What care you for *Atterburys* and *Smallridges* ? No, you care for nothing but *Presto*, faith. So I'll rise, and bid you farewell ; yet I'm loth to do so, because there is a great bit of paper yet to talk upon ; but *Dingley* will have it so : Yes, says she, makes your journals shorter, and send them oftener ; and so I will. And I have cheated you another way too ; for this is clipt paper, and holds at least six lines less than the former ones. I'll tell you a good thing I said to my lord *Carteret*. So, says he, my lord——came up to me, and askt me, &c. No, said I, my lord——never did, nor ever can come up to you. We all pun here sometimes. Lord *Carteret* set down *Prior* t'other day in his chariot, and *Prior* thanked him for

for his *Charity* ; that was fit for *Dilly* *. I don't remember I heard one good one from the ministry, which is really a shame. *Henley* is gone to the country for *Christmas*. The puppy comes here without his wife, and keeps no house, and would have me dine with him at eating-houses ; but I have only done it once, and will do it no more. He had not seen me for some time in the *Coffee-house*, and asking after me, desired lord *Herbert* to tell me, I was a *Beast* for ever after the order of *Melchisedec*. Did you ever read the *Scripture* ? It is only changing the word *Priest* to *Beast*.—I think I am bewitched to write so much in a morning to you, little *MD*. Let me go, will you ? and I'll come again to-night in a fine clean sheet of paper ; but I can nor will stay no longer now ; no, I won't, for all your wheedling : no, no, look off, don't smile at me, and say, Pray, pray, *Presto*, write a little more. Ah ! you're a wheedling flut, you be so. Nay, but prithee turn about, and let me go, do ; 'tis a good girl, and do. O faith, my morning candle is just out, and I must go now in spite of my teeth ; for my bed-chamber is dark with curtains, and I'm at the wrong side. So farewell, &c. &c.

I am in the dark almost : I must have another candle, when I am up, to seal this ; but I'll fold it up in the dark, and make what you can of this, for I can only see this paper I am writing upon. Service to Mrs. *Walls* and Mrs. *Stoite*.

God Almighty bless you, &c. What I am doing I can't see ; but I'll fold it up, and not look on it again.

* *Dillon Ashe*.

L E T T E R XIII.

London, January 4, 1710-11.

I WAS going into the city (where I dined) and put my 12th, with my own fair hands, into the post-office as I came back, which was not till nine this night. I dined with people that you never heard of, nor is it worth your while to know; an authorefs and a printer. I walked home for exercise, and at eleven got to bed, and all the while I was undressing my self, there was I speaking monkey things in air, just as if *MD* had been by, and did not recollect myself till I got into bed. I writ last night to the archbishop, and told him the warrant was drawn for the *First-Fruits*, and I told him lord *Peterborow* was set out for his journey to *Vienna*; but it seems the lords have address'd to have him stay to be examined about *Spanish* affairs, upon this defeat there, and to know where the fault lay, &c. So I writ to the archbishop a lie; but I think it was not a sin.

5. Mr. secretary *St. John* sent for me this morning so early that I was forced to go without shaving, which put me quite out of method: I called at Mr. *Ford's*, and desired him to lend me a shaving, and so made a shift to get into order again. Lord! here's an impertinence: Sir *Andrew Fountain's* mother and sifter are come above a hundred miles from *Worcester* to see him before he died. They got here but yesterday, and he must have been past hopes, or past fears, before they could reach him. I fell a scolding when I heard they were coming; and the people about him wondered at me, and said what a mighty content it

8

would

would be on both sides to die when they were with him. I knew the mother ; she is the greatest Overdo upon earth, and the sister, they say, is worse ; the poor man will relapse again among them. Here was the scoundrel brother always crying in the outer room till Sir *Andrew* was in danger, and the dog was to have all his estate if he died ; and 'tis an ignorant, worthless, scoundrel rake : and the nurses were comforting him, and desiring he would not take on so. I dined to-day the first time with *Ophy Butler* and his wife ; and you supped with the dean, and lost two and twenty pence at cards. And so Mrs. *Walls* is brought to-bed of a girl, who died two days after it was christened ; and betwixt you and me, she is not very sorry : she loves her ease and diversions too well to be troubled with children. I'll go to bed.

6. Morning. I went last night to put some coals on my fire after *Patrick* was gone to bed ; and there I saw in a closet a poor linnet he has bought to bring over to *Dingley* : it cost him six-pence, and is as tame as a dormouse. I believe he does not know he is a bird : where you put him, there he stands, and seems to have neither hope nor fear ; I suppose in a week he will die of the spleen. *Patrick* advised with me before he bought him. I laid fairly before him the greatness of the sum and the rashness of the attempt ; shewed how impossible it was to carry him safe over the salt sea : but he would not take my counsel, and he'll repent it. 'Tis very cold this morning in bed, and I hear there is a good fire in the room without, what do you call it, the dining-room. I hope it will be good weather, and so let me rise, firrahs, do so.—At night. I was this morning

to visit the dean, or Mr. *Prolocutor*, I think you call him, don't you? Why should not I go to the dean's as well as you? A little black man of pretty near fifty? Aye, the same. A good pleasant man? Aye, the same. Cunning enough? Yes. One that understands his own interests? As well as any body. How comes it *MD* and I don't meet there sometimes? A very good face, and abundance of wit; do you know his lady? O Lord! * whom do you mean? I mean Dr. *Atterbury*, dean of *Carlisle* and *Prolocutor*. Pshaw, *Presto*, you are a fool: I thought you had meant our dean of *St. Patrick's*.—Silly, filly, filly, you are filly, both are filly, every kind of thing is filly. As I walked into the city, I was stopt with clusters of boys and wenches buzzing about the cake-shops like flies. There had the fools let out their shops two yards forward into the streets, all spread with great cakes frothed with sugar, and stuck with streamers of tinsel. And then I went to *Bateman's* the bookseller, and laid out eight and forty shillings for books. I bought three little volumes of *Lucian* in *French* for our *Stella*, and so and so. Then I went to *Garraway's* to meet *Stratford* and dine with him; but it was an idle day with the merchants, and he was gone to our end of the town: so I dined with Sir *Thomas Frankland* at the post-office, and we drank your *Manley's* health. It was in a news-paper that he was turned out; but secretary *St. John* told me it was false, only that news-writer is a plaguy *Tory*. I have not seen one bit of *Christmas* merriment.

* Dr. *Sterne*, dean of *St. Patrick's*, was not a married man, which seems to have been the cause of this surprize in *MD*.

7. Morning. Your new lord chancellor sets out to-morrow for *Ireland*: I never saw him. He carries over one *Trap* a parson as his chaplain, a sort of pretender to wit, a second-rate pamphleteer for the cause, whom they pay by sending him to *Ireland*: I never saw *Trap* neither. I met *Tighe* and your *Smyth* of *Lovel's* yesterday by the *Exchange*. *Tighe* and I took no notice of each other; but I stopt *Smyth*, and told him of the box that lies for you at *Chester*, because he says he goes very soon to *Ireland*, I think this week: and I will send this morning to *Sterne*, to take measures with *Smyth*; so good morrow, firrahs, and let me rise, pray. I took up this paper when I came in at evening, I mean this minute, and then said I, No, no, indeed, *MD*, you must stay, and then was laying it aside, but could not for my heart, though I am very busy, till I just ask you how you do since morning; by and bye we shall talk more, so let me leave you softly down, little paper, till then; so there—now to business; there, I say, get you gone; no, I won't push you neither, but hand you on one side—So—Now I am got into bed, I'll talk with you. Mr. secretary *St. John* sent for me this morning in all haste; but I would not lose my shaving, for fear of missing church. I went to *Court*, which is of late always very full, and young *Manley* and I dined at fir *Matthew Dudley's*.—I must talk politicks. I protest I am afraid we shall all be embroiled with parties. The *Whigs*, now they are fallen, are the most malicious toads in the world. We have had now a second misfortune, the loss of several *Virginia* ships. I fear people will begin to think that nothing thrives under this ministry: and if the ministry can once be rendered odious to the people, the *parliament* may be chosen *Whig* or

Tory as the queen pleases. Then I think our friends press a little too hard on the duke of *Marlborough*. The country members * are violent to have past faults enquired into, and they have reason; but I do not observe the ministry to be very fond of it. In my opinion we have nothing to save us but a *Peace*, and I am sure we cannot have such a one as we hoped, and then the *Whigs* will bawl what they would have done had they continued in power. I tell the ministry this as much as I dare, and shall venture to say a little more to them, especially about the duke of *Marlborough*, who, as the *Whigs* give out, will lay down his command; and I question whether ever any wise state laid aside a general who had been successful nine years together, whom the enemy so much dread; and his own soldiers cannot but believe must always conquer; and you know that in war opinion is nine parts in ten. The ministry hear me always with appearance of regard, and much kindness; but I doubt they let personal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. Mean time, they seem to value all this as nothing, and are as easy and merry as if they had nothing in their hearts or upon their shoulders, like physicians, who endeavour to cure, but feel no grief, whatever the patient suffers.—Pshaw, what's all this? Do you know one thing, that I find I can write politicks to you much easier than to any body alive. But I swear my head is full, and I wish I were at *Laracor* with dear charming *MD*, &c.

8. Morning. Methinks, young women, I have made a great progress in four days, at the bottom of this side already, and no letter yet come from

* Those were afterwards called the *October Club*.

MD. (that word interlined is morning.) I find I have been writing state affairs to *MD.* How do they relish it? Why, any thing that comes from *Preslo* is welcome; though really, to confess the truth, if they had their choice, not to disguise the matter, they had rather, &c. Now, *Preslo*, I must tell you, you grow silly, says *Stella*. That's but one body's opinion, madam. I promised to be with Mr. secretary *St. John* this morning; but I am lazy and won't go, because I had a letter from him yesterday to desire I would dine there to-day. I shall be chid; but what care I?—Here has been Mrs. *South* with me, just come from Sir *Andrew Fountain*, and going to market. He is still in a fever, and may live or die. His mother and sister are now come up and in the house, so there's a lurry. I gave Mrs. *South* half a pistole for a New-year's gift. So good morrow, dears both, till anon.—At night. Lord, I have been with Mr. Secretary from dinner till eight; and though I drank wine and water, I am so hot! Lady *Stanley* came to visit Mrs. *St. John*, and sent up for me, to make up a quarrel with Mrs. *St. John*, whom I never yet saw; and do you think that devil of a secretary would let me go, but kept me by main force, though I told him I was in love with his lady, and it was a shame to keep back a lover, &c. But all would not do; so at last I was forced to break away, but never went up, it was then too late; and here I am, and have a great deal to do to-night, though it be nine o'clock; but one must say something to these naughty *MDs*, else there will be no quiet.

9. To-day *Ford* and I set apart to go into the city to buy books; but we only had a scurvy din-

ner at an alehouse, and he made me go to the tavern, and drink *Florence*, four and six-pence a flask ; damned wine ! so I spent my money, which I seldom do, and past an insipid day, and saw nobody, and 'tis now ten o'clock, and I have nothing to say, but that 'tis a fortnight to-morrow since I had a letter from *MD*, but if I have it time enough to answer here, 'tis well enough, otherwise wo betide you, faith ; I'll go to the toyman's, here just in *Pall-mall*, and he sells great hugeous battoons ; yes, faith, and so he does. Does not he, *Dingley* ? Yes, faith. Don't lose your money this *Christmas*.

10. I must go this morning to Mr. secretary *St. John*. I promised yesterday, but failed, so can't write any more till night to poor dear *MD*.
 ——At night. O faith, *Dingley*, I had company in the morning, and could not go where I designed ; and I had a basket from *Raymond* at *Bristol*, with six bottles of wine and a pound of chocolate, and some tobacco to snuff ; and he writ under, the carriage was paid ; but he lied, or I am cheated, or there is a mistake ; and he has written to me so confusedly about some things, that *Lucifer* could not understand him. This wine is to be drank with *Harley's* brother and Sir *Robert Raymond*, solicitor-general, in order to recommend the doctor to your new lord chancellor, who left this place on *Monday*, and *Raymond* says he is hasting to *Chester* to go with him.——I suppose he leaves his wife behind ; for when he left *London* he had no thoughts of stirring till *Summer*. So I suppose he will be with you before this. *Ford* came and desired I would dine with him, because it was *Opera-day*, which I did, and sent excuses to lord *Shelburn* who had invited me.

11. I am setting up a new *Tatler*, little *Harrison*, whom I have mentioned to you. Others have put him on it, and I encourage him; and he was with me this morning and evening, shewing me his first, which comes out on *Saturday*. I doubt he will not succeed, for I do not much approve his manner; but the scheme is Mr. secretary *St. John's* and mine, and would have done well enough in good hands. I recommended him to a printer, whom I sent for, and settled the matter between them this evening. *Harrison* has just left me, and I am tired with correcting his trash.

12. I was this morning upon some business with Mr. secretary *St. John*, and he made me promise to dine with him, which otherwise I would have done with Mr. *Harley*, whom I have not been with these ten days. I cannot but think they have mighty difficulties upon them; yet I always find them as easy and disengaged as school-boys on a holiday. *Harley* has the procuring of five or six millions on his shoulders, and the *Whigs* will not lend a groat; which is the only reason of the fall of stocks: for they are like quakers and fanatics, that will only deal among themselves, while all others deal indifferently with them. Lady *Marlborough* offers, if they will let her keep her employments, never to come into the queen's presence. The *Whigs* say the duke of *Marlborough* will serve no more; but I hope and think otherwise. I would to Heaven I were this minute with *MD* at *Dublin*; for I am weary of politicks, that give me such melancholy prospects.

13. O faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and hope I shall have no more this good while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you, little rogues; but now it is over. I dined to-day with lord *Shelburn*, and to-day little *Harrison's* new *Tatler* came out: there is not much in it, but I hope he will mend. You must understand that upon *Steele's* leaving off, there were two or three scrub *Tatlers* came out, and one of them holds on still, and to-day it advertised against *Harrison's*; and so there must be disputes which are genuine, like the straps for razors. I am afraid the little toad has not the true vein for it. I'll tell you a copy of verses. When Mr. *St. John* was turned out from being secretary at war, three years ago, he retired to the country: there he was talking of something he would have written over his *summer-house*, and a gentleman gave him these verses;

From business and the noisy world retir'd,
Nor vex'd by love, nor by ambition fir'd;
Gently I wait the call of, *Charon's* boat,
Still drinking like a fish, and — like a float.

He swore to me he could hardly bear the jest; for he pretended to retire like a philosopher, though he was but twenty-eight years old: and I believe the thing was true; for he had been a thorough rake. I think the three grave lines do introduce the last well enough. Od so, but I'll go sleep; I sleep early now.

14. O faith, young women, I want a letter from *MD*; 'tis now nineteen days since I had the last; and where have I room to answer it,
pray?

pray ? I hope I shall send this away without any answer at all ; for I'll hasten it, and away it goes on *Tuesday*, by which time this side will be full. I'll send it two days sooner on purpose out of spight, and the very next day after, you must know, your letter will come, and then 'tis too late, and I'll so laugh, never saw the like ! 'Tis *Spring* with us already. I eat asparagus t'other day. Did you ever see such a frostless winter ? Sir *Andrew Fountain* lies still extreamly ill ; it costs him ten guineas a day to doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries, and has done so these three weeks. I dined to-day with Mr. *Ford* ; he sometimes chuses to dine at home, and I am content to dine with him ; and at night I called at the *Coffee-house*, where I had not been in a week, and talk'd coldly a while with Mr. *Addison* ; all our friendship and dearness are off : we are civil acquaintance, talk words of course, of when we shall meet, and that's all. I have not been at any house with him these six weeks : t'other day we were to have dined together at the comptroller's ; but I sent my excuses, being engaged to the secretary of state. Is not it odd ? But I think he has used me ill, and I have used him too well, at least his friend *Steele*.

15. It has cost me three guineas to-day for a periwig. I am undone ! It was made by a *Leicester* lad, who married Mr. *Worrall's* daughter, where my mother lodged ; so I thought it would be cheap, and especially since he lives in the city. Well, *London* lick-penny : I find it true. I have given *Harrison* hints for another *Tatler* to-morrow. The jackanapes wants a right taste ? I doubt he won't do. I dined with my friend *Lewis* of the secretary's office, and am got home early, because

because I have much business to do ; but before I begin I must needs say something to *MD*, faith—No, faith, I lie, it is but nineteen days to-day since my last from *MD*. I have got Mr. *Harley* to promise, that whatever changes are made in the council, the bishop of *Clogher* shall not be removed, and he has got a memorial accordingly. I will let the bishop know so much in a post or two. This is a secret ; but I know he has enemies, and they shall not be gratified, if they designed any such thing, which perhaps they might ; for some changes there will be made. So drink up your claret, and be quiet, and don't lose your money.

16. Morning. Faith I'll send this letter to-day to shame you, if I han't one from *MD* before night, that's certain. Won't you grumble for want of the third side, pray now ? Yes, I warrant you ; yes, yes, you shall have the third, you shall so, when you can catch it, some other time ; when you be writing girls.—O faith, I think I won't stay till night, but seal up this just now, and carry it in my pocket, and whip it into the post-office as I come home at evening. I am going out early this morning.—*Patrick's* bills for coals and candles, &c. come sometimes to three shillings a week ; I keep very good fires, [though the weather be warm. *Ireland* will never be happy till you get small coal likewise ; nothing so easy, so convenient, so cheap, so pretty for lighting a fire. My service to Mrs. *Stoite* and *Walls*, has she a boy or a girl ? A girl, hmm ; and died in a week, hmmm, and was poor *Stella* forced to stand for godmother ?——Let me know how accounts stand, that you may have your money betimes. There's four months for my lodging, that must be thought on too : and so go dine with *Manley*,
and

and lose your money, do extravagant fluttikin, but don't fret.—It will be just three weeks when I have the next letter, that's to-morrow. Farewel, dearest beloved *MD*, and love poor, poor *Presto*, who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope saved.—It is the last fally I will ever make, but I hope it will turn to some account. I have done more for these, and I think they are more honest than the last; however, I will not be disappointed. I would make *MD* and me easy; and I never desired more.—Farewel, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XIV.

London, Jan. 16, 1710-11.

O Faith, young women, I have sent my letter *N. 13.* without one crumb of an answer to any of *MD*'s, there's for you now; and yet *Presto* ben't angry faith, not a bit, only he will begin to be in pain next *Irish* post, except he sees *MD*'s little hand writing in the glass-frame at the bar of *St. James's Coffee-house*, where *Presto* would never go but for that purpose. *Presto*'s at home, God help him, every night from six till bed-time, and has as little enjoyment or pleasure in life at present as any body in the world, although in full favour with all the ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives *Presto* any sort of dream of happiness but a letter now and then from his own dearest *MD*. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come, I comfort myself, that I have it yet to be happy with. Yes faith, and when I write to *MD*, I am happy too; it is just as if methinks you were here and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been: Well, says you,

you, *Presto*, come, where have you been to-day? come, let's hear now. And so then I answer; *Ford* and I were visiting Mr. *Lewis*, and Mr. *Prior*, and *Prior* has given me a fine *Plautus*, and then *Ford* would have had me dine at his lodgings, and so I would not; and so I dined with him at an eating-house; which I have not done five times since I came here; and so I came home, after visiting Sir *Andrew Fountain's* mother and sister, and Sir *Andrew Fountain* is mending, though slowly.

17. I was making, this morning, some general visits, and at twelve I called at the *Coffee-house* for a letter from *MD*; so the man said, he had given it to *Patrick*; then I went to the court of requests and treasury, to find Mr. *Harley*, and after some time spent in mutual reproaches, I promised to dine with him; I staid there till seven, then called at *Sterne's* and *Leigh's* to talk about your box, and to have it sent by *Smyth*; *Sterne* says, he has been making enquiries, and will set things right as soon as possible. I suppose it lies at *Chester*, at least I hope so, and only wants a lift over to you. Here has little *Harrison* been to complain, that the printer I recommended to him for his *Tatler*, is a coxcomb; and yet to see how things will happen; for this very printer is my cousin, his name is *Dryden Leach*; did you never hear of *Dryden Leach*, he that prints the *Post-man*? He acted *Oronoko*, he's in love with Miss *Crosse*.—Well, so I came home to read my letter from *Stella*, but the dog *Patrick* was abroad; at last he came, and I got my letter; I found another hand had superscribed it; when I opened it, I found it written all in *French*, and subscribed *Bernage*: faith I was ready to fling it at *Patrick's* head.

Bernage

Bernage tells me, he had been to desire your recommendation to me to make him a captain, and your cautious answer, “*That he had as much power with me as you,*” was a notable one; if you were here I would present you to the ministry as a person of ability. *Bernage* should let me know where to write to him; this is the second letter I have had without any direction; however, I beg I may not have a third, but that you will ask him, and send me how I shall direct to him. In the mean time, tell him, that if regiments are to be raised here, as he says, I will speak to *George Granville*, secretary at war, to make him a captain; and use what other interest I conveniently can. I think that is enough, and so tell him, and don’t trouble me with his letters, when I expect them from *MD*; do you hear, young women, write to *Presto*.

18. I was this morning with Mr. secretary *St. John*, and we were to dine at Mr. *Harley*’s alone, about some business of importance; but there were two or three gentlemen there. Mr. secretary and I went together from his office to Mr. *Harley*’s, and thought to have been very wise; but the deuce a bit, the company staid, and more came, and *Harley* went away at seven, and the secretary and I staid with the rest of the company till eleven; I would then have had him come away; but he was in for’t; and though he swore he would come away at that stask, there I left him. I wonder at the civility of these people; when he saw I would drink no more, he would always pass the bottle by me, and yet I could not keep the toad from drinking himself, nor he would not let me go neither, nor *Masbam*, who was with us. When I got home, I found a parcel directed to me, and opening it, I found a pamphlet

phlet written entirely against myself, not by name, but against something I writ: it is pretty civil, and affects to be so, and I think I will take no notice of it; 'tis against something written very lately; and indeed I know not what to say, nor do I care; and so you are a sawcy rogue for losing your money to-day at *Stoite's*; to let that bungler beat you, fye *Stella*, an't you ashamed? Well, I forgive you this once, never do so again; no, noooo. Kifs and be friends, firrah.—Come, let me go sleep, I go earlier to bed than formerly; and have not been out so late these two months; but the secretary was in a drinking humour. So good night my own little dear sawcy insolent rogues.

19. Then you read that long word in the last line, no * faith han't you. Well, when will this letter come from our *MD*? to-morrow or next day without fail; yes faith, and so it is coming. This was an insipid snowy day, no walking day, and I dined gravely with Mrs. *Van-homrigh*, and came home, and am now got to bed a little after ten; I remember old *Culpepper's* maxim. Would you have a settled head, You must early go to bed: I tell you and I tell't again, You must be in bed at ten.

20. And so I went to-day with my new wig, o hoao, to visit lady *Worsley*, whom I had not seen before, although she was near a month in town; then I walkt in the *Park* to find Mr. *Ford*, whom I had promised to meet, and coming down the *Mall*, who should come towards me but *Patrick*, and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the superscription of the first,

* In that word there were some puzzling characters.

Pshoh, said I ; of the second, Pshoh again ; of the third, Pshah, Pshah, Pshah ; of the fourth, A Gad, A Gad, A Gad, I'm in a rage ; of the fifth and last, O hoooa ; aye marry this is something, this is our *MD*, so truly we opened it, I think immediately, and it began the most impudently in the world, thus ; *Dear Presto*, We are even thus far. Now we are even, quoth *Stephen*, when he gave his wife six blows for one. I received your ninth four days after I had sent my thirteenth. But I'll reckon with you anon about that, young women. Why did not you recant at the end of your letter when you got my eleventh, tell me that huzzies base, were we even then, were we, firrah ? But I won't answer your letter now, I'll keep it for another time. We had a great deal of snow to-day, and 'tis terrible cold. I dined with *Ford*, because it was his *Opera-day* and snowed, so I did not care to stir further. I'll send to-morrow to *Smyth*.

21. Morning. It has snowed terribly all night, and is vengeance cold. I am not yet up, but cannot write long ; my hands will freeze. Is there a good fire, *Patrick* ? Yes, Sir ; then I'll rise, come take away the candle. You must know I write on the dark side of my bed-chamber, and am forced to have a candle till I rise, for the bed stands between me and the window, and I keep the curtains shut this cold weather. So pray let me rise, and, *Patrick*, here take away the candle.—At night. We are now here in high frost and snow, the largest fire can hardly keep us warm. It is very ugly walking, a baker's boy broke his thigh yesterday. I walk slow, make short steps, and never tread on my heel. 'Tis a good proverb the *Devonshire* people have ; Walk
fast

fast in snow, In frost walk slow, And still as you go, Tread on your toe : When frost and snow are both together, Sit by the fire and spare shoe-leather. I dined to-day with Dr. *Cockburn*, but will not do so again in haste, he has generally such a parcel of *Scots* with him.

22. Morning. Starving, starving, Uth, uth, uth, uth, uth.—Don't you remember I used to come into your chamber, and turn *Stella* out of her chair, and rake up the fire in a cold morning, and cry Uth, uth, uth ? &c. O faith I must rise, my hand is so cold I can write no more. So good morrow, firrahs.—At night. I went this morning to lady *Giffard's* house, and saw your mother, and made her give me a pint bottle of palsey water, which I brought home in my pocket ; and sealed and tyed up in a paper, and sent it to Mr. *Smyth*, who goes to-morrow for *Ireland*, and sent a letter to him to desire his care of it, and that he would enquire at *Chester* about the box. He was not within, so the bottle and letter were left for him at his lodgings, with strict orders to give them to him ; and I will send *Patrick* in a day or two, to know whether it was given, &c. Dr. *Stratford* and I dined to day with Mr. *Stratford* in the city, by appointment ; but I chose to walk there for exercise in the frost. But the weather had given a little, as you women call it, so it was something flobbery. I did not get home till nine. And now I'm in bed To break your head.

23. Morning. They tell me it freezes again, but 'tis not so cold as yesterday : so now I will answer a bit of your letter.—At night. O faith, I was just going to answer some of our *MD's* letter this morning, when a printer came in about
some

some business, and staid an hour; so I rose, and then came in *Ben Tooke*, and then I shaved and scribbled, and it was such a terrible day I could not stir out till one, and then I called at Mrs. *Barton's*, and we went to lady *Worsley's*, where we were to dine by appointment. The earl of *Berkeley* is going to be married to lady *Louisa Lenox*, the duke of *Richmond's* daughter. I writ this night to dean *Sterne*, and bid him tell you all about the bottle of palsey water by *Smyth*, and to-morrow morning I will say something to your letter.

24. Morning. Come now to your letter. As for your being even with me, I have spoken to that already. So now, my dearly beloved, let us proceed to the next. You are always grumbling that you han't letters fast enough, surely we shall have your tenth *; and yet before you end your letter, you own you have my eleventh.—And why did not *MD* go into the country with the bishop of *Clogher*? faith such a journey would have done you good; *Stella* should have rode, and *Dingley* gone in the coach. The bishop of *Kilmore* I know nothing of; he is old and māy dye; he lives in some obscure corner, for I never heard of him. As for my old friends, if you mean the *Whigs*, I never see them, as you may find by my journals, except lord *Halifax*, and him very seldom; lord *Somers* never since the first visit, for he has been a false deceitful rascal. My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them, and besides my pretences are very young to them. However, we will see what may be done, and if nothing at all, I shall not be disappointed; although perhaps poor *MD* may,

* These are the words of *MD*.

and then I shall be sorryer for their sakes than my own.—Talk of a merry *Christmas* (why do you write it so then young women? sawce for the goose is sawce for the gander) I have wisht you all that two or three letters ago. Good lack; and your news, that Mr. *St. John* is going to *Holland*; he has no such thoughts to quit the great station he is in, nor if he had, could I be spared to go with him. So faith, politick Madam *Stella*, you come with your two eggs a penny, &c. Well, Madam *Dingley*, and so Mrs. *Stoite* invites you, and so you stay at *Donnybrook* †, and so you could not write. You are plaguy exact in your journals from *Dec. 25*, to *Jan. 4th*. Well, *Smyth* and the palsey water I have handled already, and he does not lodge (or rather did not, for poor man, now he is gone) at Mr. *Jesse's*, and all that stuff; but we found his lodging, and I went to *Stella's* mother on my own head, for I never remembered it was in the letter to desire another bottle; but I was so fretted, so tosticated, and so impatient, that *Stella* should have her water (I mean decently, don't be rogues) and so vext with *Sterne's* carelessness.—Pray God *Stella's* illness may not return. If they come seldom they begin to be weary; I judge by myself; for when I seldom visit, I grow weary of my acquaintance.—Leave a good deal of my tenth unanswered!—Impudent slut, when did you ever answer my tenth, or ninth, or any other number? or who desires you to answer, provided you write? I defy the D—to answer my letters: sometimes there may be one or two things I should be glad you would answer, but I forget them, and you never think of them. I shall never love answering letters again, if you

† About a mile from *Dublin*.

talk of answering. Answering, quotha; pretty answerers truly.—As for the pamphlet you speak of, and call it scandalous, and that one Mr. *Presto* is said to write it, hear my answer. Fye, child, you must not mind what every idle body tells you—I believe you lie, and that the dogs were not crying it when you said so; come, tell truth. I am sorry you go to *St. Mary's* † so soon, you'll be as poor as rats; that place will drain you with a vengeance: besides, I would have you think of being in the country in *Summer*. Indeed, *Stella*, pippins produced plentifully; *Parvisol* could not send from *Laracor*: there were about half a score, I would be glad to know whether they were good for any thing.—Mrs. *Walls* at *Donnybrook* with you; why is not she brought to bed? Well, well, well, *Dingley*, pray be satisfied; you talk as if you were angry about the bishop's not offering you conveniencies for the journey; and so he should.—What sort of *Christmas*? Why I have had no *Christmas* at all; and has it really been *Christmas* of late? I never once thought of it. My service to Mrs. *Stoite*, and *Catherine*, and let *Catherine* get the coffee ready against I come, and not have so much care on her countenance; for all will go well——Mr. *Bernage*, Mr. *Bernage*, Mr. *Fiddlenage*, I have had three letters from him now successively; he sends no directions, and how the D—shall I write to him? I would have burnt his last, if I had not seen *Stella's* hand at the bottom: his request is all nonsense. How can I assist him in buying? and if he be ordered to go to *Spain*, go he must, or else sell, and I believe one can hardly sell in such a juncture.

† MD's lodgings opposite to *St. Mary's Church* in *Stafford-Street*.

If he had staid, and new regiments raised, I would have used my endeavour to have had him removed; although I have no credit that way, or very little: but if the regiment goes, he ought to go too; he has had great indulgence, and opportunities of saving; and I have urged him to it a hundred times. What can I do? whenever it lies in my power to do him a good office, I will do it. Pray draw up this into a handsome speech, and represent it to him from me, and that I would write, if I knew where to direct to him; and so I have told you, and desired you would tell him, fifty times. Yes, Madam *Stella*, I think I can read your long concluding word, but you can't read mine after bidding you good night. And yet, methinks, I mend extremely in my writing; but when *Stella's* eyes are well, I hope to write as bad as ever.—So now I have answered your letter, and mine is an answer; for I lay yours before me, and I look and write, and write and look, and look and write again.—So good morrow, Madams both, and I'll 'go rise, for I must rise; for I take pills at night, and so I must rise early, I don't know why.——

25. Morning. I did not tell you how I past my time yesterday, nor bid you good night, and there was good reason. I went in the morning to secretary *St. John* about some business; he had got a great *Whig* with him; a creature of the duke of *Marlborough*, who is a *Go-between* to make peace between the duke and the ministry; so he came out of his closet; and after a few word, desired I would dine with him at three, but Mr. *Lewis* staid till six before he came; and there we sat talking, and the time slipt so, that at last, when I was positive to go, it was past two of clock; so
I came

I came home and went straight to bed. He would never let me look at his watch, and I could not imagine it above twelve when we went away. So I bid you good night for last night, and now I bid you good morrow, and I am still in bed, though it be near ten, but I must rise. —

26, 27, 28, 29, 30. I have been so lazy and negligent these last four days that I could not write to *MD*. My head is not in order, and yet it is not absolutely ill, but giddyish, and makes me listless; I walk every day, and take drops of *Dr. Cockburn*, and I have just done a box of pills, and to-day lady *Kerry* sent me some of her bitter drink, which I design to take twice a day, and hope I shall grow better. I wish I were with *MD*, I long for *Spring* and good weather, and then I will come over. My riding in *Ireland* keeps me well. I am very temperate, and eat of the easiest meats as I am directed, and hope the malignity will go off; but one fit shakes me a long time. I dined to-day with lord *Mountjoy*, yesterday at Mr. *Stone's* in the city, on *Sunday* at *Vanhomrigh's*, *Saturday* with *Ford*, and *Friday* I think at *Vanhomrigh's*, and that's all the journal I can send *MD*, for I was so lazy while I was well, that I could not write. I thought to have sent this to-night, but 'tis ten, and I'll go to bed, and write on t'other side to *Parvisol* to-morrow, and send it on *Thursday*; and so good night my dears, and love *Presto*, and be healthy, and *Presto* will be so too, &c.

Cut off these notes handsomely, d'ye hear, firrahs, and give Mrs. *Brent* hers, and keep yours till you see *Parvisol*, and then make up the letter to him, and send it him by the first opportunity,

and so God Almighty bless you both, here and ever, and poor *Presto*.

What, I warrant you thought at first that these last lines were another letter.

Dingley, Pray pay *Stella* six Fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, *Presto*.

Stella, Pray pay *Dingley* six Fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, *Presto*.

There's Bills of Exchange for you.

L E T T E R X V .

London, Jan. 31, 1710-11.

I AM to send you my fourteenth to-morrow, but my head having some little disorders, confounds all my journals. I was early this morning with Mr. secretary *St. John* about some business, so I could not scribble my morning lines to *MD*. They are here intending to tax all little printed penny papers a half-penny every half-sheet, which will utterly ruin *Grub-street*, and I am endeavouring to prevent it. Besides, I was forwarding an impeachment against a certain great person; that was two of my businesses with the secretary, were they not worthy ones? It was *Ford's Birth-day*, and I refused the secretary and dined with *Ford*. We are here in as smart a frost for the time as I have seen; delicate walking weather, and the *Canal* and *Rosamond's Pond* full of the rabble sliding and with skates, if you know what those are. *Patrick's* bird's water freezes in the gally-pot, and my hands in bed.

Feb.

Feb. 1. I was this morning with poor lady *Kerry*, who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same; don't you know that, *Madam Stella*? Han't I seen you conning ailments with *Joe's* wife *, and some others, sirrah? I walkt into the city to dine, because of the walk, for we must take care of *Presto's* health you know, because of poor little *MD*. But I walkt plaguy carefully, for fear of sliding against my will; but I am very busy.

2. This morning *Mr. Ford* came to me to walk into the city, where he had business, and then to buy books at *Bateman's*; and I laid out one pound five shilling for a *Strabo* and *Aristophanes*, and I have now got books enough to make me another shelf, and I will have more, or it shall cost me a fall; and so as we came back, we drank a flask of right *French* wine at *Ben Tooke's* chamber; and when I got home, *Mrs. Vanhomrigh* sent me word her eldest daughter was taken suddenly very ill, and desired I would come and see her; I went, and found it was a silly trick of *Mrs. Armstrong*, lady *Lucy's* sister, who, with *Moll Stanhope*, was visiting there: however I rattled off the daughter.

3. To-day I went and dined at lady *Lucy's*, where you know I have not been this long time; they are plaguy *Whigs*, especially the sister *Armstrong*, the most insupportable of all women, pretending to wit, without any taste. She was running down the last *Examiner*, the prettiest I had read, with a character of the present ministry.—

* *Mrs. Beaumont.*

I left them at five, and came home. But I forgot to tell you, that this morning my cousin, *Dryden Leach* the printer, came to me with a heavy complaint, that *Harrison* * the new *Tatler* had turned him off, and taken the last *Tatler*'s printers again. He vowed revenge; I answered gravely, and so he left me, and I have ordered *Patrick* to deny me to him from henceforth: and at night comes a letter from *Harrison*, telling me the same thing, and excused his doing it without my notice, because he would bear all the blame; and in his *Tatler* of this day he tells you the story, how he has taken his old officers, and there is a most humble letter from *Morphew* and *Lilly* to beg his pardon, &c. And lastly, this morning *Ford* sent me two letters from the *Coffee-house* (where I hardly ever go) one from the archbishop of *Dublin*, and t'other from — Who do you think t'other was from? — I'll tell you, because you are friends; why then it was, faith it was from my own dear little *MD*, N. 10. Oh, but won't answer it now, no, nooooooh, I'll keep it between the two sheets; here it is, just under; oh, I lifted up the sheet and saw it there: lie still, you shan't be answered yet, little letter; for I must go to bed, and take care of my head.

I avoid going to church yet, for fear of my head, though it has been much better these last five or six days, since I have taken lady *Kerry*'s bitter. Our frost holds like a dragon. I went to Mr. *Addison*'s, and dined with him at his lodgings; I had not seen him these three weeks, we are grown common acquaintance; yet what have not I done

* See an account of this gentleman in *Doddsley's* Collection, No. 76.

for his friend *Steele*? Mr. *Harley* reproached me the last time I saw him, that to please me he would be reconciled to *Steele*, and had promised and appointed to see him, and that *Steele* never came. *Harrison*, whom Mr. *Addison* recommended to me, I have introduced to the secretary of state, who has promised me to take care of him; and I have represented *Addison* himself so to the ministry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they hated him before. — Well; he is now in my debt, and there's an end; and I never had the least obligation to him, and there's another end. This evening I had a message from Mr. *Harley*, desiring to know whether I was alive, and that I would dine with him to-morrow. They dine so late, that since my head has been wrong I have avoided being with them. — *Patrick* has been out of favour these ten days; I talk dry and cross to him, and have called him *Friend* three or four times. But, firrahs, get you gone.

5. Morning. I am going this morning to see *Prior*, who dies with me at Mr. *Harley*'s; so I can't stay fiddling and talking with dear little brats in a morning, and 'tis still terribly cold. — I wish my cold hand was in the warmest place about you, young women, I'd give ten guineas upon that account with all my heart, faith; oh, it starves my thigh; so I'll rise and bid you good morrow, my ladies both, good morrow. Come stand away, let me rise: *Patrick*, take away the candle. Is there a good fire? — So — up a-dazy. — At night. Mr. *Harley* did not sit down till six, and I staid till eleven; henceforth I will chuse to visit him in the evenings, and dine with him no more if I can help it. It breaks all my measures, and hurts
my

my health ; my head is disorderly, but not ill, and I hope it will mend.

6. Here has been such a hurry with the *Queen's Birth-day*, so much fine cloaths, and the *Court* so crowded that I did not go there. All the frost is gone. It thawed on *Sunday*, and so continues, yet ice is still on the *Canal* (I did not mean that of *Laracor*, but *St. James's Park*) and boys sliding on it. Mr. *Ford* pressed me to dine with him in his chamber.—Did not I tell you *Patrick* has got a bird, a linnet, to carry over to *Dingley*? It was very tame at first, and 'tis now the wildest I ever saw. He keeps it in a closet, where it makes a terrible litter ; but I say nothing : I am as tame as a clout. When must we answer our *MD's* letter? One of these odd-come-shortlies. This is a week old, you see, and no further yet. Mr. *Harley* desired I would dine with him again to-day ; but I refused him, for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends : and so I go to bed.

7. I was this morning early with Mr. *Lewis* of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. *Harley* had sent to him, desiring to be reconciled ; but I was deaf to all intreaties, and have desired *Lewis* to go to him, and let him know I expect further satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see him ; but I won't, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I'll tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he did something, which he intended for a favour ; and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner,

manner, and it has heartily vexed me, and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest; and I absolutely refused to submit to his intended favour, and expect further satisfaction. Mr. *Ford* and I dined with Mr. *Lewis*. We have a monstrous deal of snow, and it has cost me two shillings to-day in chair and coach, and walk'd till I was dirty besides. I know not what it is now to read or write after I am in bed. The last thing I do up is to write something to our *MD*, and then get into bed, and put out my candle, and so go sleep as fast as ever I can. But in the mornings I do write sometimes in bed, as you know.

8. Morning. *I have desired* Apronia to be always careful, especially about the legs. Pray, do you see any such great wit in that sentence? I must freely own that I do not. But party carries every thing now-a-days, and what a splutter have I heard about the wit of that saying, repeated with admiration above a hundred times in half an hour. Pray read it over again this moment, and consider it. I think the word is *advised*, and not *desired*. I should not not have remembered it if I had not heard it so often. Why—aye—You must know I dreamt it just now, and waked with it in my mouth. Are you bit, or are you not, firrahs? I met Mr. *Harley* in the court of requests, and he askt me how long I had learnt the trick of writing to myself? He had seen your letter through the glass-case at the *Coffee-house*, and would swear it was my hand; and Mr. *Ford*, who took and sent it me, was of the same mind. I remember others have formerly said so too. I think I was little *MD*'s writing-master *.—But come, what's here to do, writing

* *Stella*'s hand had a great deal of the air of the doctor's; but she writ more legible, and rather better.

to young women in a morning? I have other fish to fry; so good morrow, my ladies all, good morrow. Perhaps I'll answer your letter to-night, perhaps I won't; that's as saucy little *Presto* takes the humour.—At night. I walk'd in the *Park* to-day in spite of the weather, as I do always when it does not actually rain. Do you know what? It has gone and done; we had a thaw for three days, then a monstrous dirt and snow, and now it freezes, like a pot-lid, upon our snow. I dined with lady *Betty Germain*, the first time since I came for *England*; and there did I sit, like a booby, till eight, looking over her and another lady at picquet, when I had other business enough to do. It was the coldest day I felt this year.

9. Morning. After I had been a-bed an hour last night, I was forced to rise and call to the landlady and maid to have the fire removed in a chimney below stairs, which made my bed-chamber smoke, though I had no fire in it. I have been twice served so. I never lay so miserable an hour in my life. Is it not plaguy vexatious?—It has snowed all night, and rains this morning.—Come, where's *MD's* letter? Come, Mrs. *Letter*, make your appearance. Here am I, says she, answer me to my face.—Oh, faith, I am sorry you had my twelfth so soon; I doubt you will stay longer for the rest. I'm so 'fraid you have got my fourteenth while I am writing this; and I would always have one letter from *Presto* reading, one travelling, and one writing. As for the box, I now believe it lost. It is directed for Mr. *Curry* at his house in *Capel-street*, &c. I had a letter yesterday from Dr. *Raymond* in *Chester*, who says, he sent his man every where, and cannot find it; and God knows whether Mr. *Smyth* will have better

better success. *Sterne* spoke to him, and I writ to him with the bottle of palsy-water; that bottle, I hope, will not miscarry: I long to hear you have it. Oh, faith, you have too good an opinion of *Presto's* care. I am negligent enough of every thing but *MD*, and I should not have trusted *Sterne*.—But it shall not go so: I will have one more tug for it.—As to what you say of Goodman *Peasly* and *Isaac*, I answer as I did before. Fye, child, you must not give yourself the way to believe any such thing: and afterwards, only for curiosity, you may tell me how these things are approved, and how you like them; and whether they instruct you in the present course of affairs, and whether they are printed in your town, or only sent from hence.—Sir *Andrew Fountain* is recovered; so take your sorrow again, but don't keep it, fling it to the dogs. And does little *MD* walk, indeed?—I'm glad of it at heart.—Yes, we have done with the plague here: it was very saucy in you to pretend to have it before your betters. Your intelligence that the story is false about the officers forced to sell, is admirable. You may see them all three here every day, no more in the army than you. Twelve shillings for mending the strong box; that is, for putting a farthing's worth of iron on a hinge, and gilding it; give him six shillings, and I'll pay it, and never employ him or hers again.—No—indeed, I put off preaching as much as I can. I am upon another foot: no-body doubts here whether I can preach, and you are fools.—The account you give of that weekly paper * agrees with us here. Mr. *Prior* was like to be insulted in the street for being supposed the author of it; but one of the last papers

* The *Examiner*.

cleared him. No-body knows who it is, but those few in the secret, I suppose the ministry and the printer.—Poor *Stella's* eyes, God bless them, and send them better. Pray spare them, and write not above two lines a day in broad day-light. How does *Stella* look, madam *Dingley*? Pretty well; a handsome young woman still. Will she pass in a crowd? Will she make a figure in a country church?—Stay a little, fair ladies. I this minute sent *Patrick* to *Sterne*: he brings back word that your box is very safe with one Mr. *Earl's* sister in *Chester*, and that colonel *Edgworth's* widow goes for *Ireland* on *Monday* next, and will receive the box at *Chester*, and deliver it you safe: so there is some hopes now.—Well, let us go on to your letter.—The warrant is passed for the *First-Fruits*. The queen does not send a letter; but a patent will be drawn here, and that will take up time. Mr. *Harley* of late has said nothing of presenting me to the queen:—I was overseen when I mentioned it to you. He has such a weight of affairs on him, that he cannot mind all; but he talk'd of it three or four times to me, long before I dropt it to you. What, is not Mrs. *Wall's* business over yet? I had hopes she was up and well, and the child dead before this time.—You did right, at last, to send me your accounts; but I did not stay for them, I thank you. I hope you have your bill sent in my last, and there will be eight pounds interest soon due from *Hawkshaw*; pray look at his bond. I hope you are good managers, and that when I say so, *Stella* won't think I intend she should grudge herself wine. But going to those expensive lodgings requires some fund. I wish you had staid till I came over, for some reasons. That *Frenchwoman* will be grumbling again in a little time, and if you

are invited any where to the country, it will vex you to pay in absence; and the country may be necessary for poor *Stella's* health: but do as you like, and don't blame *Presto*.—Oh, but you are telling your reasons.—Well, I have read them; do as you please.—Yes, *Raymond* says, he must stay longer than he thought, because he cannot settle his affairs. *M*—— is in the country at some friend's, comes to town in *Spring*, and then goes to settle in *Herefordshire*. Her husband is a surly ill-natured brute, and cares not she should see any body. O Lord, see how I blundered, and left two lines short; it was that ugly score in the paper * that made me mistake.—I believe you lie about the story of the fire, only to make it more odd. *Bernage* must go to *Spain*, and I will see to recommend him to the duke of *Argyle*, his general, when I see the duke next: but the officers tell me it would be dishonourable in the last degree for him to sell now, and he would never be preferred in the army; so that unless he designs to leave it for good and all, he must go. Tell him so, and that I would write if I knew where to direct to him; which I have said four-score times already. I had rather any thing almost than that you should strain yourselves to send a letter when it is inconvenient; we have settled that matter already. I'll write when I can, and so shall *MD*; and upon occasions extraordinary I will write, though it be a line; and when we have not letters soon, we agree that all things are well; and so that's settled for ever, and so hold your tongue.—Well, you shall have your pins; but for candles ends, I cannot promise, because I burn them to the stumps; besides, I remember what *Stella* told

* A crease in the sheet.

Dingley about them many years ago, and she may think the same thing of me.—And *Dingley* shall have her hinged spectacles.—Poor dear *Stella*, how durst you write those two lines by candle-light; bang your bones. Faith, this letter shall go to-morrow, I think, and that will be in ten days from the last, young women; that's too soon of all conscience: but answering yours has filled it up so quick, and I don't design to use you to three pages in folio, no noooooh. All this is one morning's work in bed;—and so good morrow, little firrahs; that's for the rhyme †. You want politicks: faith, I can't think of any; but may be at night I may tell you a passage. Come, sit off the bed, and let me rise, will you?—At night. I dined to-day with my neighbour *Vanhomrigh*; it was such dismal weather I could not stir further. I have had some threatenings with my head, but no fits. I still drink *Dr. Radcliffe's* bitter, and will continue it.

10. I was this morning to see the secretary of state, and have engaged him to give a memorial from me to the duke of *Argyle* in behalf of *Bernage*. The duke is a man that distinguishes people of merit, and I will speak to him myself; but the secretary backing it will be very effectual, and I will take care to have it done to purpose. Pray tell *Bernage* so, and that I think nothing can be luckier for him, and that I would have him go by all means. I will order it that the duke shall send for him when they are in *Spain*; or, if he fails, that he shall receive him kindly when he

† In the original it was, *good mallows, little fellabs*. But in these words, and many others, he writes constantly *ll* for *rr*.

goes to wait on him. Can I do more? Is not this a great deal?—I now send away this letter, that you may not stay.—I dined with *Ford* upon his *Opera-day*, and am now come home, and am going to study; don't you presume to guess, fir-rah's, impudent saucy dear boxes. Towards the end of a letter I could not say saucy boxes without putting *dear* between. En't that right now? Farewel. *This should be longer, but that I send it to-night* *.

O silly, silly loggerhead!

I send a letter this post to one Mr. *Staunton*, and I direct it to Mr. *Acton's* in *St. Michael's-Lane*. He formerly lodged there, but he has not told me where to direct. Pray send to that *Acton*, whether the letter is come there, and whether he has sent it to *Staunton*.

If *Bernage* designs to sell his commission and stay at home, pray let him tell me so, that my recommendation to the duke of *Argyle* may not be in vain.

L E T T E R XVI.

London, Feb. 10, 1710, 11.

I HAVE just dispatched my fifteenth to the post; I tell you how things will be, after I have got a letter from *MD*. I am in furious haste to finish mine, for fear of having two of *MD's* to answer in one of *Presto's*, which would be such a disgrace, never saw the like; but before you write to me I write at my leisure, like a gentleman, a little every day, just to let you know how matters

* Those letters which are in *Italicks*, in the original are of a monstrous size, which occasioned his calling himself a loggerhead.

go, and so and so ; and I hope before this comes to you, you'll have got your box and chocolate, and *Presto* will take more care another time.

11. Morning. I must rise and go see my lord keeper, which will cost me two shillings in coach-hire. Don't you call them two thirteens ? *— At night. It has rained all day, and there was no walking. I read prayers to Sir *Andrew Fountain* in the forenoon, and I dined with three *Irishmen*, at one Mr. *Cope's* lodgings ; the other two were one *Morris* an archdeacon, and Mr. *Ford*. When I came home this evening, I expected that little jackanapes *Harrison* would have come to get help about his *Tatler* for *Tuesday* : I have fixed two evenings in the week which I allow him to come. The toad never came, and I expecting him fell a reading, and left off other business.— Come, what are you doing ? How do you pass your time this ugly weather ? Gaming and drinking, I suppose : fine diversions for young ladies, truly. I wish you had some of our *Seville* oranges, and we some of your wine. We have the finest oranges for two-pence apiece, and the basest wine for six shillings a bottle. They tell me wine grows cheap with you. I am resolved to have half a hoghead when I get to *Ireland*, if it be good and cheap, as it used to be ; and I'll treat *MD* at my table in an evening, oh ho, and laugh at great ministers of state.

12. The days are grown fine and long, — be thanked. O faith, you forget all our little sayings, and I am angry. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John* : I went to the court of

* A shilling passes for thirteen pence in *Ireland*.

requests at noon, and sent Mr. *Harley* into the house to call the secretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late. By good luck the duke of *Argyle* was at the lobby of the house too, and I kept him in talk till the secretary came out, then told them I was glad to meet them together, and that I had a request to the duke which the secretary must second, and his grace must grant. The duke said, he was sure it was something insignificant, and wished it was ten times greater. At the secretary's house I writ a memorial, and gave it to the secretary to give the duke, and shall see that he does it. It is, that his grace will please to take Mr. *Bernage* into his protection; and if he finds *Bernage* answers my character, to give him all encouragement. Colonel *Masbam* and colonel *Hill* (Mrs. *Masbam*'s brother) tell me my request is reasonable, and they will second it heartily to the duke too: so I reckon *Bernage* is on a very good foot when he goes to *Spain*. Pray tell him this, though perhaps I will write to him before he goes; yet where shall I direct? for I suppose he has left *Conolly*'s.

13. I have left off lady *Kerry*'s bitter, and got another box of pills. I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders towards it; and I walk as much as I can. Lady *Kerry* is just as I am, only a great deal worse: I dined to-day at lord *Shelburn*'s, where she is, and we conn ailments, which makes us very fond of each other. I have taken Mr. *Harley* into favour again, and called to see him, but he was not within; I will use to visit him after dinner, for he dines too late for my head: then I went to visit poor *Congreve*, who is just getting out of a severe fit of the gout, and I sat with him till near nine o'clock. He

gave me a *Tatler* he had written out, as blind as he is, for little *Harrison*. 'Tis about a scoundrel that was grown rich, and went and bought a *Coat of Arms* at the *Herald's*, and a set of ancestors at *Fleet-ditch*; 'tis well enough, and shall be printed in two or three days, and if you read those kind of things, this will divert you. 'Tis now between ten and eleven, and I am going to bed.

14. This was Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's* daughter's *Birth-day*, and Mr. *Ford* and I were invited to dinner to keep it, and we spent the evening there drinking punch. That was our-way of beginning *Lent*; and in the morning lord *Shelburn*, lady *Kerry*, Mrs. *Pratt* and I went to *Hyde-Park*, instead of going to church; for till my head is a little settled, I think it better not to go; it would be so silly and troublesome to go out sick. Dr. *Duke* died suddenly two or three nights ago; he was one of the *Wits* when we were children, but turned parson, and left it, and never writ further than a prologue or commendatory copy of verses. He had a fine living given him by the bishop of *Winchester* about three months ago; he got his living suddenly, and he got his dying so too.

15. I walked purely to-day about the *Park*, the rain being just over, of which we have had a great deal, mixt with little short frosts. I went to the court of requests, thinking if Mr. *Harley* dined early, to go with him. But meeting *Leigh* and *Sterne*, they invited me to dine with them, and away we went. When we got into his room, one *H—*, a worthless *Irish* fellow, was there ready to dine with us, so I stept out and whispered them, that I would not dine with that fellow; they made excuses, and begged me to stay, but
away

away I went to Mr. *Harley's*, and he did not dine at home, and at last I dined at Sir *John Germain's*, and found lady *Betty* but just recovered of a miscarriage. I am writing an inscription for lord *Berkley's* tomb: you know the young rake his son, the new earl, is married to the duke of *Richmond's* daughter, at the duke's country house, and are now coming to town. She'll be fluxed in two months, and they'll be parted in a year. You ladies are brave, bold, venter some folks; and the chit is but seventeen, and is ill-natured, covetous, vicious, and proud in extreams. And so get you gone to *Stoite* to-morrow.

16. Faith this letter goes on but slow, 'tis a week old, and the first side not written. I went to-day into the city for a walk, but the person I designed to dine with was not at home; so I came back and called at *Congreve's*, and dined with him and *Eastcourt*, and laughed till six, then went to Mr. *Harley's*, who was not gone to dinner; there I staid till nine, and we made up our quarrel, and he has invited me to dinner to-morrow, which is the day of the week (*Saturday*) that lord keeper and secretary *St. John* dine with him privately, and at last they have consented to let me among them on that day. *Atterbury* and *Prior* went to bury poor Dr. *Duke*. *Congreve's* nasty white wine has given me the heart-burn.

17. I took some good walks in the *Park* to-day, and then went to Mr. *Harley*. Lord *Rivers* was got there before me, and I chid him for presuming to come on a day when only lord keeper and the secretary and I were to be there; but he regarded me not; so we all dined together, and sat down at four; and the secretary has invited

me to dine with him to-morrow. I told them I had no hopes they could ever keep in, but that I saw they loved one another so well, as indeed they seem to do. They call me nothing but *Jonathan*; and I said, I believed they would leave me *Jonathan* as they found me; and that I never knew a ministry do any thing for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; and I believe you will find it so; but I care not. I am upon a project of getting five hundred pounds, without being obliged to any body; but that is a secret, till I see my dearest *MD*; and so hold your tongue, and don't talk, firrahs, for I am now about it.

18. My head has no fits, but a little disordered before dinner; yet I walk stoutly, and take pills, and hope to mend. Secretary *St. John* would needs have me dine with him to-day, and there I found three persons I never saw, two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for: so I left them early and came home, it being no day to walk, but scurvy rain and wind. The secretary tells me he has put a cheat on me; for lord *Peterborow* sent him twelve dozen flasks of *Burgundy*, on condition that I should have my share; but he never was quiet till they were all gone, so I reckon he owes me thirty-six pound. Lord *Peterborow* is now got to *Vienna*, and I must write to him to-morrow. I begin now to be towards looking for a letter from some certain ladies of *Presto's* acquaintance, that live at *St. Mary's*, and are called in a certain language our little *MD*. No, stay, I don't expect one these six days, that will be just three weeks; an't I a reasonable creature? We are plagued here with an *October Club*, that is, a set of above a hundred parliament-

parliament-men of the country, who drink *October* beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament, to consult affairs, and drive things on to extreams against the *Whigs*, to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads. The ministry seem not to regard them, yet one of them in confidence told me, that there must be something thought on to settle things better. I'll tell you one great state-secret; The queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into t'other extream, and is jealous in that point, even of those who got her out of the others hands. The ministry is for gentler measures, and the other *Tories* for more violent. Lord *Rivers*, talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called *The Examiner*, for speaking civilly of the duke of *Marlborough*; this I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord and some others, and swore, that if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty four-hours. And I have reason to think, that they will endeavour to prevail on the queen to put her affairs more in the hands of a ministry than she does at present; and there are, I believe, two men thought on, one of them you have often met the name of in my letters. But so much for politicks.

19. This proved a terrible rainy day, which prevented my walk into the city, and I was only able to run and dine with my neighbour *Vanhomrigh*, were Sir *Andrew Fountain* dined too, who has just began to sally out, and has shipt his mother and sister, who were his nurses, back to the country. This evening was fair, and I walkt a little in the *Park*, till *Prior* made me go with him

to the *Smyrna Coffee-house*, where I sat a while, and saw four or five *Irish* persons, who are very handsome genteel fellows, but I know not their names. I came away at seven, and got home. Two days ago I writ to *Bernage*, and told him what I had done, and directed the letter to Mr. *Curry's* to be left with *Dingley*. Brigadiers *Hill* and *Masbam*, brother and husband to Mrs. *Masbam*, the queen's favourite, colonel *Disney* and I, have recommended *Bernage* to the duke of *Argyle*; and secretary *St. John* has given the duke my memorial; and besides, *Hill* tells me, that *Bernage's* colonel, *Fielding*, designs to make him his captain-lieutenant: but I believe I said this to you before, and in this letter, but I will not look.

20. Morning. It snows terribly again, and 'tis mistaken, for I now want a little good weather; I bid you good morrow, and if it clear up, get you gone to poor Mrs. *Walls*, who has had a hard time of it, but is now pretty well again; I am sorry it is a girl; the poor archdeacon too, see how simply he lookt when they told him: what did it cost *Stella* to be gossip? I'll rise, so d'ye hear, let me see you at night, and don't stay late out, and catch cold, firrahs.—At night. It grew good weather, and I got a good walk, and dined with *Ford* upon his *Opera-day*; but now all his wine is gone, I shall dine with him no more. I hope to send this letter before I hear from *MD*, methinks there's — something great in doing so, only I can't express where it lies; and faith this shall go by *Saturday*, as sure as you're a rogue. Mrs. *Edgworth* was to set out but last *Monday*, so you won't have your box so soon perhaps as this letter; but *Sterne* told me since, that it is safe at *Chester*, and that she will take care of it. I'd give a guinea you had it.

21. Morn-

21. Morning. Faith I hope it will be fair for me to walk into the city, for I take all occasions of walking.—I should be plaguy busy at *Laracor* if I were there now, cutting down willows, planting others, scouring my canal, and every kind of thing. If *Raymond* goes over this summer, you must submit, and make them a visit, that we may have another eel and trout fishing; and that *Stella* may ride by and see *Presto* in his morning-gown in the garden, and so go up with *Joe* to the *Hill of Bree*, and round by *Scurlock's Town*; O Lord, how I remember names; faith it gives me short sighs: therefore no more of that if you love me. Good morrow, I'll go rise like a gentleman, my pills say I must.—At night. Lady *Kerry* sent to desire me to engage some lords about an affair she has in their house here: I called to see her, but found she had already engaged every lord I knew, and that there was no great difficulty in the matter, and it rained like a dog; so I took coach, for want of better exercise, and dined privately with a hang-dog in the city, and walkt back in the evening. The days are now long enough to walk in the *Park* after dinner; and so I do whenever it is fair. This walking is a strange remedy; Mr. *Prior* walks to make himself fat, and I to bring myself down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold: we often round the *Park* together. So I'll go sleep.

22. It snowed all this morning prodigiously, and was some inches thick in three or four hours. I dined with Mr. *Lewis* of the secretary's office at his lodgings: the chairmen that carried me squeezed a great fellow against a wall, who wisely turned his back, and broke one of the side glasses in a thousand

thousand pieces. I fell a scolding, pretended I was like to be cut to pieces, and made them set down the chair in the *Park*, while they pickt out the bits of glasses; and when I paid them, I quarrelled still, so they dared not grumble, and I came off for my fare; but I was plaguily afraid would have said, God bless your honour, won't you give us something for our glass? *Lewis* and I were forming a project how I might get three or four hundred pounds, which I suppose may come to nothing. I hope *Smyth* has brought you your palsy drops; how does *Stella* do? I begin more and more to desire to know. The three weeks since I had your last is over within two days, and I'll allow three for accidents.

23. The snow is gone every bit, except the remainder of some great balls made by the boys. Mr. *Sterne* was with me this morning about an affair he has before the treasury. That drab Mrs. *Edgworth* is not yet set out, but will infallibly next *Monday*, and this is the third infallible *Monday*, and pox take her! So you will have this letter first; and this shall go to-morrow; and if I have one from *MD* in that time, I will not answer it till my next; only I will say, Madam, I received your letter, and so, and so. I dined to-day with my mistress *Butler*, who grows very disagreeable.

24. Morning. This letter certainly goes this evening, sure as you're alive, young women, and then you'll be so shamed that I have had none from you; and if I was to reckon like you, I would say, I were six letters before you, for this is *N. 16.* and I have had your *N. 10.* But I reckon you have received but fourteen and have sent eleven. I think to go to-day a minister-of-state-hunting

hunting in the court of requests ; for I have something to say to Mr. *Harley*. And 'tis fine cold sunshiny weather ; I wish dear *MD* would walk this morning in your *Stephen's-Green* : 'tis as good as our *Park*, but not so large *. Faith this *Summer* we'll take a coach for six-pence † to the *Green Well*, the two walks, and thence all the way to *Stoite's* §. My hearty service to goody *Stoite* and *Catherine*, and I hope Mrs. *Walls* had a good time. How inconstant I am ? I can't imagine I was ever in love with her. Well, I'm going ; what have you to say ? *I don't care how I write now* ‡. I don't design to write on this side, these few lines are but so much more than your due, so I'll write *large* or *small* as I please. Oh, faith, my hands are starving in bed ; I believe it is a hard frost. I must rise, and bid you good bye, for I'll seal this letter immediately, and carry it in my pocket, and put it into the post-office with my own fair hands. Farewel.

This letter is just a fortnight's journal to-day. Yes, and so it is, I'm sure, says you, with your two eggs a penny.

There, There, There ||.

O Lord, I am saying *There, There*, to myself in all our little keys : and now you talk of keys, that dog *Patrick* broke the key general of the chest

* It is a measured mile round the outer wall ; and far beyond any the finest *Square* in *London*.

† The common fare for a set-down in *Dublin*.

§ Mrs. *Stoite* lived at *Donnybrook*, the road to which from *Stephen's-Green* ran into the country about a mile from the *South-East* corner.

‡ Those words in *Italicks* are written in a very large hand, and so is the word in one of the next lines.

|| In his Cypher way of writing to *Stella*, he writes the word *There, Lele*.

of drawers with six locks, and I have been so plagued to get a new one, besides my good two shillings.

L E T T E R XVII.

London, Feb. 24, 1710-11.

NOW, young women, I gave in my sixteenth this evening. I dined with *Ford*, it was his *Opera-day* as usual; it is very convenient to me to do so, for coming home early after a walk in the *Park*, which now the days will allow. I called on the secretary at his office, and he had forgot to give the memorial about *Bernage* to the duke of *Argyle*; but two days ago I met the duke, who desired I would give it him myself, which should have more power with him than all the ministry together, as he protested solemnly, repeated it two or three times, and bid me count upon it. So that I verily believe *Bernage* will be in a very good way to establish himself. I think I can do no more for him at present, and there's an end of that; and so get you gone to bed, for it is late.

25. The three weeks are out yesterday since I had your last, and so now I will be expecting every day a pretty dear letter from my own *MD*, and hope to hear that *Stella* has been much better in her head and eyes; my head continues as it was, no fits, but a little disorder every day, which I can easily bear, if it will not grow worse. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John*, on condition I might chuse my company, which were lord *Rivers*, lord *Carteret*, Sir *Thomas Mansel*, and Mr. *Lewis*; I invited *Masbam*, *Hill*, Sir *John Stanley*, and *George Granville*, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company
when

when I dined with him before; so we laughed, &c. And I ventured to go to church to-day, which I have not done this month before. Can you send me such a good account of *Stella's* health, pray now? Yes, I hope, and better too. We dined (says you) at the dean's, and played at cards till twelve, and there came in Mr. *French*, and Dr. *Travors*, and Dr. *Whittingham*, and Mr. (I forget his name, that I always tell Mrs. *Walls* of) the banker's son, a pox on him. And we were so merry; I vow they are pure good company. But I lost a crown; for you must know I had always hands tempting me to go out, but never took in any thing, and often two black aces without a manilio; was not that hard, *Presto?* Hold your tongue, &c.

26. I was this morning with Mr. secretary about some business, and he tells me, that colonel *Fielding* is now going to make *Bernage* his captain-lieutenant, that is, a captain by commission, and the perquisites of the company, but not captain's pay, only the first step to it. I suppose he will like it, and the recommendation to the duke of *Argyle* goes on. And so trouble me no more about your *Bernage*; the jackanapes understands what fair solicitors he has got, I warrant you. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined, by invitation, with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*. You say they are of no consequence: why, they keep as good female company as I do male; I see all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them; I saw two lady *Bettys* there this afternoon, the beauty of one, the good breeding and nature of t'other, and the wit of neither*, would have made a fine

* i. e. without the wit of either.

woman. Rare walking in the *Park* now : why don't you walk in the *Green* of *St. Stephen*? The walks there are finer gravelled than the *Mall*. What beasts the *Irish* women are, never to walk !

27. *Dartineuf* and I and little *Harrison*, the new *Tatler*, and *Jervas* the painter, dined to-day with *James*, I know not his other name, but it is one of *Dartineuf*'s dining places, who is a true epicure. *James* is clerk of the kitchen to the queen, and has a little snug house at *St. James's*, and we had the queen's wine, and such very fine victuals, that I could not eat it †.—Three weeks and three days since my last letter from *MD*, rare doings : why truly we were so busy with poor Mrs. *Walls*, that indeed, *Presto*, we could not write, we were afraid the poor woman would have died ; and it pitied us to see the archdeacon, how concerned he was. The dean never came to see her but once ; but now she is up again, and we go and sit with her in the evenings. The child died the next day after it was born, and I believe, between friends, she is not very sorry for it.—Indeed, *Presto*, you are plaguily silly to-night, and han't guess one word right ; for she and the child are both well, and it is a fine girl, likely to live ; and the dean was godfather, and Mrs. *Catherine* and I were godmothers ; I was going to say *Stoite*, but I think I have heard they don't put maids and married women together ; though I

† There seems to be a false concord in this passage : however, as the word *Victuals* is a peculiar sort of noun, which is never used in the singular number, but, like *food*, implies either one or more dishes, the phrase may be excused, whether *Swift* had any authority to back him or not.

know not why I think so, nor I don't care ; what care I ? but I must prate, &c.

28. I walked to-day into the city for my health, and there dined, which I always do when the weather is fair, and business permits, that I may be under a necessity of taking a good walk, which is the best thing I can do at present for my health. Some bookseller has raked up every thing I writ, and published it t'other day in one volume ; but I know nothing of it, 'twas without my knowledge or consent : it makes a four shilling book, and is called *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*. Took pretends he knows nothing of it, but I doubt he is at the bottom. One must have patience with these things ; the best of it is, I shall be plagued no more. However, I'll bring a couple of them over with me for *MD*, perhaps you may desire to see them. I hear they sell mightily.

March 1. Morning. I have been calling to *Patrick* to look in his *Almanack* for the day of the month ; I did not know but it might be *Leap-year*. The *Almanack* says 'tis The third after *Leap-year*, and I always thought till now, that every third year was *Leap-year*. I'm glad they come so seldom ; but I'm sure 'twas otherwise when I was a young man ; I see times are mightily changed since then. — Write to me, firrahs, be sure do by the time this side is done, and I'll keep t'other side for the answer : so I'll go write to the bishop of *Clogher* ; good morrow, firrahs. — Night. I dined to-day at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's*, being a rainy day, and lady *Betty Butler* knowing it, sent to let me know she expected my company in the evening, where the *Vans* (so we call them) were to be. The duchess and they do not go over this summer with the duke ; so I go to bed.

2. This rainy weather undoes me in coaches and chairs. I was traipsing to-day with your Mr. *Sterne*, to go along with them to *Moor*, and recommend his business to the treasury. *Sterne* tells me his dependence is wholly on me; but I have absolutely refused to recommend it to Mr. *Harley*, because I have troubled him lately so much with other folks affairs; and besides, to tell the truth, Mr. *Harley* told me he did not like *Sterne's* business; however, I will serve him, because I suppose *MD* would have me. But in saying his dependence lies wholly on me, he lies, and is a fool. I dined with lord *Abercorn*, whose son *Peasley* will be married at *Easter* to ten thousand pounds.

3. I forgot to tell you that yesterday morning I was at Mr. *Harley's* levee: he swore I came in spight, to see him among a parcel of fools. My business was to desire I might let the duke of *Ormond* know how the affair stood of the *First-Fruits*. He promised to let him know it, and engaged me to dine with him to-day. Every *Saturday* lord keeper, secretary *St. John*, and I dine with him, and sometimes lord *Rivers*, and they let in none else. *Patrick* brought me some letters into the *Park*; among which one was from *Walls*, and t'other, yes faith, t'other was from our little *MD*, N. 11. I read the rest in the *Park*, and *MD's* in a chair as I went from *St. James's* to Mr. *Harley*, and glad enough I was faith to read it, and see all right: Oh, but I won't answer it these three or four days, at least, or may be sooner. An't I silly; Faith your letters would make a dog silly, if I had a dog to be silly, but it must be a little dog.—I staid with Mr. *Harley* till past nine, where we had much discourse together after the rest were gone; and I gave him
very

very truly my opinion where he desired it. He complained he was not very well, and has engaged me to dine with him again on *Monday*. So I came home afoot, like a fine gentleman, to tell you all this.

4. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John*; and after dinner he had a note from Mr. *Harley*, that he was much out of order; pray God preserve his health, every thing depends upon it. The *Parliament* at present cannot go a step without him, nor the queen neither. I long to be in *Ireland*; but the ministry beg me to stay: however, when this parliament lurry is over, I will endeavour to steal away; by which time I hope the *First-Fruit* business will be done. This kingdom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have *Peace*, let it be a bad or a good one, though no-body dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces; and our factions at home increase. The ministry is upon a very narrow bottom, and stand like an *Isthmus* between the *Whigs* on one side, and violent *Tories* † on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord *Somers* has been twice in the queen's closet, once very lately; and your duchess of *Somerſet*, who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman, and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played against them.—I have told them of all this, which they know already, but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the queen so much against being

† The *October Club*:

governed, that she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe, that lately, after much conversation with Mr. *Harley*, though he is the most fearless man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me, that uttering his mind to me gave him ease.

5. Mr. *Harley* continues out of order, yet his affairs force him abroad: he is subject to a sore throat, and was cupped last night: I sent and called two or three times. I hear he is better this evening. I dined to-day in the city with Dr. *Freind* at a third body's house, where I was to pass for some body else, and there was a plaguy silly jest carried on, that made me sick of it. Our weather grows fine, and I will walk like camomile. And pray walk you to your dean's, or your *Stoyte's*, or your *Manley's*, or your *Walls'*. But your new lodgings make you so proud, you'll walk less than ever. Come, let me go to bed, firrahs.

6. Mr. *Harley's* going out yesterday has put him a little backwards. I called twice, and sent, for I am in pain for him. *Ford* caught me, and made me dine with him on his *Opera-day*; so I brought Mr. *Lewis* with me, and sat with him till six. I have not seen Mr. *Addison* these three weeks; all our friendship is over. I go to no *Coffee-house*. I presented a parson of the bishop of *Clogher's*, one *Richardson*, to the duke of *Ormond* to-day: he is translating prayers and sermons into *Irish*, and has a project about instructing the *Irish* in the protestant religion.

7. Morning. Faith, a little would make me, I could find in my heart, if it were not for one thing,

thing, I have a good mind, if I had not something else to do, I would answer your dear saucy letter. O Lord, I am going awry with writing in bed. O faith, but I must answer it, or I shan't have room, for it must go on *Saturday*; and don't think I'll fill the third side, I an't come to that yet, young women. Well then, as for your *Bernage*, I have said enough: I writ to him last week.— Turn over that leaf. Now, what says *MD* to the world to come? I tell you, madam *Stella*, my head is a great deal better, and I hope will keep so. How came yours to be fifteen days coming, and you had my fifteenth in seven? Answer me that, rogues. Your being with goody *Walls* is excuse enough: I find I was mistaken in the sex, 'tis a boy. Yes, I understand your cypher, and *Stella* guesses right, as she always does. He † gave me al bsadnuk lboinlpi dfaonr ufainfbtoy dpionufnad ‡, which I sent him again by Mr. *Lewis*, to whom I writ a very complaining letter that was shewed him; and so the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I said I had another with him, and we returned to our friendship, and I should think he loves me as well as a great minister can love a man in so short a time. Did not I do right? I am glad at heart you have got your palsey-water; pray God Almighty it may do my dearest little *Stella* good. I suppose Mrs. *Edgworth* set out last *Monday* se'n-night. Yes, I do read the *Examiners*, and they are written very finely, as you judge §. I do not think they are too severe on the duke; they only

† Mr. *Harley*.

‡ A bank note for fifty pounds.

§ Even to his beloved *Stella* he had not acknowledged himself, at this time, to be the author of the *Examiner*.

tax him of avarice, and his avarice has ruined us. You may count upon all things in them to be true. The author has said, It is not *Prior*; but perhaps it may be *Atterbury*.—Now, madam *Dingley*, says she, 'tis fine weather, says she; yes, says she, and we have got to our new lodgings. I compute you ought to save eight pounds by being in the others five months; and you have no more done it than eight thousand. I am glad you are rid of that squinting, blinking *Frenchman*. I will give you a bill on *Parvisol* for five pound for the half year. And must I go on at four shillings a week, and neither eat nor drink for it? Who the D— said *Atterbury* and your dean were alike? I never saw your chancellor, nor his chaplain. The latter has a good deal of learning, and is a well-wisher to be an author: your chancellor is an excellent man. As for *Patrick's* bird, he bought him for his tameness, and is grown the wildest I ever saw. His wings have been quilled thrice, and are now up again: he will be able to fly after us to *Ireland*, if he be willing.—Yes, Mrs. *Stella*, *Dingley* writes more like *Presto* than you; for all you superscribed the letter, as who should say, Why should not I write like our *Presto* as well as *Dingley*? You with your awkward SS^s; can't you write them thus, SS? No, but always SSS †. Spiteful fluts, to affront *Presto's* writing; as that when you shut your eyes you write most like *Presto*. I know the time when I did not write to you half so plain as I do now; but I take pity on you both. I am very much concerned for Mrs. *Walls's* eyes. *Walls* says nothing of it to

† Print cannot do justice to whims of this kind, as they depend wholly upon the awkward shape of the letters.

me in his letter dated after yours. You say, If she recovers she may lose her sight. I hope she is in no danger of her life. Yes, *Ford* is as sober as I please: I use him to walk with me as an easy companion, always ready for what I please, when I am weary of business and ministers. I don't go to a *Coffee-house* twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven.—And so you say that *Stella's* a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her just now as handsome as the day's long. Do you know what? when I am writing in our language ‡ I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now. And I suppose *Dingley* is so fair and so fresh as a lass in *May*, and has her health, and no spleen.—In your account you sent do you reckon as usual from the 1st of *November* was twelvemonth? Poor *Stella*, won't *Dingley* leave her a little day-light to write to *Presto*? Well, well, we'll have day-light shortly, spight of her teeth; and zoo § must cly Lele, and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo mimitate *pdfr*, pay? Ifs, and so la shall. And so leles fol ee rettle. Dood mollow.—At night. Mrs. *Barton* sent this morning to invite me to dinner; and there I dined, just in that genteel manner that *MD* used when

‡ This refers to that strange spelling, &c. which abounds in these journals; but which could be no entertainment to the reader.

§ Here is just one specimen given of his way of writing to *Stella* in these journals. The reader, I hope, will excuse my omitting it in all other places where it occurs. The meaning of this pretty language is;
 “ And you must cry There, and Here, and Here again.
 “ Must you imitate *Presto*, pray? Yes, and so you shall.
 “ And so there's for your letter. Good morrow.”

they would treat some better sort of body than usual.

8. O dear *MD*, my heart is almost broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you. I writ a full account of it this night to the archbishop of *Dublin*; and the dean may tell you the particulars from the archbishop. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to send a true account of the fact; for you will hear a thousand lying circumstances. 'Tis of Mr. *Harley*'s being stabbed this afternoon at three o'clock at a committee of the council. I was playing lady *Catherine Morris*'s cards, where I dined, when young *Arundel* came in with the story. I ran away immediately to the secretary, which was in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs. *St. John* in her chair; she had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr. *Harley*, who was asleep, and they hope in no danger; but he has been out of order, and was so when he came abroad to-day, and it may put him in a fever: I am in mortal pain for him. That desperate *French* villain, marquis de *Guiscard*, stabbed Mr. *Harley*. *Guiscard* was taken up by Mr. secretary *St. John*'s warrant for high treason, and brought before the lords to be examined; there he stabbed Mr. *Harley*. I have told all the particulars already to the archbishop. I have now at nine sent again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pray pardon my distraction; I now think of all his kindness to me.—The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate *French* popish villain. Good night, and God preserve you both, and pity me; I want it.

9. Morning;

9. Morning ; seven, in bed. *Patrick* is just come from Mr. *Harley*'s. He slept well till four ; the surgeon sat up with him : he is asleep again : he felt a pain in his wound when he waked : they apprehend him in no danger. This account the surgeon left with the porter, to tell people that send. Pray God preserve him. I am rising and going to Mr. secretary *St. John*. They say *Guiscard* will die with the wounds Mr. *St. John* and the rest gave him. I shall tell you more at night.—Night. Mr. *Harley* still continues on the mending hand ; but he rested ill last night, and felt pain. I was early with the secretary this morning, and I dined with him, and he told me several particularities of this accident, too long to relate now. Mr. *Harley* is still mending this evening, but not at all out of danger ; and till then I can have no peace. Good night, &c. and pity *Preslo*.

10. Mr. *Harley* was restless last night ; but he has no fever, and the hopes of his mending increase. I had a letter from Mr. *Walls*, and one from Mr. *Bernage*. I will answer them here, not having time to write. Mr. *Walls* writes about three things. First, about a hundred pounds from Dr. *Raymond*, of which I hear nothing, and 'tis now too late. Secondly, about Mr. *Clements* : I can do nothing in it, because I am not to mention Mr. *Pratt* ; and I cannot recommend without knowing Mr. *Pratt*'s objections, whose relation *Clements* is, and who brought him into the place. The third is about my being godfather to the child : that is in my power, and (since there is no remedy) will submit. I wish you could hinder it ; but if it can't be helped, pay what you think proper, and get the provost to stand for me, and

let his christian name be *Harley*, in honour of my friend, now lying stabbed and doubtful of his life. As for *Bernage*, he writes me word, that his colonel has offered to make him captain-lieutenant for a hundred pounds. He was such a fool to offer him money without writing to me till it was done, though I have had a dozen letters from him; and then he desires I would say nothing of this, for fear his colonel should be angry. People are mad. What can I do? I engaged colonel *Disney*, who was one of his solicitors to the secretary, and then told him the story. He assured me, that *Fielding* (*Bernage's* colonel) said he might have got that sum; but on account of those great recommendations he had, would give it him for nothing: and I would have *Bernage* write him a letter of thanks, as of a thing given him for nothing, upon recommendations, &c. *Disney* tells me he will again speak to *Fielding*, and clear up this matter; and then I will write to *Bernage*. A pox on him for promising money till I had it promised to me, and then making it such a ticklish point, that one cannot expostulate with the colonel upon it: but let him do as I say, and there's an end. I engaged the secretary of state in it; and am sure it was meant a kindness to me, and that no money should be given, and a hundred pounds is too much in a *Smithfield* bargain, as a major-general told me, whose opinion I asked. I am now hurried, and can say no more. Farewel, &c. &c.

How shall I superscribe to your new lodgings, pray madams? Tell me but that, impudence and saucy-face.

An't you sauceboxes to write lele [i. e. *there*] like *Presto*?

O poor *Presto*!

Mr.

Mr. *Harley* is better to-night, that makes me so pert, you saucy *Gog* and *Magog*.

L E T T E R XIV.

London, March 10, 1710-11.

PRETTY little *MD* must expect little from me till Mr. *Harley* is out of danger. We hope he is so now; but I am subject to fear for my friends. He has a head full of the whole business of the nation, was out of order when the villain stabbed him, and had a cruel contusion by the second blow. But all goes on well yet. Mr. *Ford* and I dined with Mr. *Lewis*, and we hope the best.

11. This morning Mr. secretary and I met at *Court*, where he went to the queen, who is out of order and aguish: I doubt the worse for this accident to Mr. *Harley*. We went together to his house, and his wound looks well, and he is not feverish at all, and I think it is foolish in me to be so much in pain as I am. I had the penknife in my hand, which is broken within a quarter of an inch of the handle. I have a mind to write and publish an account of all the particularities of this fact: it will be very curious, and I would do it when Mr. *Harley* is past danger.

12. We have been in terrible pain to-day about Mr. *Harley*, who never slept last night, and has been very feverish. But this evening I called there, and young Mr. *Harley* (his only son) tells me he is now much better, and was then asleep. They let no-body see him, and that is perfectly right. The *parliament* cannot go on till he is well, and
are

are forced to adjourn their money businesses, which none but he can help them in. Pray God preserve him.

13. Mr. *Harley* is better to-day, slept well all night, and we are a little out of our fears. I send and call three or four times every day. I went into the city for a walk, and dined there with a private man; and coming home this evening broke my shin in the *Strand* over a tub of sand left just in the way. I got home dirty enough, and went straight to bed, where I have been cooking it with gold-beaters skin, and have been peevish enough with *Patrick*, who was near an hour bringing a rag from next door. It is my right shin, where never any humour fell when t'other used to swell; so I apprehend it less: however I shall not stir till 'tis well, which I reckon will be in a week. I am very careful in these sort of things; but I wish I had Mrs. *J*——s water: she is out of town, and I must make a shift with allum. I will dine with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh* till I am well, who lives but five doors off; and that I may venture.

14. My journals are like to be very diverting, now I cannot stir abroad, between accounts of Mr. *Harley*'s mending, and of my broken shin. I just walkt to my neighbour *Vanhomrigh* at two, and came away at six, when little *Harrison* the *Tatler* came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper to him, which I was forced in charity to do. Mr. *Harley* still mends; and I hope in a day or two to trouble you no more with him, nor with my shin. Go to bed and sleep, firrahs, that you may rise to-morrow and walk to *Donnybrook*, and lose your money with *Stoite* and the dean; do so, dear little rogues, and drink *Presto*'s health. O,
 pray,

pray, don't you drink *Presto's* health sometimes with your deans, and your *Stoites*, and your *Walls*, and your *Manleys*, and your every body's, pray now? I drink *MD's* to myself a hundred thousand times.

15. I was this morning at Mr. secretary *St. John's* for all my shin, and he has given me for young *Harrison*, the *Tatler*, the prettiest employment in *Europe*; secretary to my lord *Raby*, who is to be ambassador extraordinary at the *Hague*, where all the great affairs will be concerted; so we shall lose the *Tatlers* in a fortnight. I will send *Harrison* to-morrow morning to thank the secretary. Poor *Biddy Floyd* has got the small-pox. I called this morning to see lady *Betty Germain*; and when she told me so, I fairly took my leave. I have the luck of it*; for about ten days ago I was to see lord *Carteret*; and my lady was entertaining me with telling of a young lady, a cousin, who was then ill in the house of the small-pox, and is since dead: it was near lady *Betty's*, and I fancy *Biddy* took the fright by it. I dined with Mr. secretary, and a physician came in just from *Guiscard*, who tells us he is dying of his wounds, and can hardly live till to-morrow. A poor wench that *Guiscard* kept, sent him a bottle of sack; but the keeper would not let him touch it, for fear it was poison. He had two quarts of old clotted blood come out of his side to-day, and is delirious. I am sorry he is dying; for they had found out a way to hang him. He certainly had an intention to murder the queen.

* Dr. *Swift* never had the small-pox.

16. I have made but little progress in this letter for so many days, thanks to *Guiscard* and Mr. *Harley*; and it would be endless to tell you all the particulars of that odious fact. I do not yet hear that *Guiscard* is dead, but they say 'tis impossible he should recover. I walkt too much yesterday for a man with a broken shin; to-day I rested, and went no further than Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's*, where I dined; and lady *Betty Butler* coming in about six, I was forced in good manners to sit with her till nine; then I came home, and Mr. *Ford* came in to visit my shin, and sat with me till eleven: so I have been very idle and naughty. It vexes me to the pluck that I should lose walking this delicious day. Have you seen the *Spectator* yet, a paper that comes out every day? 'Tis written by Mr. *Steele*, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his *Tatlers*, and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe *Addison* and he club. I never see them; and I plainly told Mr. *Harley* and Mr. *St. John*, ten days ago, before my lord keeper and lord *Rivers*, that I had been foolish enough to spend my credit with them in favour of *Addison* and *Steele*; but that I would engage and promise never to say one word in their behalf, having been used so ill for what I had already done.—So, now I am got into the way of prating again, there will be no quiet for me. When *Presto* begins to prate, Give him a rap upon the pate.—O Lord, how I blot; 'tis time to leave off, &c.

17. *Guiscard* died this morning at two, and the coroner's inquest have found that he was killed by bruises received from a messenger, so to clear the cabinet counsellors from whom he received
his

his wounds. I had a letter from *Raymond*, who cannot hear of your box ; but I hope you have it before this comes to your hands. I dined to-day with Mr. *Lewis* of the secretary's office. Mr. *Harley* has abundance of extravasated blood comes from his breast out of his wound, and will not be well so soon as we expected. I had something to say, but cannot call it to mind (What was it?)

18. I was to-day at *Court* to look for the duke of *Argyle*, and give him the memorial about *Bernage*. The duke goes with the first fair wind : I could not find him, but I have given the memorial to another to give him ; and, however, it shall be sent after him. *Bernage* has made a blunder in offering money to his colonel without my advice ; however he is made captain-lieutenant, only he must recruit the company, which will cost him forty pounds, and that is cheaper than a hundred. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John*, and staid till seven, but would not drink his *Champaign* and *Burgundy*, for fear of the gout. My shin mends, but is not well. I hope it will by the time I send this letter, next *Saturday*.

19. I went to-day into the city, but in a coach, and fussed up my leg on the seat ; and as I came home I went to see poor *Charles Barnard*'s books, which are to be sold by auction, and I itch to lay out nine or ten pounds for some fine editions of fine authors. But 'tis too far, and I shall let it slip, as I usually do all such opportunities. I dined in a *Coffee-house* with *Stratford* upon chops, and some of his wine. Where did *MD* dine ? Why, poor *MD* dined at home to-day, because of the archbishop, and they could not go abroad, and had a breast of mutton and a pint of wine. I hope

hope Mrs. *Walls* mends; and pray give me an account what sort of godfather I made, and whether I behaved myself handsomely. The duke of *Argyle* is gone; and whether he has my memorial, I know not, till I see Dr. *Arbuthnott* *, to whom I gave it. That hard name belongs to a *Scotch* doctor, an acquaintance of the duke's and me; *Stella* can't pronounce it. Oh, that we were at *Laracor* this fine day! the willows begin to peep, and the quicks to bud. My dream's out: I was a-dreamed last night that I eat ripe cherries.— And now they begin to catch the pikes, and will shortly the trouts (pox on these ministers), and I would fain know whether the floods were ever so high as to get over the holly bank or the river walk; if so, then all my pikes are gone; but I hope not. Why don't you ask *Parvisol* these things, sirrahs? And then my canal, and trouts, and whether the bottom be fine and clear? But hearkee, ought not *Parvisol* to pay in my last year's rents and arrears out of his hands? I am thinking, if either of you have heads to take his accounts it should be paid in to you; otherwise to Mr. *Walls*. I will write an order on t'other side; and do as you will. Here's a world of business; but I must go sleep, I'm drowsy; and so good night, &c.

20. This fore shin ruins me in coach hire; no less than two shillings to-day going and coming from the city, where I dined with one you never

* It is reasonable to suppose that *Swift*'s acquaintance with *Arbuthnott* commenced just about this time; for in the original letter *Swift* misspells his name, and writes it *Arthburthnet*, in a clear large hand, that *MD* might not mistake any of the letters.

heard of, and passed an insipid day. I writ this post to *Bernage*, with the account I told you above. I hope he will like it; 'tis his own fault, or it would have been better. I reckon your next letter will be full of Mr. *Harley's* stabbing. He still mends, but abundance of extravasated blood has come out of the wound: he keeps his bed, and sees nobody. The speaker's eldest son is just dead of the small-pox, and the house is adjourned a week, to give him time to wipe off his tears. I think it very handsomely done; but I believe one reason is, that they want Mr. *Harley* so much. *Bido's Floyd* is like to do well: and so go to your dean's, and roast his oranges, and lose your money, do so, you saucy fluts. *Stella*, you lost three shillings and four pence t'other night at *Stoite's*, yes, you did, and *Presto* stood in a corner, and saw you all the while, and then stole away. I dream very often I am in *Ireland*, and that I have left my cloaths and things behind me, and have not taken leave of any body; and that the ministry expect me to-morrow, and such nonsense.

21. I would not for a guinea have a letter from you till this goes; and go it shall on *Saturday*, faith. I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, to save my shin, and then went on some business to the secretary, and he was not at home.

22. Yesterday was a short day's journal: but what care I? what cares saucy *Presto*? *Darteneuf* invited me to dinner to-day. Don't you know *Darteneuf*? That's the man that knows every thing, and that every body knows; and that knows where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and when they were there last: and then I went to the *Coffee house*. My shin mends, but

is not quite healed : I ought to keep it up, but I don't ; I e'en let it go as it comes. Pox take *Parvisol* and his watch. If I do not receive the ten pound bill I am to get towards it, I will neither receive watch nor chain ; so let *Parvisol* know.

23. I this day appointed the duke of *Ormond* to meet him at *Ned Southwell's*, about an affair of printing *Irish Prayer-Books*, &c. but the duke never came. There *Southwell* had letters that two pacquets are taken ; so if *MD* writ then, the letters are gone ; for they are pacquets coming here. Mr. *Harley* is not yet well, but his extravasated blood continues, and I doubt he will not be quite well in a good while : I find you have heard of the fact, by *Southwell's* letters from *Ireland* : What do you think of it ? I dined with Sir *John Percival*, and saw his lady sitting in the bed, in the forms of a lying-in woman ; and coming home my fore shin itched, and I forgot what it was, and rubbed off the f—b, and blood came ; but I am now got into bed, and have put on allum curd, and it is almost well. Lord *Rivers* told me yesterday a piece of bad news, as a secret, that the Pretender is going to be married to the duke of *Savoy's* daughter. 'Tis very bad if it be true. We were walking in the *Mall* with some *Scotch* lords, and he could not tell it until they were gone, and he bade me tell it to none but the secretary of state and *MD*. This goes to-morrow, and I have no room but to bid my dearest little *MD* good night.

24. I will now seal up this letter, and send it ; for I reckon to have none from you ('tis morning now) between this and night ; and I will put it
in

in the post with my own hands. I am going out in great haste ; so farewell, &c.

L E T T E R X I X .

London, March 24, 1710-11.

IT was a little cross in *Presto* not to send to-day to the *Coffee-house* to see whether there was a letter from *MD* before I sent away mine ; but faith I did it on purpose, because I would scorn to answer two letters of yours successively. This way of journal is the worst in the world for writing of news, unless one does it the last day ; and so I will observe henceforward, if there be any politicks or stuff worth sending. My shin mends in spite of the scratching last night. I dined to-day at *Ned Southwell's* with the bishop of *Ossory* and a parcel of *Irish* gentlemen. Have you yet seen any of the *Spectators* ? Just three weeks to-day since I had your last, *N. 11*. I am afraid I have lost one by the packet that was taken ; that will vex me, considering the pains *MD* take to write, especially poor pretty *Stella*, and her weak eyes. God bless them and the owner, and send them well, and little me together, I hope ere long. This illness of Mr. *Harley* puts every thing backwards, and he is still down, and like to be so, by that extravasated blood which comes from his breast to the wound : it was by the second blow *Guiscard* gave him after the penknife was broken. I am shocked at that villainy whenever I think of it. *Biddy Floyd* is past danger, but will lose all her beauty : she had them mighty thick, especially about her nose.

25. Morning. I wish you a merry *New-year*; this is the first day of the year, you know, with us, and 'tis *Lady-day*. I must rise and go to my lord keeper: it is not shaving-day to-day, so I shall be early. I am to dine with Mr. secretary *St. John*. Good morrow, my mistresses both, good morrow. *Stella* will be peeping out of her room at Mrs. *de Caudres*' down upon the folks as they come from church*; and there comes Mrs. *Proby*, and that's my lady *Southwell*, and there's lady *Betty Rochfort*. I long to hear how you are settled in your new lodgings. I wish I were rid of my old ones, and that Mrs. *Brent* could contrive to put up my books in boxes, and lodge them in some safe place, and you keep my papers of importance. But I must rise, I tell you.—At night. So I visited and dined as I told you, and what of that? We have let *Guiscard* be buried at last, after shewing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for two pence apiece: and the fellow that shewed would point to his body, and, See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by his grace the duke of *Ormond*; and this is the wound, &c. and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in. 'Tis hard our laws would not suffer us to hang his body in chains, because he was not tried; and in the eye of our law every man is innocent till then.—Mr. *Harley* is still very weak, and never out of bed.

26. This was a most delicious day; and my skin being past danger, I walkt like lightning above two hours in the *Park*. We have generally one fair day, and then a great deal of rain for three

* *MD*'s lodgings were exactly opposite to *St. Mary's Church*.

or four days together. All things are at a stop in parliament for want of Mr. *Harley*; they cannot stir an inch without him in their most material affairs: and we fear by the caprice of *Radcliffe*, who will admit none but his own surgeon, he has not been well lookt after. I dined at an alehouse with Mr. *Lewis*, but had his wine. Don't you begin to see the flowers and blossoms of the field? How busy should I be now at *Laracor*? No news of your box? I hope you have it, and are this minute drinking the chocolate, and that the smell of the *Brazil* tobacco has not affected it. I would be glad to know whether you like it, because I would send you more by people that are now every day thinking of going to *Ireland*; therefore pray tell me, and tell me soon: and I will have the strong box.

27. A rainy wretched scurvy day from morning till night: and my neighbour *Vanhomrigh* invited me to dine with them: and this evening I passed at Mr. *Prior's* with Dr. *Freind*; and 'tis now past twelve, so I must go sleep.

28. Morning. Oh faith, you're an impudent saucy couple of fluttekens for presuming to write so soon, said I to myself this morning; who knows but there may be a letter from *MD* at the *Coffee-house*? Well, you must know, and so, I just now sent *Patrick*, and he brought me three letters, but not one from *MD*, no indeed, for I read all the superscriptions; and not one from *MD*. One I opened, it was from the archbishop; t'other I opened, it was from *Staunton*; the third I took, and lookt at the hand. Whose hand is this? says I; yes, says I, whose hand is this? Then there was wax between the folds; then I

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began

began to suspect; then I peeped; faith, it was *Walls's* hand after all: then I opened it in a rage, and then it was little *MD's* hand, dear, little, pretty, charming *MD's* sweet hand again. O Lord, en't here a clutter and a stir, and a bustle, never saw the like. Faith, I believe yours lay some days at the post-office, and that it came before my eighteenth went, but that I did not expect it, and I hardly ever go there. Well, and so you think I'll answer this letter now; no faith, and so I won't. I'll make you wait, young women; but I'll enquire immediately about poor *Dingley's* exchequer trangum *. What, is that *Vedel* again a soldier? Was he broke? I'll put it in *Ben Tooke's* hand. I hope *Vedel* could not sell it.—At night. *Vedel, Vedel*, poh, pox, I think it is *Vedcau*; aye, *Vedcau*, now I have it; let me see, do you name him in yours? Yes, Mr. *John Vedcau* is the brother; but where does this brother live? I'll enquire. This was a fast-day for the public; so I dined late with Sir *Matthew Dudley*, whom I have not been with a great while. He is one of those that must lose his employment whenever the great shake comes; and I can't contribute to keep him in, though I have dropt words in his favour to the ministry; but he is too violent a *Whig*, and friend to the lord-treasurer †, to stay in. 'Tis odd to think how long they let those people keep their places; but the reason is, they have not enough to satisfy all expecters, and so they keep them all in hopes, that they may be good boys in the mean time; and thus the old ones hold in still. The comptroller told me, that there are eight people expect his staff. I walkt

* He must mean an exchequer tally.

† Earl of Godolphin.

after dinner to-day round the *Park*. What, do I write politicks to little young women? Hold your tongue, and go to your dean's.

29. Morning. If this be a fine day I will walk into the city, and see *Charles Barnard's* library. What care I for your letter, saucy *N. 12*? I will say nothing to it yet: faith, I believe this will be full before its time, and then go it must. I will always write once a fortnight; and if it goes sooner by filling sooner, why then there is so much clear gain. Morrow, morrow, rogues and lasses both, I can't lie scribbling here in bed for your play; I must rise, and so morrow again.—At night. Your friend *Montgomery* and his sister are here, as I am told by *Patrick*: I have seen him often, but take no notice of him: he is grown very ugly and pimpled. They tell me he is a gamester, and wins money.—How could I help it, pray? *Patrick* snuffs the candle too short, and the grease ran down upon the paper†. It en't my fault, 'tis *Patrick's* fault; pray now don't blame *Presto*. I walkt to-day in the city, and dined at a private house, and went to see the auction of poor *Charles Barnard's* books; they were in the middle of the physick books, so I bought none; and they are so dear, I believe I shall buy none, and there's an end; and go to *Stoite's*, and I'll go sleep.

30. Morning. This is *Good-Friday*, you must know, and I must rise and go to Mr. secretary about some business, and Mrs. *Vanhemrigh* desires me to breakfast with her, because she is to inter-

† It caused a violent daub on the paper, which still continues much discoloured in the original.

cede for *Patrick*, who is so often drunk and quarrelsome in the house, that I was resolved to send him over; but he knows all the places where I send, and is so used to my ways, that it would be inconvenient to me; but when I come to *Ireland*, I will discharge him. † Sir *Thomas Mansel*, one of the lords of the treasury, setting me down at my door to-day, saw *Patrick*, and swore he was a *Teaguelander*. I am so used to his face, I never observed it, but thought him a pretty fellow. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I supped this fast-day with Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*. We were afraid Mr. *Harley's* wound would turn to a *Fistula*; but we think the danger is now past. He rises every day, and walks about his room, and we hope he will be out in a fortnight. *Prior* shewed me a handsome paper of verses he has writ on Mr. *Harley's* accident: they are not out; I will send them to you, if he will give me a copy.

31. Morning. What shall we do to make *April* fools this year, now it happens on *Sunday*? *Patrick* brings word that Mr. *Harley* still mends, and is up every day. I design to see him in a few days: and he brings me word too that he has found out *Vedean's* brother's shop: I shall call there in a day or two. It seems the wife lodges next door to the brother. I doubt the scoundrel was broke, and got a commission, or perhaps is a voluntier gentleman, and expects to get one by his valour. Morrow, firrahs, let me rise.—At night. I dined to-day with Sir *Thomas Mansel*. We were walking in the *Park*, and Mr. *Lewis* came to us. *Mansel* askt Where we dined? We

† He forgot here to say, At night. See what goes before.

said, Together. He said, we should dine with him, only his wife desired him to bring nobody, because she had only a leg of mutton. I said, I would dine with him to chuse; but he would send a servant to order a plate or two: yet this man has ten thousand pounds a year in land, and is a lord of the treasury, and is not covetous neither, but runs out merely by flattering and negligence. The worst dinner I ever saw at the dean's was better: but so it is with abundance of people here. I called at night at Mr. *Harley's*, who begins to walk in his room with a stick, but is mighty weak.—See how much I have lost with that ugly grease †. 'Tis your fault, pray; and I'll go to bed.

April 1. The duke of *Buckingham's* house fell down last night with an earth-quake, and is half swallowed up;—Won't you go and see it?—An *April* fool, an *April* fool, oh ho, young women. Well, don't be angry, I'll make you an *April* fool no more till the next time: we had no sport here, because it is *Sunday*, and *Easter-Sunday*. I dined with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. *Prior* and *Lewis* observed as well as I: perhaps something is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it. God bless my own dearest *MD*, and all is well.

2. We have such windy weather, 'tis troublesome walking, yet all the rabble have got into our *Park* these *Easter* holidays. I am plagued with one *Richardson*, an *Irish* parson, and his pro-

† The candle-grease mentioned before, which soaked through, deformed this part of the paper on the second page.

ject of printing *Irish Bibles*, &c. to make you *Christians* in that country : I befriend him what I can on account of the archbishop and bishop of *Clogher*.——But what business have I to meddle, &c. Don't you remember that, firrah *Stella* ? what was that about, when you thought I was meddling with something that was not my business ? Oh faith, you are an impudent slut, I remember your doings, I'll never forget you as long as I live. *Lewis* and I dined together at his lodgings. But where's the answer to this letter of *MD's*. O faith, *Presto*, you must think of that. Time enough, says saucy *Presto*.

3. I was this morning to see Mrs. *Barton* ; I love her better than any body here, and see her feldomer. Why really now, so it often happens in the world, that where one loves a body best—psah, psah, you are so silly with your moral observations. Well, but she told me a very good story. An old gentlewoman died here two months ago, and left in her will, to have eight men and eight maids bearers, who should have two guineas apiece, ten guineas to the parson for a sermon, and two guineas to the clerk. But bearers, parson and clerk must be all true virgins ; and not to be admitted till they took their oaths of virginity : so the poor woman still lies unburied, and so must do till the general resurrection.——I called at Mr. secretary's, to see what the D— ailed him on *Sunday* ; I made him a very proper speech, told him, I observed he was much out of temper ; that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better ; and one thing I warned him of, Never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a school-boy ; that I had felt too much of that in my life already.

already (meaning from Sir *William Temple*) that I expected every great minister, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw any thing to my disadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my lord keeper and Mr. *Harley* know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly. He took all right; said, I had reason, vowed nothing ailed him but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking; would have had me dined with him and Mrs. *Masbam's* brother, to make up matters; but I would not. I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend *Rollinson*, you never heard of him before.

4. I sometimes look a line or two back, and see plaguy mistakes of the pen; how do you get over them? You are puzzled sometimes. Why, I think what I said to Mr. secretary was right. Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when Sir *William Temple* would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons. I have pluckt up my spirit since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman. I dined with my neighbour *Vanhomrigh*, and *MD*, poor *MD*, at home on a loin of mutton and half a pint of wine, and the mutton was raw, poor *Stella* could not eat, poor dear rogue, and *Dingley* was so vexed; but we'll dine at *Stoyte's* to-morrow. Mr. *Harley* promised to see me in a day or two, so I called this evening; but his son and others were abroad, and he asleep, so I came
away,

away, and found out Mrs. *Vedean*. She drew out a letter from *Dingley*, and said she would get a friend to receive the money. I told her I would employ Mr. *Tooke* in it henceforward. Her husband bought a lieutenancy of foot, and is gone to *Portugal*. He sold his share of the shop to his brother, and put out the money to maintain her, all but what bought the commission. She lodges within two doors of her brother. She told me, It made her very melancholy to change her manner of life thus, but trade was dead, &c. She says, she will write to you soon. I design to engage *Ben Tooke*, and then receive the parchment from her.—I gave Mr. *Dopping* a copy of *Prior's* verses on Mr. *Harley*, he sent them yesterday to *Ireland*, so go look for them, for I won't be at the trouble to transcribe them here. They will be printed in a day or two. Give my hearty service to *Stoyte* and *Catherine*; upon my word I love them dearly, and desire you will tell them so: pray desire goody *Stoyte* not to let Mrs. *Walls* and Mrs. *Johnson* cheat her of her money at ombre, but assure her from me, that she is a bungler. Dine with her to-day, and tell her so, and drink my health, and good voyage, and speedy return, and so you're a rogue.

5. Morning. Now let us proceed to examine a saucy letter from one Madam *MD*.—God Almighty blefs poor dear *Stella*, and send her a great many *Birth-days*, all happy, and healthy, and wealthy, and with me ever together, and never asunder again, unless by chance. When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me so here, and I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letter, or writing to you. No faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and
therefore

therefore I see and talk with you every evening constantly, and sometimes in the morning, but not always in the morning, because that is not so modest to young ladies.—What, you would fain palm a letter on me more than you sent; and I, like a fool, must look over all yours, to see whether this was really *N. 12.* or more. [*Patrick* has this moment brought me letters from the bishop of *Clogher* and *Parvisol*; my heart was at my mouth for fear of one from *MD*; what a disgrace would it be to have two of yours to answer together? But faith this shall go to night, for fear, and then come when it will, I defy it.] No, you are not naughty at all, write when you are disposed. And so the dean told you the story of *Mr. Harley* from the archbishop; I warrant it never spoiled your supper, or broke off your game. Nor yet, have not you the box; I wish *Mrs. Edgworth* had the—. But you have it now, I suppose; and is the chocolate good, or has the tobacco spoiled it? *Leigh* stays till *Sterne* has done his business, no longer; and when that will be, God knows: I befriend him as much as I can, but *Harley's* accident stops that as well as all things else. You guess, *Madam Dingley*, that I shall stay a round twelvemonth; as hope saved, I would come over, if I could, this minute; but we will talk of that by and bye.—Your affair of *Vedeau* I have told you of already; now to the next, turn over the leaf. *Mrs. Dobbins* lies, I have no more provision here or in *Ireland* than I had. I am pleased that *Stella* the conjurer approves what I did with *Mr. Harley**; but your generosity makes me mad; I know you repine inwardly at *Presto's* absence; you think he has broken his

* In relation to the Bank Note.

word of coming in three months, and that this is always his trick; and now *Stella* says, she does not see possibly how I can come away in haste, and that *MD* is satisfied, &c. An't you a rogue to overpower me thus? I did not expect to find such friends as I have done. They may indeed deceive me too. But there are important reasons [Pox on this grease, this candle tallow!] why they should not*. I have been used barbarously by the late ministry; I am a little piqued in honour to let people see I am not to be despised. The assurances they give me, without any scruple or provocation, are such as are usually believed in the world; they may come to nothing, but the first opportunity that offers, and is neglected, I shall depend no more, but come away†. I could say a thousand things on this head, if I were with you. I am thinking why *Stella* should not go to the *Bath*, if she be told it will do her good; I will make *Parvisol* get up fifty pounds, and pay it you; and you may be good housewives, and live cheap there some months, and return in *Autumn*, or visit *London*, as you please: pray think of it. I writ to *Bernage*, directed to *Curry's*; I wish he had the letter. I will send the bohea tea, if I can. The bishop of *Kilmore*, I don't keep such company; an old dying fool whom I never was with in my life. So I am no godfather; all the better. Pray, *Stella*, explain those two words of yours to me, what you mean by *Villian*, and

* *Swift* was, at this time, their great support and champion.

† And so at last he threatened; (Vide his letter to Mrs. *Dingley*, No. 60. *Dodsley's* Collection) or perhaps he never would have got that trifling *Deanry* of *St. Patrick's*.

Dainger,

Dainger *, and you, Madam *Dingley*, what is *Christianing*? — Lay your letter *this way, this way*, and the devil a bit of difference between *this way* and *t'other way*. No; I'll shew you, lay them *this way, this way*, and not *that way, that way* †. — You shall have your aprons; and I'll put all your commissions as they come, in a paper together, and don't think I'll forget *MD's* orders, because they are friends; I'll be as careful, as if they were strangers. I know not what to do about this *Clements*. *Walls* will not let me say any thing, as if Mr. *Pratt* was against him; and now the bishop of *Clogher* has written to me in his behalf. This thing does not rightly fall in my way, and that people never consider: I always give my good offices where they are proper, and that I am judge of; however, I will do what I can. But, if he has the name of a *Whig*, it will be hard, considering my lord *Anglesea* and *Hyde* are very much otherwise, and you know they have the employment of deputy treasurer. If the frolick should take you of going to the *Bath*, I here send you a note on *Parvisol*; if not, you may tear it, and there's an end. Farewel.

If you have an imagination that the *Bath* will do you good, I say again, I would have you go; if not, or it be inconvenient, burn this note. Or, if you would go, and not take so much money, take thirty pounds, and I will return you twenty from

* It may be somewhat amazing to declare; but *Stella*, with all her wit and good sense, spelled very ill. And Dr. *Swift* insisted greatly upon women's spelling well.

† The slope of the letters in the words *this way, this way*, is to the left hand, but the slope of the words *that way, that way*, is to the right hand.

hence.

hence. Do as you please, firrahs. I suppose it will not be too late for the first season; if it be, I would have you resolve however to go the second season, if the doctors say it will do you good, and you fancy so.

L E T T E R X X.

London, April 5, 1711.

I PUT my nineteenth in the post-office just now myself, as I came out of the city, where I dined. This rain ruins me in coach-hire; I walkt away fixpennyworth, and came within a shilling length, and then took a coach, and got a lift back for nothing; and am now busy.

6. Mr. secretary desired I would see him this morning, said he had several things to say to me, and said not one; and the duke of *Ormond* sent to desire I would meet him at Mr. *Southwell's* by ten this morning too, which I did, thinking it was some particular matter. All the *Irish* in town were there, to consult upon preventing a bill for laying a duty on *Irish* yarn; so we talkt awhile, and then all went to the lobby of the house of commons, to solicit our friends, and the duke came among the rest; and lord *Anglesea* solicited admirably, and I did wonders. But after all, the matter was put off till *Monday*, and then we are to be at it again. I dined with lord *Mountjoy*, and lookt over him at chess, which put me in mind of *Stel'a* and *Griffyth*. I came home, and that dog *Patrick* was not within, so I fretted, and fretted, and what good did that do me? And so get you gone to your deans, You couple of queans. I can't find rhyme to *Walls* and *Stoyte*.—Yes, yes, You expect *Mrs. Walls*, Be dress'd when she calls,

calls, To carry you to *Stoyte*, Or else *boni soir*. *Henley* told me that the *Tories* were insupport-able people, because they are for bringing in *French* claret, and will not *sup-port*. Mr. *Harley* will hardly get abroad this week or ten days yet. I reckon when I send away this letter he will be just got into the house of commons. My last letter went in twelve days, and so perhaps may this. No it won't, for those letters that go under a fortnight are answers to one of yours, otherwise you must take the days as they happen, some dry, some wet, some barren, some fruitful, some merry, some insipid ; some, &c. — I will write you word exactly the first day I see young gooseberries, and pray observe how much later you are. We have not had five fine days this five weeks, but rain or wind. 'Tis a late *Spring* they say here.—Go to bed, you two dear saucy brats, and don't keep me up all night.

7. *Ford* has been at *Epsom*, to avoid *Good-Friday* and *Easter-Sunday*. He forced me to-day to dine with him ; and tells me, there are letters from *Ireland* giving an account of a great indiscretion in the archbishop of *Dublin*, who applied a story out of *Tacitus* very reflectingly on Mr. *Harley*, and that twenty people have written of it ; I do not believe it yet. I called this evening to see Mr. secretary, who has been very ill with the gravel and pain in his back, by *Burgundy* and *Champagne*, added to the sitting up all night at business ; I found him drinking tea while the rest were at *Champagne*, and was very glad of it. I have chid him so severely that I hardly knew whether he would take it well : then I went and sat an hour with Mrs. *St. John*, who is growing a
great

great favourite of mine ; she goes to the *Bath* on *Wednesday*, for she is much out of health, and has begged me to take care of the secretary.

8. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary *St. John* ; he gave me a letter to read, which was from the publisher of the news-paper called the *Post-boy* ; in it there was a long copy of a letter from *Dublin*, giving an account of what the *Whigs* said upon Mr. *Harley's* being stabbed, and how much they abuse him and Mr. secretary *St. John* ; and at the end there was half a dozen lines, telling the story of the archbishop of *Dublin*, and abusing him horribly ; this was to be printed on *Tuesday*. I told the secretary I would not suffer that about the archbishop to be printed, and so I crossed it out ; and afterwards, to prevent all danger, I made him give me the letter, and, upon further thought, would let none of it be published : and I sent for the printer and told him so, and ordered him, in the secretary's name, to print nothing reflecting on any body in *Ireland* till he had shewed it me. Thus I have prevented a terrible scandal to the archbishop, by a piece of perfect good fortune. I will let him know it by next post ; and pray, if you pick it out, let me know, and whether he is thankful for it ; but say nothing.

9. I was to-day at the house of commons again about their yarn, at lord *Anglesea's* desire, but the business is again put off till *Monday*. I dined with Sir *John Stanley*, by an assignation I had made with Mr. *St. John*, and *George Granville*, the secretary at war, but they let in other company, some ladies, and so we were not as easy as I intended. My head is pretty tolerable, but every day I feel some little disorders ; I have left off snuff since

since *Sunday*, finding myself much worse after taking a good deal at the secretary's. I would not let him drink one drop of *Champagne* or *Burgundy* without water, and in compliment I did so myself. He is much better, but when he is well he is like *Stella*, and will not be governed. So go to your *Stoyte's*, and I'll go sleep.

10. I have been visiting lady *Worsley* and Mrs. *Barton* to-day, and dined soberly with my friend *Lewis*. The dauphin is dead of an apoplexy; I wish he had lived till the finishing of this letter, that it might be news to you; *Duncomb*, the rich alderman, died to-day, and I hear has left the duke of *Argyle*, who married his niece, two hundred thousand pounds; I hope it is true, for I love that duke mightily. I writ this evening to the archbishop of *Dublin*, about what I told you; and then went to take leave of poor Mrs. *St. John*, who gave me strict charge to take care of the secretary in her absence, said she had none to trust but me; and the poor creature's tears came fresh in her eyes. Before we took leave, I was drawn in by the other ladies and Sir *John Stanley* to raffle for a fan, with a pox; it was four guineas, and we put in seven shillings apiece, several raffling for absent people; but I lost, and so mist an opportunity of shewing my gallantry to Mrs. *St. John*, whom I designed to have presented it to, if I had won. Is *Dilly** gone to the *Bath*? His face will whizz in the water; I suppose he will write to us from thence, and will take *London* in his way back.—The rabble will say, There goes a drunken parson, and which is worse, they will say true. Oh, but you must know I carried

* The reverend *Dillon Ashe*.

Ford to dine with *Mr. St. John* last *Sunday*, that he may brag when he goes back, of dining with a secretary of state. The secretary and I went away early, and left him drinking with the rest, and he told me, that two or three of them were drunk. They talk of great promotions to be made ; that *Mr. Harley* is to be lord treasurer, and lord *Poulet* † master of the horse, &c. but they are only conjecture. The speaker is to make *Mr. Harley* a compliment the first time he comes into the house, which I hope will be in a week. He has had an ill surgeon, by the caprice of that puppy *Dr. Radcliffe* ; which has kept him back so long ; and yesterday he got a cold, but is better to-day. —What ; I think I am stark mad to write so much in one day to little saucy *MD* ; here's a deal of stuff, indeed ; can't you bid those little dear rogues good night, and let them go sleep, *Mr. Presto* ? When your tongue runs there's no ho with you, pray.

II. Again at the lobby, like a lobcock, of the house of commons, about your *Irish* yarn, and again put off till *Friday* ; and I and *Patrick* went into the city by water, where I dined, and then I went to the auction of *Charles Barnard's* books, but the good ones were so monstrous dear, I could not reach them, so I laid out one pound seven shillings but very indifferently, and came away, and will go there no more. *Henry* would fain engage me to go with *Steele* and *Rowe*, &c. to an invitation at *Sir William Read's*. Surely you have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and is the queen's oculist ; he makes admirable punch,

† He was at this time first commissioner of the treasury.

and treats you in gold vessels. But I am engaged, and won't go, neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt. So good night, and go sleep.

12. I went about noon to the secretary, who is very ill with a cold, and sometimes of the gravel, with his *Champagne*, &c. I scolded him like a dog, and he promises faithfully more care for the future. To-day my lord *Anglesea*, and Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, and *Prior* and I dined, by appointment, with lieutenant general *Webb*. My lord and I staid till ten o'clock, but we drank soberly, and I always with water. There was with us one Mr. *Campain*, one of the *October Club*, if you know what that is ; a Club of country members, who think the ministers are too backward in punishing and turning out the *Whigs*. I found my lord and the rest thought I had more credit with the ministry than I pretend to have, and would have engaged me to put them upon something that would satisfy their desires, and indeed I think they have some reason to complain ; however, I will not burn my fingers. I'll remember *Stella's* chiding ; What had you to do with what did not belong to you, &c. However, you will give me leave to tell the ministry my thoughts when they ask them, and other people's thoughts sometimes when they do not ask ; so thinks *Dingley*.

13. I called this morning at Mrs. *Vedau's* again, who has employed a friend to get the money ; it will be done in a fortnight, and then she will deliver me up the parchment. I went then to see Mr. *Harley*, who I hope will be out in a few days ; he was in excellent good humour, only complained to me of the neglect of *Guisc-*

card's cure, how glad he would have been to have had him live. Mr. secretary came in to us, and we were very merry till lord chamberlain (duke of *Shrewsbury*) came up, then colonel *Masham* and I went off, after I had been presented to the duke, and that we made two or three silly compliments suitable to the occasion. Then I attended at the house of commons about your yarn, and 'tis again put off. Then *Ford* drew me to dine at a tavern, it happened to be the day and the house where the *October Club* dine. After we had dined, coming down we called to enquire, whether our yarn business had been over that day, and I sent into the room for Sir *George Beaumont*. But I had like to be drawn into a difficulty; for in two minutes out comes Mr. *Finch*, lord *Guernsey's* son, to let me know, that my lord *Compton*, the steward of this feast, desired, in the name of the *Club*, that I would do them the honour to dine with them. I sent my excuses, adorned with about thirty compliments, and got off as fast as I could. It would have been a most improper thing for me to dine there, considering my friendship with the ministry. The *Club* is about a hundred and fifty, and near eighty of them were then going to dinner at two long tables in a great ground room. At evening I went to the auction of *Barnard's* books, and laid out three pounds three shillings, but I'll go there no more; and so I said once before, but now I'll keep to it. I forgot to tell, that when I dined at *Webb's* with lord *Anglesea*, I spoke to him of *Clements*, as one recommended for a very honest gentleman, and good officer, and hoped he would keep him: he said, he had not thought otherwise, and that he should certainly hold his place, while he continued to deserve it; and I could not find there

had been any intentions from his lordship against him. But I tell you, hunny, the impropriety of this. A great man will do a favour for me, or for my friend; but why should he do it for my friend's friend. Recommendations should stop before they come to that. Let any friend of mine recommend one of his to me for a thing in my power, I will do it for his sake; but to speak to another for my friend's friend, is against all reason; and I desire you will understand this, and discourage any such troubles given me.—I hope this may do some good to *Clements*, it can do him no hurt; and I find by Mrs. *Pratt*, that her husband is his friend; and the bishop of *Clogher* says, *Clement's* danger is not from *Pratt*, but from some other enemies, that think him a *Whig*.

14. I was so busy this morning that I did not go out till late. I writ to-day to the duke of *Argyle*, but said nothing of *Bernage*, who, I believe, will not see him till *Spain* is conquered, and that is, not at all. I was to-day at lord *Shelburn's*, and spoke to Mrs. *Pratt* again about *Clements*; her husband himself wants some good offices, and I have done him very good ones lately, and told Mrs. *Pratt*, I expected her husband should stand by *Clements* in return. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined with neighbour *Vanhomrigh*; he is mighty ill of an *Asthma*, and apprehends himself in much danger; 'tis his own fault, that will rake and drink, when he is but just crawled out of his grave. I will send this letter just now, because I think my half year is out for my lodging; and, if you please, I would be glad it were paid off, and some deal boxes made for my books, and kept in some safe place, I would give something for their keeping: but I doubt that lodging

will not serve me when I come back ; I would have a larger place for books, and a stable, if possible. So pray be so kind to pay the lodging, and all accounts about it ; and get Mrs. *Brent* to put up my things. I would have no books put in that trunk where my papers are. If you do not think of going to the *Bath*, I here send you a bill on *Parvisol* for twenty pounds *Irish*, out of which you will pay for the lodging, and score the rest to me. Do as you please, and love poor *Presto*, that loves *MD* better than his life a thousand millions of times. Farewel, *MD*, &c. &c.

L E T T E R X X I.

London, April 14, 1711.

REMEMBER, firrahs, that there are but nine days between the dates of my two former letters. I sent away my twentieth this moment, and now am writing on like a fish, as if nothing was done. But there was a cause for my hasting away the last, for fear it should not come time enough before a new quarter began. I told you where I dined to-day, but forgot to tell you what I believe, that Mr. *Harley* will be lord treasurer in a short time, and other great removes and promotions made. This is my thought, &c.

15. I was this morning with Mr. secretary, and he is grown pretty well. I dined with him to-day, and drank some of that wine which the duke of *Tuscany* used to send to Sir *William Temple* : he always sends some to the chief ministers. I liked it mightily, but he does not ; and he ordered his butler to send me a chest of it to-morrow. Would to God *MD* had it. The queen is well again, and was at chapel to-day, &c.

16. I

16. I went with *Ford* into the city to-day, and dined with *Stratford*, and drank *Tockay*, and then we went to the auction; but I did not lay out above twelve shillings. My head is a little out of order to-night, though no formal fit. My lord keeper has sent to invite me to dinner to-morrow, and you'll dine better with the dean, and God bless you. I forgot to tell you that yesterday was sent me *A Narrative* printed, with all the circumstances of Mr. *Harley's* stabbing. I had not time to do it myself; so I sent my hints to the author of the *Atalantis**, and she has cook'd it into a six-penny pamphlet, in her own style, only the first page is left as I was beginning it. But I was afraid of disobliging Mr. *Harley* or Mr. *St. John* in one critical point about it, and so would not do it myself. It is worth your reading, for the circumstances are all true. My chest of *Florence* was sent me this morning, and cost me seven and six-pence to two servants. I would give two guineas you had it, &c.

17. I was so out of order with my head this morning, that I was going to send my excuses to my lord keeper; but however I got up at eleven, and walked there after two, and staid till eight. There was Sir *Thomas Mansel*, Prior, *George Granville*, and Mr. *Cæsar*, and we were very merry. My head is still wrong, but I have had no formal fit, only I totter a little. I have left off snuff altogether. I have a noble roll of tobacco for grating, very good. Shall I send it to *MD*, if she likes that sort? My lord keeper and our this day's company are to dine on *Saturday* with *George Granville*, and to-morrow I dine with lord *Anglesea*.

* Mrs. Manley.

18. Did you ever see such a blundering goose-cap as *Preslo*? I saw the number 21 a-top, and so I went on as if it were the day of the month, whereas this is but *Wednesday* the 18th. How shall I do to blot and alter them? I have made a shift to do it behind, but it is a great botch. I dined with lord *Anglesea* to day, but did not go to the house of commons about the yarn; my head was not well enough. I know not what's the matter; it has never been thus before: two days together giddy from morning till night, but not with any violence or pain; and I totter a little, but can make shift to walk. I doubt I must fall to my pills again: I think of going into the country a little way. I tell you what you must do henceforward: you must inclose your letters in a fair half sheet of paper, and direct the outside To *Erasmus Lewis*, esquire, at my lord *Dartmouth's* office at *Whitehall*: for I never go to the *Coffee-house*, and they will grudge to take in my letters. I forgot to tell you that your mother was to see me this morning, and brought me a flask of sweat water for a present, admirable for my head; but I shall not smell to it. She is going to *Sheen* with lady *Giffard*: she would fain send your papers over to you, or give them to me. Say what you would have done, and it shall be done; because I love *Stella*, and she is a good daughter, they say, and so is *Dingley*.

19. This morning general *Webb* was to give me a visit: he goes with a crutch and stick, yet was forced to come up two pair of stairs. I promised to dine with him, but afterwards sent my excuses, and dined privately in my friend *Lewis's* lodgings at *Whitehall*, with whom I had much business to talk of, relating to the publick and myself.

myself. Little *Harrison* the *Tatler* goes to-morrow to the secretaryship I got him at the *Hague*, and Mr. *St. John* has made him a present of fifty guineas to bear his charges. An't I a good friend? Why are not you a young fellow, that I might prefer you? I had a letter from *Bernage* from *Kinsale*: he tells me his commission for captain-lieutenant was ready for him at his arrival: so there are two jackanapeses I have done with. My head is something better this evening, though not well.

20. I was this morning with Mr. secretary, whose packets were just come in, and among them a letter from lord *Peterborow* to me: he writes so well, I have no mind to answer him, and so kind, that I must answer him. The emperor's death must, I think, cause great alterations in *Europe*, and, I believe, will hasten a *Peace*. We reckon our king *Charles* will be chosen emperor, and the duke of *Savoy* set up for *Spain*; but I believe he will make nothing of it. Dr. *Freind* and I dined in the city at a printer's, and it has cost me two shillings in coach-hire, and a great deal more this week and month, which has been almost all rain, with now and then sun-shine, and is the truest *April* that I have known these many years. The lime-trees in the *Park* are all out in leaves, though not large leaves yet. Wise people are going into the country; but many think the *Parliament* can hardly be up these six weeks. Mr. *Harley* was with the queen on *Tuesday*. I believe certainly he will be lord treasurer: I have not seen him this week.

21. Morning. Lord keeper, and I, and *Prior*, and Sir *Thomas Mansel* have appointed to dine
this

this day with *George Granville*. My head, I thank God, is better ; but to be giddyish three or four days together mortified me. I take no snuff, and I will be very regular in eating little and the gentlest meats. How does poor *Stella* just now, with her *deans* and her *Stoytes* ? Do they give you health for the money you lose at ombre, firrah ? What say you to that ? Poor *Dingley* frets to see *Stella* lose that four and eleven pence, t'other night. Let us rise. Morrow, firrahs. I will rise, spight of your little teeth ; good morrow.— At night. Oh, faith, you are little dear saucy boxes. I was just going in the morning to tell you that I began to want a letter from *MD*, and in four minutes after Mr. *Ford* sends me one that he had pickt up at *St. James's Coffee-house* ; for I go to no *Coffee-house* at all. And faith, I was glad at heart to see it, and to see *Stella* so brisk. O Lord, what pretending ? Well, but I won't answer it yet ; I'll keep it for t'other side. Well, we dined to-day according to appointment ; lord keeper went away at near eight, I at eight, and I believe the rest will be fairly fuddled : for young *Harcourt*, lord keeper's son, began to prattle before I came away. It will not do with *Prior's* lean carcase. I drink little, miss my glass often, put water in my wine, and go away before the rest, which I take to be a good receipt for sobriety. Let us put it into rhyme, and so make a proverb ;

Drink little at a time ;

Put water with your wine ;

Miss your glass when you can ;

And go off the first man.

God be thanked, I am much better than I was, though something of a totterer. I ate but little to-day, and of the gentlest meat. I refused ham
and

and pigeons, pease-soup, stewed beef, cold salmon, because they were too strong. I take no snuff at all, but some herb-snuff prescribed by Dr. Radcliffe.

Go to your deans,

You couple of queans.

I believe I said that already. What care I? what cares *Presto*?

22. Morning. I must rise and go to the secretary's. Mr. *Harley* has been out of town this week to refresh himself before he comes into parliament. Oh, but I must rise, so there is no more to be said; and so morrow, firrahs both. —Night. I dined to-day with the secretary, who has engaged me for every *Sunday*; and I was an hour with him this morning deep in politicks, where I told him the objections of the *October Club*, and he answered all except one, That no Enquiries are made into past mismanagement. But indeed I believe they are not yet able to make any: the late ministry were too cunning in their rogueries, and fenced themselves with an *Act of general Pardon*. I believe Mr. *Harley* must be lord treasurer; yet he makes one difficulty which is hard to answer: he must be made a lord, and his estate is not large enough, and he is too generous to make it larger; and if the ministry should change soon by any accident, he will be left in the luds. Another difficulty is, that if he be made a peer, they will want him prodigiously in the *House of Commons*, of which he is the great mover, and after him the secretary, and hardly any else of weight *. Two shillings more to-day for coach and chair. I shall be ruined.

* That is, among the ministry.

23. So you expect an answer to your letter, do you so? Yes, yes, you shall have an answer, you shall, young women. I made a good pun on *Saturday* to my lord keeper. After dinner we had coarse *Doiley* napkins, fringed at each end, upon the table to drink with: my lord keeper spread one of them between him and Mr. *Prior*; I told him I was glad to see there was such a *Fringeship* [Friendship] between Mr. *Prior* and his lordship. *Prior* swore it was the worst he ever heard: I said I thought so too; but at the same time I thought it was most like one of *Stella's* that ever I heard. I dined to-day with lord *Montjoy*, and this evening saw the *Venetian* ambassador coming from his first publick audience. His coach was the most monstrous, huge, fine, rich, gilt thing that ever I saw. I loitered this evening, and came home late.

24. I was this morning to visit the duchess of *Ormond*, who has long desired it, or threatned she would not let me visit her daughters. I sat an hour with her, and we were good company, when in came the countess of *Bellamont*, with a pox. I went out, and we did not know one another; yet hearing me named, she asked, What, is that Dr. *Swift*? said, she and I were very well acquainted, and fell a railing at me without mercy, as a lady told me that was there; yet I never was but once in the company of that drab of a countess. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined with my neighbour *Van*. I design in two days, if possible, to go lodge at *Chelsea* for the air, and put myself under a necessity of walking to and from *London* every day. I writ this post to the bishop of *Clogher* a long politick letter to entertain him. I am

to buy statues and *Harnese* * for them, with a vengeance. I have packt and sealed up *MD*'s twelve letters against I go to *Chelsea*. I have put the last commissions of *MD* in my account-book ; but if there be any former ones, I have forgot them. I have *Dingley*'s pocket-book down, and *Stella*'s green silk apron, and the pound of tea ; pray send me word if you have any other, and down they shall go. I will not answer your letter yet, saucy boxes. You are with the dean just now, madam *Stella*, losing your money. Why don't you name what number you have received ? You say you have received my letters, but don't tell the number.

25. I was this day dining in the city with very insignificant, low, and scurvy company. I had a letter from the archbishop of *Dublin*, with a long denial of the report raised on him †, which yet has been since assured to me from those who say they have it from the first hand ; but I cannot believe them. I will shew it to the secretary to-morrow. I will not answer yours till I get to *Chelsea*.

26. *Chelsea*. I have sent two boxes of lumber to my friend *Darteneuf*'s house, and my chest of *Florence* and other things to Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, where I dined to-day. I was this morning with the secretary, and shewed him the archbishop's letter, and convinced him of his grace's innocence, and I will do the same to Mr. *Harley*. I got here in the stage-coach with *Patrick* and my portmantua for six-pence, and pay six shillings a week

* *Farneſe*.

† See the last Collection of Letters, printed for *Dodſley* and others, No. 45.

for

for one silly room with confounded coarse sheets. We have had such a horrible deal of rain, that there is no walking to *London*, and I must go as I came until it mends; and besides the whelp has taken my lodging as far from *London* as this town could afford, at least half a mile further than he need; but I must be content. The best is, I lodge just over-against Dr. *Atterbury's* house, and yet perhaps I shall not like the place the better for that. Well, I'll stay till to-morrow before I answer your letter; and you must suppose me always writing at *Chelsea* from henceforward, till I alter and say *London*. This letter goes on *Saturday*, which will be just a fortnight; so go and cheat goody *Stoyte*, &c.

27. Do you know that I fear my whole chest of *Florence* is turned sour, at least the two first flasks were so, and hardly drinkable. How plaguy unfortunate am I! and the secretary's own is the best I ever tasted; and I must not tell him, but be as thankful as if it were the best in *Christendom*. I went to town in the sixpenny stage to-day, and hearing Mr. *Harley* was not at home, I went to see him, because I knew by the message of his lying porter that he was at home. He was very well, and just going out, but made me promise to dine with him; and betwixt that and indeed strolling about, I lost four pound seven shillings at play—with a — — — a — a — book-feiler, and got but about half a dozen books*. I will buy no more books now, that's certain. Well, I dined at Mr. *Harley's*, came away at six, shifted my gown, cassock, and periwig, and walkt hither to *Chelsea*, as I always design to do

* This must have been at some raffling for books.

when it is fair. I am heartily sorry to find my friend the secretary stand a little ticklish with the rest of the ministry; there have been one or two disobliging things that have happened, too long to tell: and t'other day in parliament, upon a debate of about thirty-five millions that have not been duly accounted for, Mr. secretary in his warmth of speech, and zeal for his friend Mr. *Brydges*, on whom part of the blame was falling, said, he did not know that either Mr. *Brydges* or the late ministry were at all to blame in this matter; which was very desperately spoken, and giving up the whole cause: for the chief quarrel against the late ministry was the ill management of the treasure, and was more than all the rest together. I had heard of this matter: but Mr. *Foley* beginning to discourse to-day at table, without naming Mr. *St. John*, I turned to Mr. *Harley*, and said, If the late ministry were not to blame in that article, he [Mr. *Harley*] ought to lose his head for putting the queen upon changing them. He made it a jest; but by some words dropt, I easily saw that they take things ill of Mr. *St. John*, and by some hints given me from another hand that I deal with, I am afraid the secretary will not stand long. This is the fate of *Courts*. I will, if I meet Mr. *St. John* alone on *Sunday*, tell him my opinion, and beg him to set himself right, else the consequences may be very bad; for I see not how they can well want him neither, and he would make a troublesome enemy. But enough of politicks.

28. Morning. I forgot to tell you that Mr. *Harley* askt me yesterday, how he came to disoblige the archbishop of *Dublin*? Upon which (having not his letter about me) I told him what
the

the bishop had written to me on that subject *, and desired I might read him the letter some other time. But after all, from what I have heard from other hands, I am afraid the archbishop is a little guilty. Here is one *Brent Spencer*, a brother of Mr. *Proby's*, who affirms it, and says he has leave to do so from *Charles Dering*, who heard the words; and that *Ingoldsfby* abused the archbishop, &c. Well, but, now for your saucy letter: I have no room to answer it; O yes, enough on t'other side. Are you no sicker? *Stella* jeers *Presto* for not coming over by *Christmas*; but indeed *Stella* does not jeer but reproach poor poor *Presto*. And how can I come away, and the *First-Fruits* not finished? I am of opinion the duke of *Ormond* will do nothing in them before he goes, which will be in a fortnight, they say; and then they must fall to me to be done in his absence. No, indeed, I have nothing to print: you know they have printed the *Miscellanies* already. Are they on your side yet? If you have my snuff box, I'll have your strong box. Hi, does *Stella* take snuff again? or is it only because it is a fine box? Not the *Meddle*, but the *Medley*, you fool. Yes, yes, a wretched thing, because it is against you *Tories*: now I think it very fine, and the *Examiner* a wretched thing.—Twist your mouth, sirrah. *Guiscard*, and what you will read in the *Narrative*, I ordered to be written, and nothing else. The *Spectator* is written by *Steele*, with *Addison's* help: 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his *Tatlers*, about an *Indian* supposed to write his *Travels* into *England*. I repent

* See Letter 44 in the last Collection of Letters, printed for *Dodsfley* and others.

he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under-hints there are mine too ; but I never see him or *Addison*. The queen is well, but I fear will be no long liver ; for I am told she has sometimes the gout in her bowels (I hate the word *bowels*.) My ears have been, these three months past, much better than any time these two years ; but now they begin to be a little out of order again. My head is better, though not right ; but I trust to air and walking. You have got my letter, but what number ? I suppose 18. Well, my shin has been well this month. No, Mrs. *Westley* came away without her husband's knowledge, while she was in the country : she has written to me for some tea. They lie ; Mr. *Harley*'s wound was very terrible : he had convulsions, and very narrowly escaped. The bruise was nine times worse than the wound : he is weak still. Well, *Brooks* married ; I know all that. I am sorry for Mrs. *Walls*'s eye : I hope 'tis better. O yes, you are great walkers : but I have heard them say, Much talkers, Little walkers : and I believe I may apply the old proverb to you ; If you talkt no more than you walkt, Those that think you wits would be baulkt. Yes, *Stella* shall have a large printed *Bible* : I have put it down among my commissions for *MD*. I am glad to hear you have taken the fancy of intending to read the *Bible*. Pox take the box ; is not it come yet ? This is trusting to your young fellows, young women ; 'tis your fault : I thought you had such power with *Sterne*, that he would fly over *Mount Atlas* to serve you. You say you are not splenetick ; but if you be, faith you will break poor *Presto*'s—I won't say the rest ; but I vow to God, if I could decently

come over now, I would, and leave all schemes of politicks and ambition for ever. I have not the opportunities here of preserving my health by riding, &c. that I have in *Ireland*; and the want of health is a great cooler of making one's court. You guess right about my being bit with a direction from *Walls*, and the letter from *MD*: I believe I described it in one of my last. This goes to-night; and I must now rise and walk to town, and walk back in the evening. God Almighty bless and preserve poor *MD*. Farewel.

Oh faith, don't think, saucy noses, that I'll fill this third side: I can't stay a letter above a fortnight: It must go then; and you would rather see a short one like this, than want it a week longer.

My humble service to the dean, and Mrs. *Walls*, and good kind hearty Mrs. *Stoyte*, and honest *Catherine*.

L E T T E R XXII.

Chelsea, April 28, 1711.

AT night. I say at night, because I finished my twenty-first this morning here, and put it into the post-office my own self, like a good boy. I think I am a little before you now, young women: I am writing my twenty-second, and have received your thirteenth. I got to town between twelve and one, and put on my new gown and periwig, and dined with lord *Abercorn*, where I had not been since the marriage of his son lord *Peasley*, who has got ten thousand pound with a wife. I am now a country gentleman. I walked home as I went, and am a little weary, and am got into bed: I hope in God the air and exercise will do me a little good. I have been enquiring
about

about statues for Mrs. *Ashe*: I made lady *Abercorn* go with me; and will send them word next post to *Clogher*. I hate to buy for her: I'm sure she'll maunder. I am going to study.

29. I had a charming walk to and from town to-day: I washed, shaved and all, and changed gown and periwig, by half an hour after nine, and went to the secretary, who told me how he had differed with his friends in parliament: I apprehended this division, and told him a great deal of it. I went to *Court*, and there several mentioned it to me as what they much disliked. I dined with the secretary; and we proposed doing some business of importance in the afternoon, which he broke to me first, and said how he and Mr. *Harley* were convinced of the necessity of it; yet he suffered one of his under-secretaries to come upon us after dinner, who staid till six, and so nothing was done: and what care I? he shall send to me the next time, and ask twice. Tomorrow I go to the election at *Westminster-school*, where lads are chosen for the *University*: they say 'tis a fight, and a great trial of wits. Our *Expedition Fleet* is but just sailed: I believe it will come to nothing. Mr. secretary frets at their tediousness; but hopes great things from it, though he owns four or five princes are in the secret; and, for that reason, I fear it is no secret to *France*. There are eight regiments; and the admiral is your *Walker's* brother the midwife.

30. Morn. I am here in a pretty pickle: it rains hard; and the cunning natives of *Chelfea* have outwitted me, and taken up all the three stage coaches. What shall I do? I must go to town: this is your fault. I can't walk: I'll bor-

row a coat. This is the blindside of my lodging out of town ; I must expect such inconveniencies as these. Faith I'll walk in the rain. Morrow. —At night. I got a gentleman's chaise by chance, and so went to town for a shilling, and lie this night in town. I was at the election of lads at *Westminster* to-day, and a very silly thing it is ; but they say there will be fine doings to-morrow. I dined with Dr. *Freind*, the second master of the school, with a dozen parsons and others : *Prior* would make me stay. Mr. *Harley* is to hear the election to-morrow ; and we are all to dine with tickets, and hear fine speeches. 'Tis terrible rainy weather again : I lie at a friend's in the city.

May 1. I wish you a merry *May-day*, and a thousand more. I was baulkt at *Westminster* ; I came too late : I heard no speeches nor verses. They would not let me in to their dining place for want of a ticket ; and I would not send in for one, because Mr. *Harley* excused his coming, and *Atterbury* was not there ; and I cared not for the rest : and so my friend *Lewis* and I dined with *Kitt Musgrave*, if you know such a man : and, the weather mending, I walked gravely home this evening ; and so I design to walk and walk till I am well : I fancy myself a little better already. How does poor *Stella* ? *Dingley* is well enough. Go, get you gone, naughty girl, you are well enough. O dear *MD*, contrive to have some share of the country this spring : go to *Fin-glafs*, or *Donnybrook*, or *Clogher*, or *Killala*, or *Lowth*. Have you got your box yet ? Yes, yes. Don't write to me again till this letter goes : I must make haste, that I may write two for one. Go to the *Bath* : I hope you are now at the *Bath*,
if

if you had a mind to go ; or go to *Wexford* : do something for your living. Have you given up my lodging according to order ? I have had just now a compliment from dean *Atterbury*'s lady, to command the garden and library, and whatever the house affords. I lodge just over against them ; but the dean is in town with his convocation : so I have my dean and prolocutor as well as you, young women, though he has not so good wine, nor so much meat.

2. A fine day, but begins to grow a little warm ; and that makes your little fat *Presto* sweat in the forehead. Pray, are not the fine buns sold here in our town ; was it not *Rrrrrrrrrrare Chelsea Buns* ? I bought one to-day in my walk ; it cost me a penny ; it was stale, and I did not like it, as the man said, &c. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*'s ; and had a flask of my *Florence*, which lies in their cellar ; and so I came home gravely, and saw nobody of consequence to-day. I am very easy here, nobody plaguing me in a morning ; and *Patrick* saves many a score lies. I sent over to Mrs. *Atterbury*, To know whether I might wait on her ? but she is gone a visiting : we have exchanged some compliments, but I have not seen her yet. We have no news in our town.

3. I did not go to town to-day, it was so terrible rainy ; nor have I stirred out of my room till eight this evening ; when I cross the way to see Mrs. *Atterbury*, and thank her for her civilities. She would needs send me some veal, and small beer, and ale, to-day at dinner ; and I have lived a scurvy, dull, splenetick day, for want of *MD* : I often thought how happy I could have been, had it rained eight thousand times more,

of *MD* had been with a body. My lord *Rochester* is dead this morning; they say at one o'clock; and I hear he died suddenly. To-morrow I shall know more. He is a great loss to us: I cannot think who will succeed him as lord president. I have been writing a long letter to lord *Peterborow*, and am dull.

4. I dined to-day at lord *Shelburn's*, where lady *Kerry* made me a present of four *India* handkerchiefs, which I have a mind to keep for little *MD*, only that I had rather, &c. I have been a mighty handkerchief-monger, and have bought abundance of snuff ones since I have left off taking snuff. And I am resolved, when I come over, *MD* shall be acquainted with lady *Kerry*: we have struck up a mighty friendship; and she has much better sense than any other lady of your country. We are almost in love with one another: but she is most egregiously ugly; but perfectly well bred, and governable as I please. I am resolved, when I come, to keep no company but *MD*: you know I kept my resolution last time; and, except Mr. *Addison*, conversed with none but you and your club of deans and *Stoytes*. 'Tis three weeks, young women, since I had a letter from you; and yet, methinks, I would not have another for five pound till this is gone; and yet I send every day to the *Coffee-house*, and I would fain have a letter, and not have a letter: and I don't know what, nor I don't know how, and this goes on very slow; 'tis a week to-morrow since I began it. I am a poor country gentleman, and don't know how the world passes. Do you know that every syllable I write I hold my lips just for all the world as if I were talking in our own little language to *MD*. Faith, I am very silly; but I can't help it for my life. I
got

got home early to-night. My solicitors, that used to ply me every morning, knew not where to find me; and I am so happy not to hear *Patrick*, *Patrick*, called a hundred times every morning. But I lookt backward, and find I have said this before. What care I? go to the dean, and roast the oranges.

5. I dined to-day with my friend *Lewis*, and we were deep in politicks how to save the present ministry; for I am afraid of Mr. secretary, as I believe I told you. I went in the evening to see Mr. *Harley*; and, upon my word, I was in perfect joy. Mr. secretary was just going out of the door; but I made him come back, and there was the old *Saturday Club*, lord keeper, lord *Rivers*, Mr. secretary, Mr. *Harley* and I; the first time since his stabbing. Mr. secretary went away; but I staid till nine, and made Mr. *Harley* shew me his breast, and tell all the story: and I shewed him the archbishop of *Dublin's* letter, and defended him effectually. We were all in mighty good humour. Lord keeper and I left them together, and I walkt here after nine two miles, and I found a parson drunk fighting with a seaman, and *Patrick* and I were so wise to part them, but the seaman followed him to *Chelsea*, cursing at him, and the parson flipt into a house, and I know no more. It mortified me to see a man in my coat so overtaken. A pretty scene for one that just came from sitting with the prime ministers: I had no money in my pocket, and so could not be robbed. However, nothing but Mr. *Harley* shall make me take such a journey again. We don't yet know who will be president in lord *Rocheſter's* room. I measured, and found that the penknife would have killed Mr. *Harley*,

if it had gone but half the breadth of my thumb-nail lower ; so near was he to death. I was so curious to ask him what were his thoughts, while they were carrying him home in the chair. He said, he concluded himself a dead man. He will not allow that *Guiscard* gave him the second stab, though my lord keeper, who is blind, and I that was not there, are positive in it. He wears a plaister still as broad as half a crown. Smoak how wide the lines are, but faith I don't do it on purpose : but I have changed my side in this new *Chelsea* bed, and I don't know how, methinks, but it is so unfit, and so awkward, never saw the like.

6. You must remember to inclose your letters in a fair paper, and direct the outside thus ; To *Erasmus Lewis*, Esq; at my lord *Dartmouth's* office at *Whitchall* ; I said so before, but it may miscarry you know, yet I think none of my letters did every miscarry ; faith I think never one ; among all the privateers and the storms : oh faith, my letters are too good to be lost. *MD's* letters may tarry, but never miscarry, as the old woman used to say. And indeed, how should they miscarry, when they never come before their time ? It was a terrible rainy day ; yet I made a shift to steal fair weather over head enough to go and come in. I was early with the secretary, and dined with him afterwards. In the morning I began to chide him, and tell him my fears of his proceedings. But *Arthur Moore* came up and relieved him. But I forgot, for you never heard of *Arthur Moore*. But when I get Mr. *Harley* alone, I will know the bottom. You will have Dr. *Raymond* over before this letter, and what care you ?

7. I hope, and believe my walks every day do me good. I was busy at home, and set out late this morning, and dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, at whose lodgings I always change my gown and periwig. I visited this afternoon, and among others, poor *Biddy Floyd*, who is very red, but I believe won't be much marked. As I was coming home I met Sir *George Beaumont* in the *Pall-mall*, who would needs walk with me as far as *Buckingham* house. I was telling him of my head; he said he had been ill of the same disorder, and by all means forbid me bohea tea; which he said always gave it him; and that Dr. *Radcliffe* said it was very bad. Now I had observed the same thing, and have left it off this month, having found my self ill after it several times; and I mention it, that *Stella* may consider it for her own poor little head: a pound lies ready packt up and directed for Mrs. *Walls*, to be sent by the first convenience. Mr. secretary told me yesterday, that Mr. *Harley* would this week be lord treasurer and a peer, so I expect it every day; yet perhaps it may not be 'till *Parliament* is up, which will be in a fortnight.

8. I was to-day with the duke of *Ormond*, and recommended to him the care of poor *Joe Beaumont*, who promises me to do him all justice and favour, and give him encouragement; and desired I would give a memorial to *Ned Southwell* about it, which I will, and so tell *Joe* when you see him, though he knows it already by a letter I writ to Mr. *Warburton* *. It was bloody hot walking to-day. I dined in the city, and went and came by water; and it rained so this evening

* Dr. *Swift*'s curate at *Laracor*.

again, that I thought I should hardly be able to get a dry hour to walk home in. I'll send to-morrow to the *Coffee-house* for a letter from *MD*; but I would not have one methinks, 'till this is gone, as it shall on *Saturday*. I visited the duchess of *Ormond* this morning; she does not go over with the duke. I spoke to her to get a lad touched for the evil, the son of a grocer in *Caple-street*, one *Bell*, the ladies have bought sugar and plumbs of him. Mrs. *Mary* used to go there often. This is *Patrick's* account; and the poor fellow has been here some months with his boy. But the queen has not been able to touch, and it now grows so warm, I fear she will not at all. Go, go, go to the dean's, and let him carry you to *Donnybrooke*, and cut asparagus. Has *Parvisol* sent you any this year*? I cannot sleep in the beginnings of the nights, the heat or something hinders me, and I am drowsy in the mornings.

9. Dr. *Freind* came this morning to visit *Atterbury's* lady and children as physician, and persuaded me to go with him to town in his chariot. He told me he had been an hour before with Sir *Cholmley Dering*, *Charles Dering's* nephew, and head of that family in *Kent*, for which he is knight of the shire. He said he left him dying of a pistol-shot quite through the body, by one Mr. *Thornhill*. They fought at sword and pistol this morning in *Tuttle-fields*, their pistols so near, that the muzzles touched. *Thornhill* discharged first, and *Dering* having received the shot, discharged his pistol as he was falling, so it went into the air. The story of this quarrel is long. *Thornhill* had lost seven teeth by a kick in the mouth from *Der-*

* From Dr. *Swift's* garden at *Laracor*.

ing, who had first knocked him down ; this was above a fortnight ago. *Dering* was next week to be married to a fine young lady. This makes a noise here, but you won't value it. Well, Mr. *Harley*, lord keeper, and one or two more are to be made lords immediately ; their patents are now passing, and I read the preamble to Mr. *Harley's*, full of his praises. *Lewis* and I dined with *Ford* ; I found the wine ; two flasks of my *Florence*, and two bottles of fix that Dr. *Raymond* sent me of *French* wine ; he sent it to me to drink with Sir *Robert Raymond*, and Mr. *Harley's* brother, whom I had introduced him to ; but they never could find time to come ; and now I have left the town, and it is too late. *Raymond* will think it a cheat. What care I, firrah ?

10. Pshaw, pshaw. *Patrick* brought me four letters to-day ; from *Dilly* at *Bath* ; *Joe* ; *Parvisol* ; and what was the fourth, who can tell ? Stand away, who'll guess ? Who can it be ? You old man with a stick, can you tell who the fourth is from ? I's, an please your honour, it is from one Madam *MD*, Number Fourteen. Well ; but I can't send this away now, because it was here, and I was in town, but it shall go on *Saturday*, and this is *Thursday* night, and it will be time enough for *Wexford*. Take my method : I write here to *Parvisol* to lend *Stella* twenty pound, and to take her note promissary to pay it in half a year, &c. You shall see, and if you want more, let me know afterwards ; and be sure my money shall be always paid constantly too. Have you been good or ill housewives pray ?

11. *Joe* has written to me to get him a collector's place, nothing less ; he says all the world knows

knows of my great intimacy with Mr. *Harley*, and that the smallest word to him will do. This is the constant cant of puppies who are at a distance, and strangers to *Courts* and ministers. My answer is this; which pray send; That I am ready to serve *Joe*, as far as I can; that I have spoken to the duke of *Ormond* about his money, as I writ to *Warburton*; that for the particular he mentions, it is a work of time, which I cannot think of at present. But if accidents and opportunities should happen hereafter, I would not be wanting; that I know best how far my credit goes; that he is at distance, and cannot judge; that I would be glad to do him good; and if *Fortune* throws an opportunity in my way, I shall not be wanting. This is my answer; which you may send or read to him. Pray contrive that *Parvisol* may not run away with my two hundred pound, but get *Burton's* * note, and let the money be returned me by bill. Don't laugh, for I will be suspicious. Teach *Parvisol* to inclose, and direct the outside to Mr. *Lewis*. I will answer your letter in my next, only what I take notice of here excepted. I forgot to tell you, that at the court of requests to-day I could not find a dinner I liked, and it grew late, and I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, &c.

12. Morning. I will finish this letter before I go to town, because I shall be busy, and have neither time nor place there. Farewel, &c. &c. ,

* *Burton*, a banker in *Dublin*.

L E T T E R XXIII:

Chelsea, May 12, 1711.

I SENT you my twenty-second this afternoon in town. I dined with Mr. *Harley* and the old club, lord *Rivers*, lord keeper, and Mr. secretary. They rallied me last week, and said I must have Mr. *St. John's* leave, so I writ to him yesterday, that foreseeing I should never dine again with Sir *Simon Harcourt*, knight, and *Robert Harley*, esq; I was resolved to do it to-day. The jest is, that before *Saturday* next we expect they will be lords: for Mr. *Harley's* patent is drawing to be earl of *Oxford*. Mr. secretary and I came away at seven, and he brought me to our town's end in his coach; so I lost my walk. *St. John* read my letter to the company, which was all raillery, and past purely.

13. It rained all last night and this morning as heavy as lead; but I just got fair weather to walk to town before church. The roads are all over in deep puddle. The hay of our town is almost fit to be mowed. I went to *Court* after church (as I always do on *Sundays*) and then dined with Mr. secretary, who has engaged me for every *Sunday*; and poor *MD* dined at home upon a bit of veal, and a pint of wine. Is it not plaguy insipid to tell you every day where I dine; yet now I have got into the way of it, I cannot forbear it neither. Indeed, Mr. *Preslo*, you had better go answer *MD's* letter, N. 14. I'll answer it when I please, Mr. *Doctor*. What's that you say? The *Court* was very full this morning, expecting Mr. *Harley* would be declared earl of *Oxford*, and have the treasurer's staff. Mr. *Harley* never comes to *Court* at all; somebody there askt me the reason; Why, said

said I, the lord of *Oxford* knows. He always goes to the queen by the back stairs. I was told for certain, your jackanapes, lord *Sautry*, was dead, captain *Cammock* assured me so ; and now he's alive again, they say ; but that shan't do : he shall be dead to me as long as he lives. *Dick Tighe* and I meet and never stir our hats. I am resolved to mistake him for *Witherington*, the little nasty lawyer that came up to me so sternly at the *Castle* the day I left *Ireland*. I'll ask the gentleman I saw walking with him, how long *Witherington* has been in town.

14. I went to town to-day by water. The hail quite discouraged me from walking, and there is no shade in the greatest part of the way : I took the first boat ; and had a footman my companion ; then I went again by water, and dined in the city with a printer, to whom I carried a pamphlet in manuscript, that Mr. secretary gave me. The printer sent it to the secretary for his approbation, and he desired me to look it over, which I did, and found it a very scurvy piece. The reason I tell you so, is because it was done by your parson *Slap, Scrap, Flap*, (what d'ye call him) *Trap*, your chancellor's chaplain. 'Tis called *A Character* of the present set of *Whigs*, and is going to be printed, and no doubt the author will take care to produce it in *Ireland*. Dr. *Freind* was with me, and pulled out a two-penny pamphlet just published, called *The State of Wit*, giving a character of all the papers that have come out of late. The author seems to be a *Whig*, yet he speaks very highly of a paper called the *Examiner*, and says the supposed author of it is Dr. *Swift*. But above all things he praises the *Tatlers* and *Spectators* ; and I believe *Steele* and *Addison* were
privy

privy to the printing of it. Thus is one treated by these impudent dogs. And that villain *Curl* has scraped up some trash, and calls it *Dr. Swift's miscellanies*, with the name at large: and I can get no satisfaction of him. Nay, Mr. *Harley* told me he had read it, and only laughed at me before lord keeper, and the rest. Since I came home I have been sitting with the prolocutor, dean *Atterbury*, who is my neighbour over the way; but generally keeps in town with his convocation, 'Tis late, &c.

15. My walk to town to-day was after ten, and prodigiously hot: I dined with lord *Shelburn*, and have desired Mrs. *Pratt*, who lodges there, to carry over Mrs. *Walls's* tea; I hope she will do it, and they talk of going in a fortnight. My way is this; I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's*, then walk up the *Pall-mall*, through the *Park*, out at *Buckingham-house*, and so to *Chelsea* a little beyond the *Church*: I set out about sun-set, and get here in something less than an hour; it is two good miles and just five thousand seven hundred and forty-eight steps; so there is four miles a day walking, without reckoning what I walk while I stay in town. When I pass the *Mall* in the evening it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry shame at the ladies of *Ireland*, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of no use, but to be laid aside. I have been now almost three weeks here, and I thank God, am much better in my head, if it does but continue. I tell you what, if I was with you, when we went to *Stoyte* at *Donnybrook*, we would only take a coach to the hither end of *Stephen's-Green*, and from thence go every step on foot,

foot, yes faith, every step; it would do: *DD* * goes as well as *Presto*. Every body tells me I look better already; for faith I lookt sadly, that's certain. My breakfast is milk porridge: I don't love it, faith I hate it, but 'tis cheap and wholesome; and I hate to be obliged to either of those qualities for any thing.

16. I wonder why *Presto* will be so tedious in answering *MD*'s letters; because he would keep the best to the last, I suppose. Well, *Presto* must be humoured, it must be as he will have it, or there will be an old to do. Dead with heat, are not you very hot? My walks make my forehead sweat rarely; sometimes my morning journey is by water, as it was to-day with one parson *Richardson*, who came to see me, on his going to *Ireland*; and with him I send Mrs. *Walls*'s tea, and three books I got from the lords of the treasury for the *College* †. I dined with lord *Shelburn* to-day; lady *Kerry* and Mrs. *Pratt* are going likewise for *Ireland*.—Lord I forgot, I dined with Mr. *Prior* to-day, at his house, with dean *Atterbury* and others; and came home pretty late, and I think I'm in a fuzz, and don't know what I say, never saw the like.

17. *Sterne* came here by water to see me this morning, and I went back with him to his boat. He tells me, that Mrs. *Edgworth* married a fellow in her journey to *Chester*; so I believe she little thought of any body's box but her own. I desired *Sterne* to give me directions where to get the

* In this passage *DD* signifies both *Dingley* and *Stella*.

† The University of *Dublin*.

box in *Chester*, which he says he will to-morrow, and I will write to *Richardson* to get it up there as he goes by, and whip it over. It is directed to *Mrs. Curry*: you must caution her of it, and desire her to send it you when it comes. *Sterne* says *Femmy Leigh* loves *London* mightily; that makes him stay so long, I believe, and not *Sterne's* business, which *Mr. Harley's* accident has put much backward. We expect now every day that he will be earl of *Oxford* and lord treasurer. His patent is passing; but they say, lord keeper's not yet, at least his son, young *Harcourt*, told me so t'other day. I dined to-day privately with my friend *Lewis* at his lodgings at *Whitehall*. T'other day at *Whitehall* I met a lady of my acquaintance, whom I had not seen before since I came to *England*; we were mighty glad to see each other, and she has engaged me to visit her, as I design to do. It is one *Mrs. Colledge*: she has lodgings at *Whitehall*, having been seamstress to king *William*, worth three hundred a year. Her father was a fanatick joiner, hanged for treason in *Shaftsbury's* plot. This noble person and I were brought acquainted, some years ago, by lady *Berkeley*. I love good creditable acquaintance: I love to be the worst of the company: I am not of those that say, For want of company welcome trumpery. I was this evening with lady *Kerry* and *Mrs. Pratt* at *Vauxhall*, to hear the nightingals; but they are almost past singing.

18. I was hunting the secretary to-day in vain about some business, and dined with colonel *Crowe*, late governor of *Barbadoes*, and your friend *Sterne* was the third: he is very kind to *Sterne*, and helps him in his business, which lies asleep till *Mr. Harley* is lord treasurer, because nothing of mo-

ment is now done in the treasury, the change being expected every day. I sat with dean *Atterbury* till one o'clock after I came home; so 'tis late, &c.

19. Do you know that about our town we are mowing already and making hay, and it smells so sweet as we walk through the flowry meads; but the hay-making nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing so clean and pretty as further in the country. There is a mighty increase of dirty wenches in straw-hats since I knew *London*. I staid at home till five o'clock, and dined with dean *Atterbury*; then went by water to Mr. *Harley's*, where the *Saturday Club* was met, with the addition of the duke of *Shresbury*. I whispered lord *Rivers*, that I did not like to see a stranger among us; and the rogue told it aloud: but Mr. secretary said, The duke writ to have leave; so I appeared satisfied, and so we laughed. Mr. secretary told me the duke of *Buckingham* had been talking to him much about me, and desired my acquaintance. I answered, It could not be; for he had not made sufficient advances. Then the duke of *Shrewsbury* said, he thought that duke was not used to make advances. I said, I could not help that; for I always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and more from a duke than other men. The duke replied, that he did not mean any thing of his quality; which was handsomely said enough; for he meant his pride: and I have invented a notion to believe that nobody is proud. At ten all the company went away; and from ten till twelve Mr. *Harley* and I sat together, where we talked through a great deal of matters I had a mind to settle with him, and then walked, in a fine moon-shine night, to *Chelsea*, where I got by
one.

one. Lord *Rivers* conjured me not to walk so late; but I would, because I had no other way; but I had no money to lose.

20. By what the lord keeper told me last night, I find he will not be made a peer so soon; but Mr. *Harley's* patent for earl of *Oxford* is now drawing, and will be done in three days. We made him own it, which he did scurvily, and then talkt of it like the rest. Mr. secretary had too much company with him to-day; so I came away soon after dinner. I give no man liberty to swear or talk b—dy, and I found some of them were in constraint, so I left them to themselves. I wish you a merry *Whitsuntide*, and pray tell me how you pass away your time: but faith, you are going to *Wexford*, and I fear this letter is too late; it shall go on *Thursday*, and sooner it cannot, I have so much business to hinder me answering yours. Where must I direct in your absence? Do you quit your lodgings?

21. Going to town this morning, I met in the *Pall-mall* a clergyman of *Ireland*, whom I love very well and was glad to see, and with him a little jackanapes of *Ireland* too, who married *Nanny Swift*, uncle *Adam's* daughter, one *Perry*; perhaps you may have heard of him. His wife has sent him here to get a place from *Lownds*; because my uncle and *Lownds* married two sisters, and *Lownds* is a great man here in the treasury; but by good luck I have no acquaintance with him: however, he expected I should be his friend to *Lownds*, and one word of mine, &c. the old cant. But I will not go two yards to help him. I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, where I keep my best gown and

periwig to put on when I come to town and be a spark.

22. I dined to-day in the city, and coming home this evening, I met Sir *Thomas Mansel* and Mr. *Lewis* in the *Park*. *Lewis* whispered me, that Mr. *Harley's* patent for the earl of *Oxford* was passed in Mr. secretary *St. John's* office; so to-morrow or next day I suppose he will be declared earl of *Oxford*, and have the staff. This man has grown by persecutions, turnings out, and stabbing. What waiting, and crowding, and bowing, will be at his levee? yet, if human nature be capable of so much constancy, I should believe he will be the same man still, bating the necessary forms of grandeur he must keep up. 'Tis late, firrahs, and I'll go sleep.

23. Morning. I fate up late last night, and waked late to-day; but will now answer your letter in bed before I go to town, and I will send it to-morrow; for perhaps you mayn't go so soon to *Wexford*.—No, you are not out in your number; the last was *Number 14*, and so I told you twice or thrice; will you never be satisfied? What shall we do for poor *Stella*? Go to *Wexford*, for God's sake: I wish you were to walk there by three miles a day, with a good lodging at every mile's end. Walking has done me so much good, that I cannot but prescribe it often to poor *Stella*. *Parvisol* has sent me a bill for fifty pounds, which I am sorry for, having not written to him for it, only mentioned it two months ago; but I hope he will be able to pay you what I have drawn upon him for: he never sent me any sum before but one bill of twenty pounds, half a year ago. You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in
the

the world; and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for *MD*'s sake, as hope saved. I suppose you give up your lodgings when you go to *Wexford*; yet that will be inconvenient too: yet I wish again you were under a necessity of rambling the country until *Michaelmas*, faith. No, let them keep the shelves, with a pox; yet they are exacting people about those four weeks, or Mrs. *Brent* may have the shelves, if she please. I am obliged to your dean for his kind offer of lending me money. Will that be enough to say? A hundred people would lend me money, or to any man who has not the reputation of a squanderer. O faith, I should be glad to be in the same kingdom with *MD*, however, although you are at *Wexford*. But I am kept here by a most capricious fate, which I would break through, if I could do it with decency or honour.—To return without some mark of distinction, would look extremely little; and I would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am. I will say no more, but beg you to be easy, 'till *Fortune* take her course, and to believe that *MD*'s felicity is the great end I aim at in all my pursuits. And so let us talk no more on this subject, which makes me melancholy, and that I would fain divert. Believe me, no man breathing at present has less share of happiness in life than I: I do not say I am unhappy at all, but that every thing here is tasteless to me for want of being as I would be. And so, a short sigh, and no more of this. Well, come and let's see what's next, young women. Pox take Mrs. *Edgworth* and *Sterne*: I will take some methods about that box. What orders would you have me give about the picture? Can't you do with it as if it were your own? No, I hope *Manley* will keep his place; for I hear nothing of Sir

Thomas Frankland's losing his. Send nothing under cover to Mr. *Addison*, but to *Erasmus Lewis*, Esq; at my lord *Dartmouth's* office at *Whitehall*. Direct your outside so.—Poor dear *Stella*, don't write in the dark, nor in the light neither, but dictate to *Dingley*; she is a naughty healthy girl, and may drudge for both. Are you good company together? and don't you quarrel too often? Pray, love one another, and kiss one another just now, as *Dingley* is reading this; for you quarrelled this morning just after Mrs. *Marger* had poured water on *Stella's* head: I heard the little bird say so. Well, I have answered every thing in your letter that required it, and yet the second side is not full. I'll come home at night, and say more; and to-morrow this goes for certain. Go, get you gone to your own chambers, and let *Preslo* rise like a modest gentleman, and walk to town. I fancy I begin to sweat less in the forehead by constant walking than I used to do; but then I shall be so sun-burnt, the ladies won't like me. Come, let me rise, sirrahs. Morrow.—At night. I dined with *Ford* to-day at his lodgings, and I found wine out of my own cellar, some of my own chest of the great duke's wine: it begins to turn. They say wine with you in *Ireland* is half a crown a bottle. 'Tis as *Stella* says, nothing that once grows dear in *Ireland* ever grows cheap again, except corn, with a pox, to ruin the parson. had a letter to-day from the archbishop of *Dublin* *, giving me further thanks about vindicating him to Mr. *Harley* and Mr. *St. John*, and telling me a long story about your mayor's election, wherein I find he has had a finger, and given way to fur-

* See the last Collection of Letters, printed by *Dodley* and others, No. 45.

ther talk about him ; but we know nothing of it here yet. This walking to and fro, and dressing my self, takes up so much of my time, that I cannot go among company so much as formerly ; yet what must a body do ? I thank God I yet continue much better since I left the town ; I know not how long it may last. I am sure it has done me some good for the present. I do not totter as I did, but walk firm as a cock, only once or twice for a minute, I don't know how ; but it went off, and I never followed it. Does *Dingley* read my hand as well as ever ? do you, firrah ? Poor *Stella* must not read *Presto's* ugly small hand. Preserve your eyes, If you be wise. Your friend *Walls's* tea will go in a day or two towards *Chester* by one parson *Richardson*. My humble service to her, and to good Mrs. *Stoyte*, and *Catherine* ; and pray walk while you continue in *Dublin*. I expect your next but one will be from *Wexford*. God bless dearest *MD*.

24. Morning. Mr. secretary has sent his groom hither to invite me to dinner to-day, &c. God Almighty for ever bless and preserve you both, and give you health, &c. Amen. Farewel, &c.

Don't I often say the same thing two or three times in the same letter, firrah ?

Great wits, they say, have but short memories ; that's good vile conversation.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Chelsea, May 24, 1711.

MORNING. Once in my life the number of my letters and of the day of the month is the same ; that's lucky, boys ; that's a sign that

things will meet, and that we shall make a figure together. What, will you still have the impudence to say *London, England*, because I say *Dublin, Ireland*? Is there no difference between *London* and *Dublin* saucy boxes? I have sealed up my letter, and am going to town. Morrow, firrahs, —At night. I dined with the secretary to-day; we sat down between five and six. Mr. *Harley's* patent passed this morning: he is now earl of *Oxford*, earl *Mortimer*, and lord *Harley* of *Wigmore-Castle*. My letter was sealed, or I would have told you this yesterday; but the publick news may tell it you. The queen, for all her favour, has kept a rod for him in her closet this week; I suppose he will take it from her though in a day or two. At eight o'clock this evening it rained prodigiously, as it did from five; however I set out, and in half way the rain lessened, and I got home, but tolerably wet; and this is the first wet walk I have had in a month's time that I am here; but however I got to bed, after a short visit to *Atterbury*.

25. It rained this morning, and I went to town by water; and *Ford* and I dined with Mr. *Lewis* by appointment. I ordered *Patrick* to bring my gown and periwig to Mr. *Lewis*, because I designed to go to see lord *Oxford*, and so I told the dog; but he never came, though I staid an hour longer than I appointed; so I went in my old gown, and sat with him two hours, but could not talk over some business I had with him; so he has desired me to dine with him on *Sunday*, and I must disappoint the secretary. My lord set me down at a *Coffee-house*, where I waited for the dean of *Carlisle's* chariot to bring me to *Chelsea*; for it has rained prodigiously all this afternoon. The dean
did

did not come himself, but sent me his chariot, which has cost me two shillings to the coachman; and so I am got home, and Lord knows what is become of *Patrick*. I think I must send him over to you; for he is an intolerable rascal. If I had come without a gown, he would have served me so, though my life and preferment should have lain upon it: and I am making a livery for him will cost me four pounds; but I will order the taylor to-morrow to stop till further orders. My lord *Oxford* can't yet abide to be called My lord; and when I called him My lord, he called me Dr. *Thomas Swift*, which he always does when he has a mind to teaze me. By a second hand, he proposed my being his chaplain, which I by a second hand excused; but we had no talk of it to-day: but I will be no man's chaplain alive. But I must go and be busy.

26. I never saw *Patrick* till this morning, and that only once, for I dressed myself without him; and when I went to town, he was out of the way. I immediately sent for the taylor, and ordered him to stop his hand in *Patrick's* cloaths till further orders. Oh, if it were in *Ireland*, I should have turned him off ten times ago; and it is no regard to him, but myself, that has made me keep him so long. Now I am afraid to give the rogue his cloaths. What shall I do? I wish *MD* were here to intreat for him, just here at the bed's side. Lady *Ashburnham* has been engaging me this long time to dine with her, and I set to-day apart for it; and whatever was the mistake, she sent me word, she was at dinner and undressed, but would be glad to see me in the afternoon; so I dined with Mrs. *Vanhemrigh*, and would not go see her at all, in a huff. My fine *Florence* is turning sour
with

with a vengeance, and I have not drank half of it. As I was coming home to-night, Sir *Thomas Mansel* and *Tom Harley* met me in the *Park*, and made me walk with them till nine, like unreasonable whelps; so I got not here till ten: but it was a fine evening, and the foot-path clean enough already after this hard rain.

27. Going this morning to town, I saw two old lame fellows walking to a brandy-shop, and when they got to the door, stood a long time complimenting who should go in first. Though this be no jest to tell, it was an admirable one to see. I dined to-day with my lord *Oxford* and the ladies, the new countess, and lady *Betty*, who has been these three days a lady born. My lord left us at seven, and I had no time to speak to him about some affairs; but he promises in a day or two we shall dine alone; which is mighty likely, considering we expect every moment that the queen will give him the staff, and then he will be so crowded, he will be good for nothing: for aught I know he may have it to night at council.

28. I had a petition sent me t'other day from one *Stephen Gernon*, setting forth that he formerly lived with *Harry Tenison*, who gave him an employment of gauger; and that he was turned out after *Harry's* death, and came for *England*, and is now starving, or, as he expresses it, that the staff of life has been of late a stranger to his appetite. To-day the poor fellow called, and I knew him very well, a young slender fellow with freckles in his face; you must remember him; he waited at table as a better sort of servant. I gave him a crown, and promised to do what I could to help him to a service, which I did for *Harry Tenison's* memory.

memory. It was bloody hot walking to-day, and I was so lazy I dined where my new gown was, at Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's*, and came back like a fool, and the dean of *Carlisle* has sat with me till eleven. Lord *Oxford* has not the staff yet.

29. I was this morning in town by ten, though it was shaving-day, and went to the secretary about some affairs, then visited the duke and duchess of *Ormond*; but the latter was dressing to go out, and I could not see her. My lord *Oxford* had the staff given him this morning; so now I must call him lord *Oxford* no more, but lord treasurer: I hope he will stick there: this is twice he has changed his name this week; and I heard to-day in the city (where I dined) that he will very soon have the garter.—Prithee, don't you observe how strangely I have changed my company and manner of living? I never go to a *Coffee-house*; you hear no more of *Addison*, *Steele*, *Henley*, lady *Lucy*, Mrs. *Finch*, lord *Somers*, lord *Hallifax*, &c. I think I have altered for the better. Did I tell you, the archbishop of *Dublin* has writ me a long letter of a squabble in your town about chusing a mayor, and that he apprehended some censure for the share he had in it. I have not heard any thing of it here; but I shall not be always able to defend him. We hear your bishop *Hickman* is dead; but nobody here will do any thing for me in *Ireland*; so they may die as fast or slow as they please.—Well, you are constant to your deans, and your *Stoyte*, and your *Walls*. *Walls* will have her tea soon; parson *Richardson* is either going or gone to *Ireland*, and has it with him. I hear Mr. *Lewis* has two letters for me: I could not call for them to-day, but will to-morrow; and perhaps one of them may be from our little

MD,

MD, who knows, man? who can tell? Many more unlikely thing has happened.—Pshaw, I write so plaguy little, I can hardly see it myself. *Write bigger, firrah* * *Presto*. No, but I won't. Oh, you are a saucy rogue, Mr. *Presto*, you are so impudent. Come, dear rogues, let *Presto* go to sleep; I have been with the dean, and 'tis near twelve.

30. I am so hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's*, where my best gown and periwig are, and out of mere listlessness dine there very often, so I did to-day, but I got little *MD's* letter, N. 15. (you see, firrahs, I remember to tell the number) from Mr. *Lewis*, and I read it in a closet they lend me at Mrs. *Van's*, and I find *Stella* is a saucy rogue and a great writer, and can write finely still when her hand's in, and her pen good. When I came here to-night, I had a mighty mind to go swim after I was cool, for my lodging is just by the river, and I went down with only my night-gown and slippers on at eleven, but came up again; however, one of these nights I will venture.

31. I was so hot this morning with my walk, that I resolve to do so no more during this violent burning weather. It is comical, that now we happen to have such heat to ripen the fruit, there has been the greatest blast that was ever known, and almost all the fruit is despaired of. I dined with lord *Shelburn*; lady *Kerry* and Mrs. *Pratt* are going to *Ireland*. I went this evening to lord treasurer, and sat about two hours with him in

* These words in *Italicks* are written in a large round hand.

mixt company ; he left us, and went to *Court*, and carried two staves with him, so I suppose we shall have a new lord steward, or controller to-morrow ; I smoakt that state secret out by that accident. I won't answer your letter yet, firrahs, no I won't, Madam.

June 1. I wish you a merry month of *June*. I dined again with the *Vans* and Sir *Andrew Fountain*. I always give them a flask of my *Florence*, which now begins to spoil, but 'tis near an end. I went this afternoon to Mrs. *Vedeau's*, and brought away Madam *Dingley's* parchment and letter of attorney. Mrs. *Vedeau* tells me, she has sent the bill a fortnight ago. I will give the parchment to *Ben. Tooke*, and you shall send him a letter of attorney at your leisure, inclosed to Mr. *Presto*. Yes, I now think your mackarel is full as good as ours, which I did not think formerly. I was bit about two staves, for there is no new officer made to-day. This letter will find you still in *Dublin*, I suppose, or at *Donnybrook*, or losing your money at *Walls'* (how does she do?)

2. I missed this day by a blunder and dining in the city *.

3. No boats on *Sunday*, never : so I was forced to walk, and so hot by the time I got to *Ford's* lodging, that I was quite spent ; I think the weather is mad. I could not go to church. I dined with the secretary as usual, and old colonel *Graham* that lived at *Bagshot-Heath*, and they said it was colonel *Graham's* house. Pshaw, I remember it very well, when I used to go for a walk to *London*

* This interlined in the original.

from *Moor-park*. What, I warrant you don't remember the golden farmer neither, *Figgarkick Saley*?

4. When must we answer this letter, this *N. 15.* of our little *MD*? Heat and laziness, and Sir *Andrew Fountain* made me dine to-day again at Mrs. *Van's*; and, in short, this weather is insupportable; how is it with you? Lady *Betty Butler*, and lady *Ashburnham* sat with me two or three hours this evening in my closet at Mrs. *Van's*. They are very good girls, and if lady *Betty* went to *Ireland* you should let her be acquainted with you. How does *Dingley* do this hot weather? *Stella*, I think, never complains of it, she loves hot weather. There has not been a drop of rain since *Friday* fennight. Yes, you do love hot weather, naughty *Stella*, you do so, and *Presto* can't abide it. Be a good girl then, and I'll love you; and love one another, and don't be quarrelling girls.

5. I dined in the city to-day, and went from hence early to town, and visited the duke of *Ormond*, and Mr. secretary. They say, my lord treasurer has a dead warrant in his pocket, they mean, a list of those who are to be turned out of employment, and we every day now expect those changes. I past by the treasury to-day, and saw vast crowds waiting to give lord treasurer petitions as he passes by. He is now at the top of power and favour: he keeps no levees yet. I am cruel thirsty this hot weather.—I am just this minute going to swim. I take *Patrick* down with me to hold my night-gown, shirt and slippers, and borrow a napkin of my landlady for a cap.—So farewell till I come up; but there's no danger,
don't

don't be frightened.—I have been swimming this half-hour and more ; and when I was coming out I dived, to make my head and all through wet, like a cold bath ; but as I dived the napkin fell off and is lost, and I have that to pay for. O faith, the great stones were so sharp, I could hardly set my feet on them as I came out. It was pure and warm. I got to bed, and will now go sleep.

6. Morning. This letter shall go to-morrow ; so I will answer yours when I come home to-night. I feel no hurt from last night's swimming. I lie with nothing but the sheet over me, and my feet quite bare. I must rise and go to town before the tide is against me. Morrow, firrahs ; dear firrahs, morrow.—At night. I never felt so hot a day as this since I was born. I dined with lady *Betty Germain*, and there was the young earl of *Berkeley* and his fine lady. I never saw her before, nor think her near so handsome as she passes for.—After dinner Mr. *Bertue* would not let me put ice in my wine ; but said my lord *Dorchester* got the bloody-flux with it, and that it was the worst thing in the world. Thus are we plagued, thus are we plagued ; yet I have done it five or six times this summer, and was but the drier and the hotter for it. Nothing makes me so excessively peevish as hot weather. Lady *Berkeley* after dinner clapt my hat on another lady's head, and she in roguery put it upon the rails. I minded them not ; but in two minutes they called me to the window, and lady *Carteret* shewed me my hat out of her window five doors off, where I was forced to walk to it, and pay her and old lady *Weymouth* a visit, with some more beldames. Then I went and drank coffee, and made one or two puns with lord *Pembroke*, and designed to go to lord-treasurer ;
but

but it was too late, and beside I was half broiled, and broiled without butter ; for I never sweat after dinner, if I drink any wine. Then I sat an hour with lady *Betty Butler* at tea, and every thing made me hotter and drier. Then I walkt home, and was here by ten, so miserably hot, that I was in as perfect a passion as ever I was in my life at the greatest affront or provocation. Then I sat an hour, till I was quite dry and cool enough to go swim ; which I did, but with so much vexation, that I think I have given it over : for I was every moment disturbed by boats, rot them ; and that puppy *Patrick*, standing ashore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call sneakingly to them. The only comfort I proposed here in hot weather is gone ; for there is no jesting with those boats after 'tis dark : I had none last night. I dived to dip my head, and held my cap on with both my hands, for fear of losing it. —Pox take the boats ! Amen. 'Tis near twelve, and so I'll answer your letter (it strikes twelve now) to-morrow morning.

7. Morning. Well, now let us answer *MD's* letter, *N. 15, 15, 15, 15*. Now have I told you the number ? 15, 15 ; there, impudence to call names in the beginning of your letter, before you say, How do you do, Mr. *Presto* ? —There's your breeding. Where's your manners, sirrah, to a gentleman ? Get you gone, you couple of jades. —No, I never sit up late now ; but this abominable hot weather will force me to eat or drink something that will do me hurt. I do venture to eat a few strawberries. —Why then, do you know in *Ireland* that Mr. *St. John* talkt so in parliament ? Your *Whigs* are plaguily bit ; for he is intirely for their being all out. —And are you as

vicious

visious in snuff as ever? I believe, as you say, it does neither hurt nor good; but I have left it off, and when any body offers me their box, I take about a tenth part of what I used to do, and then just smell to it, and privately fling the rest away. I keep to my tobacco still *, as you say; but even much less of that than formerly, only mornings and evenings, and very seldom in the day.—As for *Joe*, I have recommended his case heartily to my lord lieutenant; and, by his direction, given a memorial of it to Mr. *Southwell*, to whom I have recommended it likewise. I can do no more, if he were my brother. His business will be to apply himself to *Southwell*. And you must desire *Raymond*, if *Price* of *Galway* comes to town, to desire him to wait on Mr. *Southwell*, as recommended by me for one of the duke's chaplains, which was all I could do for him; and he must be presented to the duke, and make his court, and ply about and find out some vacancy, and solicit early for it. The bustle about your mayor I had before, as I told you, from the archbishop of *Dublin*. Was *Raymond* not come till *May* 18? So he says fine things of me? Certainly he lies. I'm sure I used him indifferently enough, and we never once dined together, or walkt, or were in any third place, only he came sometimes to my lodgings, and even there was oftener denied than admitted.—What an odd bill is that you sent of *Raymond's*? A bill upon one *Murry* in *Chester*, which depends entirely not only upon *Raymond's*

* He does not mean smoaking, which he never practised, but snuffing up cut-and-dry tobacco, which sometimes was just coloured with *Spanish* snuff; and this he used all his life, but would not own that he took snuff.

honesty, but his discretion : and in money matters he is the last man I would depend on. Why should Sir *Alexander Cairnes* in *London* pay me a bill, drawn by God knows who, upon *Murry* in *Chester* ? I was at *Cairnes's*, and they can do no such thing. I went among some friends, who are merchants, and I find the bill must be sent to *Murry*, accepted by him, and then returned back, and then *Cairnes* may accept or refuse it as he pleases. Accordingly I gave Sir *Thomas Frankland* the bill, who has sent it to *Chester*, and ordered the post-master there to get it accepted, and then send it back, and in a day or two I shall have an answer ; and therefore this letter must stay a day or two longer than I intended, and see what answer I get. *Raymond* should have written to *Murry* at the same time, to desire Sir *Alexander Cairnes* to have answered such a bill, if it come. But *Cairnes's* clerks (himself was not at home) said, they had received no notice of it, and could do nothing ; and advised me to send to *Murry*. — I have been six weeks to-day at *Chelsea*, and you know it but just now. And so dean — thinks I write the *Medley*. Pox of his judgment ; 'tis equal to his honesty. Then you han't seen the *Miscellany* yet. Why, 'tis a four shilling book : has nobody carried it over ? — No, I believe *Manley* will not lose his place : for his friend in *England* is so far from being out, that he has taken a new patent since the post-office act ; and his brother *Jack Manley* here takes his part firmly ; and I have often spoken to *Southwell* in his behalf, and he seems very well inclined to him. But the *Irish* folks here in general are horribly violent against him. Besides, he must consider he could not send *Stella* wine if he were put out. And so he is very kind, and sends you a dozen bottles of
wine

wine *at a time*, and you win eight shillings *at a time*; and how much do you lose? No, no, never one syllable about that, I warrant you.—Why this same *Stella* is so unmerciful a writer, she has hardly left any room for *Dingley*. If you have such *Summer* there as here, sure the *Wexford* waters are good by this time. I forgot what weather we had *May* 6th; go look in my journal. We had terrible rain the 24th and 25th, and never a drop since. Yes, yes, I remember *Berested's* bridge; the coach jolles up and down as one goes that way, just as at *Hockley in the hole*. I never impute any illness or health I have to good or ill weather, but to want of exercise, or ill air, or something I have eaten, or hard study, or sitting up; and so I fence against those as well as I can: but who a deuce can help the weather? *Will Seymor*, the general, was excessively hot with the sun shining full upon him; so he turns to the sun, and says, Hearkee, friend, you had better go and ripen cucumbers than plague me at this rate, &c. Another time fretting at the heat, a gentleman by said, It was such weather as pleased God: *Seymor* said, Perhaps it may; but I'm sure it pleases no body else. Why, madam *Dingley*, the *First-Fruits* are done. *Southwell* told me they went to enquire about them, and lord treasurer said they were done, and had been done long ago. And I'll tell you a secret you must not mention, that the duke of *Ormond* is ordered to take notice of them in his speech in your parliament: and I desire you will take care to say on occasion, that my lord treasurer *Harley* did it many months ago, before the duke was lord lieutenant. And yet I cannot possibly come over yet: so get you gone to *Wexford*, and make *Stella* well.—Yes, yes, I take care not to walk late;

I never did but once, and there are five hundred people on the way as I walk.—*Tisdall* is a puppy, and I will excuse him the half hour he would talk with me. As for the *Examiner*, I have heard a whisper, that after that of this day, which tells what this parliament has done, you will hardly find them so good. I prophecy they will be trash for the future; and methinks in this day's *Examiner* the author talks doubtfully, as if he would write no more. Observe whether the change be discovered in *Dublin*, only for your own curiosity, that's all. Make a mouth there. Mrs. *Vedeau*'s business I have answered, and I hope the bill is not lost. Morrow. 'Tis stewing hot, but I must rise and go to town between fire and water. Morrow, firrahs both, morrow.—At night. I dined to-day with colonel *Crowe*, governor of *Jamaica*, and your friend *Sterne*. I presented *Sterne* to my lord treasurer's brother, and gave him his case, and engaged him in his favour. At dinner there fell the swingingest long shower, and the most grateful to me, that ever I saw: it thundered fifty times at least, and the air is so cool, that a body is able to live; and I walkt home to-night with comfort, and without dirt. I went this evening to lord treasurer, and sat with him two hours, and we were in very good humour, and he abused me, and called me Dr. *Thomas Swift* fifty times: I have told you he does that when he has mind to make me mad. Sir *Thomas Frankland* gave me to-day a letter from *Murry*, accepting my bill; so all is well: only by a letter from *Parvisol*, I find there are some perplexities.—*Joe* has likewise written to me, to thank me for what I have done for him; and desires I would write to the bishop of *Clogher*, that *Tom Ashe* may not hinder his
father

father * from being portrief. I have written, and sent to *Joe* several times, that I will not trouble myself at all about *Trim*. I wish them their liberty; but they do not deserve it: so tell *Joe*, and send to him. I am mighty happy with this rain: I was at the end of my patience, but now I live again. This cannot go till *Saturday*; and perhaps I may go out of town with lord *Shelburn* and lady *Kerry* to-morrow for two or three days. Lady *Kerry* has written to desire it; but to-morrow I shall know further. — O this dear rain, I cannot forbear praising it: I never felt myself to be revived so in my life. It lasted from three till five, hard as a horn, and mixt with hail.

8. Morning. I am going to town, and will just finish this there, if I go into the country with lady *Kerry* and lord *Shelburn*: so morrow, till an hour or two hence. — In town. I met *Cairnes*, who, I suppose, will pay me the money; though he says, I must send him the bill first, and I will get it done in absence. Farewel, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XXV.

Chelsea, June 6, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17,
18, 19, 20.

I HAVE been all this time at *Wicombe*, between *Oxford* and *London*, with lord *Shelburn*, who has the squire's house at the town's end, and an estate there in a delicious country. Lady *Kerry* and

* Even Mr. *Joseph Beaumont*, the son, was at this time an old man, whose grey locks were venerable; consequently his father was very ancient; and yet the father lived until about the year 1719.

Mrs. *Pratt* were with us, and we passed our time well enough; and there I wholly disengaged myself from all publick thoughts, and every thing but *MD*, who had the impudence to send me a letter there; but I'll be revenged: I'll answer it. This day, the 20th, I came from *Wicomb* with lady *Kerry* after dinner, lighted at *Hyde-Park* corner, and walkt: it was twenty-seven miles, and we came it in about five hours.

21. I went at noon to see Mr. secretary at his office, and there was lord treasurer: so I killed two birds, &c. and we were glad to see one another, and so forth. And the secretary and I dined at Sir *William Wyndham's*, who married lady *Catherine Seymour*, your acquaintance, I suppose. There were ten of us at dinner. It seems in my absence they had erected a *Club*, and made me one; and we made some laws to-day, which I am to digest, and add to, against next meeting. Our meetings are to be every *Thursday*: we are yet but twelve: lord keeper and lord treasurer were proposed; but I was against them, and so was Mr. secretary, though their sons are of it, and so they are excluded; but we design to admit the duke of *Shrewsbury*. The end of our *Club* is to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we begin, no other *Club* in this town will be worth talking of. The solicitor-general, Sir *Robert Raymond*, is one of our *Club*; and I ordered him immediately to write to your lord chancellor in favour of Dr. *Raymond*: so tell *Raymond*, if you see him; but I believe this will find you at *Wexford*. This letter will come three weeks after

after the last ; so there is a week lost ; but that is owing to my being out of town ; yet I think it is right, because it goes inclosed to Mr. *Reading* : and why should he know how often *Presto* writes to *MD*, pray ?—I sat this evening with lady *Betty Butler* and lady *Ashburnham*, and then came home by eleven, and had a good cool walk ; for we have had no extream hot weather this fortnight, but a great deal of rain at times, and a body can live and breathe. I hope it will hold so. We had peaches to-day.

22. I went late to-day to town, and dined with my friend *Lewis*. I saw *Will. Congreve* attending at the treasury, by order, with his brethren, the commissioners of the wine licences. I had often mentioned him with kindness to lord treasurer ; and *Congreve* told me, that after they had answered to what they were sent for, my lord called him privately, and spoke to him with great kindness, promising his protection, &c. The poor man said, he had been used so ill of late years, that he was quite astonished at my lord's goodness, &c. and desired me to tell my lord so ; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My lord assured me he esteemed him very much, and would be always kind to him ; that what he said was to make *Congreve* easy, because he knew people talked as if his lordship designed to turn every body out, and particularly *Congreve* ; which indeed was true, for the poor man told me he apprehended it. As I left my lord treasurer, I called on *Congreve* (knowing where he dined) and told him what had passed between my lord and me : so I have made a worthy man easy, and that is a good day's work. I am proposing to my lord to erect a society or academy for correcting and settling

ting our language, that we may not perpetually be changing as we do. He enters mightily into it, so does the dean of *Carlisle*; and I design to write a letter to lord treasurer with the proposals of it, and publish it; and so I told my lord, and he approves it. Yesterday's was a sad *Examiner*, and last week was very indifferent, though some little scraps of the old spirit, as if he had given some hints; but yesterday's is all trash. It is plain the hand is changed.

23. I have not been in *London* to-day: for Dr. *Gastrel* and I dined, by invitation, with the dean of *Carlisle*, my neighbour; so I know not what they are doing in the world, a meer country gentleman. And are not you ashamed both to go into the country just when I did, and stay ten days, just as I did, saucy monkies? But I never rode; I had no horses, and our coach was out of order, and we went and came in a hired one. Do you keep your lodgings when you go to *Wexford*? I suppose you do; for you will hardly stay above two months. I have been walking about our town to-night, and it is a very scurvy place for walking. I am thinking to leave it, and return to town, now the *Irish* folks are gone. *Ford* goes in three days. How does *Dingley* divert herself while *Stella* is riding? work, or read, or walk? Does *Dingley* ever read to you? Had you ever a book with you in the country? Is all that left off? confess. Well, I'll go sleep, 'tis past eleven, and I go early to sleep; I write nothing at night but to *MD*.

24. *Stratford* and I, and pastoral *Phillips*, (just come from *Denmark*) dined at *Ford*'s to-day, who paid his way, and goes for *Ireland* on *Tuesday*.

The

The earl of *Peterborow* is returned from *Vienna* without one servant: he left them scattered in several towns of *Germany*. I had a letter from him, four days ago, from *Hanover**, where he desires I would immediately send him an answer to his house at *Parson's-Green*, about five miles off. I wondered what he meant, till I heard he was come. He sent expressees, and got here before them. He is above fifty, and as active as one of five and twenty. I have not seen him yet, nor know when I shall, or where to find him.

25. Poor duke of *Shrewsbury* has been very ill of a fever: we were all in a fright about him: I thank God, he is better. I dined to-day at lord *Ashburnham's* with his lady, for he was not at home: she is a very good girl, and always a great favourite of mine. *Sterne* tells me, he has desired a friend to receive your box in *Chester*, and carry it over. I fear he will miscarry in his business, which was sent to the treasury before he was recommended; for I was positive only to second his recommendations, and all his other friends failed him. However, on your account, I will do what I can for him to-morrow with the secretary of the treasury.

26. We had much company to day at dinner at lord treasurer's. *Prior* never fails: he is a much better courtier than I; and we expect every day that he will be a commissioner of the customs, and that in a short time a great many more will be turned out. They blame lord treasurer for his slowness in turning people out; but I suppose he has his reasons. They still keep my neighbour

* See this Letter in *Dodley's* Collection, No 46.

Atterbury in suspense about the deamry of *Christ-Church*, which has been above six months vacant, and he is heartily angry. I reckon you are now preparing for your *Wexford* expedition; and poor *Dingley* is full of carking and caring, scolding. How long will you stay? Shall I be in *Dublin* before you return? Don't fall and hurt yourselves, nor overturn the coach. Love one another, and be good girls; and drink *Presto's* health in water, madam *Stella*; and in good ale*, madam *Dingley*.

27. The secretary appointed me to dine with him to-day, and we were to do a world of business: he came at four, and brought *Prior* with him, and had forgot the appointment, and no business was done. I left him at eight, and went to change my gown at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's*; and there was Sir *Andrew Fountain* at ombre with lady *Ashburnham* and lady *Frederick Schomberg*, and lady *Mary Schomberg*, and lady *Betty Butler*, and others, talking; and it put me in mind of the dean, and *Stotye*, and *Walls*, and *Stella* at play, and *Dingley* and I looking on. I staid with them till ten, like a fool. Lady *Ashburnham* is something like *Stella*; so I helped her, and wished her good cards. It is late, &c.

28. Well, but I must answer this letter of our *MD's*. *Saturday* approaches, and I han't written down this side. O faith, *Presto* has been a sort of a lazy fellow: but *Presto* will remove to town this day fennight: the secretary has commanded

* The *Wexford* ale is highly esteemed, which is hinted at in this passage; and the *Wexford* waters were prescribed to *Stella*.

me to do so ; and I believe he and I shall go for some days to *Windsor* ; where he will have leisure to mind some business we have together. To-day, our *Society* (it must not be called a *Club*) dined at Mr. secretary's ; we were but eight, the rest sent excuses, or were out of town. We sat till eight, and made some laws and settlements ; and then I went to take leave of lady *Ashburnham*, who goes out of town to-morrow, as a great many of my acquaintance are already, and left the town very thin. I shall make but short journies this *Summer*, and not be long out of *London*. The days are grown sensibly short already, all our fruit blasted. Your duke of *Ormond* is still at *Chester* ; and perhaps this letter will be with you as soon as he. *Sterne's* business is quite blown up : they stand to it to send him back to the commissioners of the revenue in *Ireland* for a reference, and all my credit could not alter it, though I almost fell out with the secretary of the treasury, who is my lord treasurer's cousin-german, and my very good friend. It seems every step he has hitherto taken hath been wrong ; at least they say so, and that is the same thing. I am heartily sorry for it ; and I really think they are in the wrong, and use him hardly ; but I can do no more.

29. *Steele* has had the assurance to write to me, that I would engage my lord treasurer to keep a friend of his in an employment : I believe I told you how he and *Addison* served me for my good offices in *Steele's* behalf ; and I promised lord treasurer never to speak for either of them again. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined to-day, at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's*. *Dilly Ashe* has been in town this fortnight : I saw him twice ; he was four days at
4
lord

how often did the man light to settle your stirrup ? ride nine miles ? faith you have galloped indeed. Well, but where's the fine thing you promised me ? I have been a good boy, ask *Dingley* else. I believe you did not meet the fine-thing-man : faith you are a cheat. So you'll see *Raymond* and his wife in town. Faith that riding to *Laracor* gives me short sighs, as well as you. All the days I have passed here, have been dirt to those. I have been gaining enemies by the scores, and friends by the couples, which is against the rules of wisdom ; because they say, one enemy can do more hurt, than ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at least, if I get nothing else. And so let *Fate* govern. — Now I think your letter is answered ; and mine will be shorter than ordinary, because it must go to-day. We have had a great deal of scattering rain for some days past, yet it hardly keeps down the dust. — We have plays acted in our town, and *Patrick* was at one of them, oh ho. He was damnably mauled one day when he was drunk ; he was at cuffs with a brother footman, who dragged him along the floor upon his face, which lookt for a week after as if he had the leprosy ; and I was glad enough to see it. I have been ten times sending him over to you ; yet now he has new cloaths, and a laced hat, which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages. — I am to dine to-day with *Dilly* at Sir *Andrew Fountain's*, who has bought a new house, and will be weary of it in half a year. I must rise and shave, and walk to town, unless I go with the dean in his chariot at twelve, which is too late : and I have not seen that lord *Peter-borow* yet. The duke of *Shrewsbury* is almost well again, and will be abroad in a day or two :
what

what care you? There it is now; you don't care for my friends. Farewell, my dearest lives, and delights, I love you better than ever, if possible, as hope saved, I do, and ever will. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together; I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers.—Remember if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it. Yet, I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of considerable men teasing me to solicit for them. And the ministry all use me perfectly well, and all that know them, say they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon *MD*'s love and kindness.—They think me useful; they pretended they were afraid of none but me; and that they resolved to have me; they have often confessed this: yet all makes little impression on me.—Pox of these speculations! They give me the spleen; and that is a disease I was not born to. Let me alone, sirrahs, and be satisfied: I am, as long as *MD* and *Presto* are well: Little wealth, And much health, And a life by stealth: that is all we want; and so farewell, dearest *MD*; *Stella*, *Dingley*, *Presto*, all together, now and for ever all together. Farewell again and again.

L E T T E R XXVI.

Chelsea, June 30, 1711.

SEE what large paper I am forced to take to write to *MD*; *Patrick* has brought me none clipt; but faith the next shall be smaller. I dined to-day, as I told you, with *Dilly* at Sir *Andrew Fountain's*: there were we wretchedly punning, and
writing

writing together to lord *Pembroke*. *Dilly* is just such a puppy as ever ; and it is so uncouth, after so long an intermission. My twentieth-fifth is gone this evening to the post. I think I will direct my next, (which is this) to Mr. *Curry's*, and let them send it to *Wexford*, and then the next inclosed to *Reading*. Instruct me how I shall do. I long to hear from you from *Wexford*, and what sort of place it is. The town grows very empty and dull. This evening I have had a letter from Mr. *Phillips* the pastoral poet, to get him a certain employment from lord treasurer. I have now had almost all the *Whig* poets my solicitors ; and I have been useful to *Congreve*, *Steele*, and *Harrison* : but I will do nothing for *Phillips* ; I find he is more a puppy than ever ; so don't solicit for him. Besides, I will not trouble lord treasurer, unless upon some very extraordinary occasion.

July 1. *Dilly* lies conveniently for me when I come to town from *Chelsea* of a *Sunday*, and go to the secretary's ; so I called at his lodgings this morning, and sent for my gown, and dressed myself there. He had a letter from the bishop, with an account that you were set out for *Wexford* the morning he writ, which was *June 26*, and he had the letter the 30th ; that was very quick : the bishop says, you design to stay there two months or more. *Dilly* had also a letter from *Tom. Ashe*, full of *Irish* news : that your lady *Linden* is dead, and I know not what besides, of Dr. *Coghil* * losing his drab, &c. The secretary
was

* Dr. *Marmaduke Coghil* was judge of the prerogative court in *Ireland*. About this time he courted a lady, and was soon to have been married to her ; but unfortunately

was gone to *Windsor*, and I dined with Mrs. *Van-homrigh*. Lord treasurer is at *Windsor* too; they will be going and coming all *Summer*, while the queen is there, and the town is empty, and I fear I shall be sometimes forced to stoop beneath my dignity, and send to the ale-house for a dinner. Well, firrahs, had you a good journey to *Wexford*? did you drink ale by the way? were you never overturned? how many things did you forget? do you lie on straw in your new town where you are? Cudsho, the next letter to *Presto* will be dated from *Wexford*. What fine company have you there? what new acquaintance have you got? you are to write constantly to Mrs. *Walls* and Mrs. *Stoyte*: and the dean said, Shall we never hear from you? Yes, Mr. dean, we'll make bold to trouble you with a letter. Then at *Wexford*; when you meet a lady; Did your waters pass well this morning, madam? Will *Dingley* drink them too? Yes, I warrant; to get her a stomach. I suppose you are all gamesters at *Wexford*. Don't lose your money, firrah, far from home. I believe I shall go to *Windsor* in a few days; at least, the secretary tells me so. He has a small house there, with just room enough for him and me; and I would be satisfied to pass a

unfortunately a cause was brought to trial before him, wherein a man was sued for beating his wife. When the matter was agitated, the Doctor gave his opinion, That although a man had no right to beat his wife unmercifully, yet that, with such a little cane or switch as he then held in his hand, a husband was at liberty, and was invested with a power, to give his wife moderate correction: which opinion determined the lady against having the doctor. He died an old man and a batchelor, about thirty years ago.

few days there sometimes. Sirrahs, let me go to sleep, 'tis past twelve in our town.

2. *Sterne* came to me this morning, and tells me he has yet some hopes of compassing his business: he was with *Tom. Harley*, the secretary of the treasury, and made him doubt a little he was in the wrong; the poor man tells me, it will almost undo him, if he fails. I called this morning to see *Will. Congreve*, who lives much by himself, is forced to read for amusement, and cannot do it without a magnifying-glass. I have set him very well with the ministry, and I hope he is in no danger of losing his place. I dined in the city with *Dr. Freind*, not among my merchants, but with a scrub instrument of mischief of mine, whom I never mentioned to you, nor am like to do. You two little saucy *Wexfordians*, you are now drinking waters. You drink waters! you go fiddlestick. Pray God send them to do you good; if not, faith next *Summer* you shall come to the *Bath*.

3. Lord *Peterborow* desired to see me this morning at nine; I had not seen him before since he came home. I met Mrs. *Manley* there, who was soliciting him to get some pension or reward for her service in the cause, by writing her *Atalantis*, and prosecution, &c. upon it. I seconded her, and hope they will do something for the poor woman. My lord kept me two hours upon politics: he comes home very sanguine; he has certainly done great things at *Savoy* and *Vienna*, by his negotiations: he is violent against a Peace, and finds true what I writ to him, That the ministry seems for it. He reasons well;
yet

yet I am for a Peace *. I took leave of lady *Kerry*, who goes to-morrow for *Ireland*; she picks up lord *Shelburn* and Mrs. *Pratt* at lord *Shelburn's* house. I was this evening with lord treasurer; *Tom. Harley* was there; and whispered me that he began to doubt about *Sterne's* business; I told him he would find he was in the wrong. I sat two or three hours at lord treasurer's; he rallied me sufficiently upon my refusing to take him into our *Club*; told a judge who was with us, that my name was *Thomas Swift*. I had a mind to prevent Sir *H. Bellasis* going to *Spain*, who is a most covetous curr, and I fell a railing against avarice, and turned it so that he smoakt me, and named *Bellasis*. I went on, and said it was a shame to send him, to which he agreed, but desired I would name some who understood business, and do not love money, for he could not find them. I said, there was something in a treasurer different from other men; that we ought not to make a man a bishop who does not love divinity, or a general who does not love war; and I wondered why the queen would make a man lord treasurer who does not love money. He was mightily pleased with what I said. He was talking of the *First-Fruits* of *England*: and I took occasion to tell him, that I would not for a thousand pounds, any body but he had got them for *Ireland*, who got them for *England* too. He bid me consider what a thousand pounds was; I said, I would have him to know, I valued a thousand pounds as little as he valued a million.—Is it not silly to write all this? but it gives you an idea what our conversation is with mixt company. I have taken a lodg-

* These words, written in confidence to *Stella*, deserve our notice.

ing in *Suffolk-street*, and go to it on *Thursday*; and design to walk the *Park* and the town to supply my walking here: yet I will walk here sometimes too, in a visit now and then to the dean. When I was almost at home, *Patrick* told me he had two letters for me, and gave them to me in the dark, yet I could see one of them was from saucy *MD*. I went to visit the dean for half an hour; and then came home, and first read the other letter, which was from the bishop of *Clogher*, who tells me the archbishop of *Dublin* mentioned in a full assembly of the clergy, the queen's granting the *First-Fruits*; said it was done by the lord treasurer; and talked much of my merit in it: but reading your's I find nothing of that: perhaps the bishop lies, out of a desire to please me. I dined with Mrs. *Vanhamrigh*. Well, firrahs, you are gone to *Wexford*, but I'll follow you.

4. *Sterne* came to me again this morning to advise about reasons and memorials he is drawing up; and we went to town by water together; and having nothing to do, I stole into the city to an instrument of mine, and then went to see poor *Patty Rolt*, who has been in town these two months with a cousin of hers. Her life passes with boarding in some country town as cheap as she can, and when she runs out, shifting to some cheaper place, or coming to town for a month. If I were rich I would ease her, which a little thing would do. Some months ago I sent her a guinea, and it patched up twenty circumstances. She is now going to *Berkhamstead* in *Hertfordshire*. It has rained and hailed prodigiously to-day, with some thunder. This is the last night I lie at *Chelsea*; and I got home early, and sat two hours with

with the dean, and eat victuals, having had a very scurvy dinner. I'll answer your letter when I come to live in town. You shall have a fine *London* answer : but first I'll go sleep, and dream of *MD*.

London, July 5. This day I left *Chelsea* for good (that's a genteel phrase) and am got into *Suffolk-Street*. I dined to-day at our *Society*, and we are adjourned for a month, because most of us go into the country : we dined at lord keeper's with young *Harcourt*, and lord keeper was forced to sneak off, and dine with lord treasurer, who had invited the secretary and me to dine with him ; but we scorned to leave our company, as *George Granville* did, whom we have threatened to expel : however, in the evening I went to lord treasurer, and, among other company, found a couple of judges with him ; one of them, judge *Powel*, an old fellow with gray hairs, was the merriest old gentleman I ever saw, spoke pleasant things, and laughed and chuckled till he cried again. I staid till eleven, because I was not now to walk to *Chelsea*.

6. An ugly rainy day ; I was to visit Mrs. *Barton*, then called at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's*, where Sir *Andrew Fountain* and the rain kept me to dinner ; and there did I loiter all the afternoon, like a fool, out of perfect laziness, and the weather not permitting me to walk : but I'll do so no more. Are your waters at *Wexford* good in this rain ? I long to hear how you are established there, how and whom you visit, what is your lodging, what are your entertainments. You are got far southwards ; but I think you must eat no fruit while you drink the waters. I eat some

Kentish cherries t'other day, and I repent it already; I have felt my head a little disordered. We had not a hot day all *June*, or since, which I reckon a mighty happiness. Have you left a direction with *Reading* for *Wexford*? I will, as I said, direct this to *Curry's*, and the next to *Reading*, or suppose I send this at a venture straight to *Wexford*? It would vex me to have it miscarry. I had a letter to-night from *Parvisol*, that *White* has paid me most of my remaining money; and another from *Joe*, that they have had their election at *Trim*, but not a word of who is chosen portrieve. Poor *Joe* is full of complaints, says he has enemies, and fears he will never get his two hundred pounds, and I fear so too, although I have done what I could — I'll answer your letter when I think fit, when saucy *Presto* thinks fit, sirrahs. I an't at leisure yet; when I have nothing to do, perhaps I may vouchsafe. — O Lord, the two *Wexford* ladies; I'll go dream of you both.

7. It was the dismallest rainy day I ever saw; I went to the secretary in the morning, and he was gone to *Windsor*. Then it began raining, and I struck in to Mrs. *Vanbomrigh's*, and dined, and staid till night very dull and insipid. I hate this town in *Summer*; I'll leave it for a while if I can have time.

8. I have a fellow of your town, one *Tisdall*, lodges in the same house with me. *Patrick* told me, *Squire Tisdall* and his lady lodged here; I pretended I never heard of him, but I knew his ugly face, and saw him at church in the next pew to me, and he often looked for a bow, but it would not do. I think he lives in *Capel street*,
and

and has an ugly fine wife in a fine coach. Dr. *Freind* and I dined in the city by invitation, and I drank punch, very good, but it makes me hot. People here are troubled with agues by this continuance of wet cold weather; but I am glad to find the season so temperate. I was this evening to see *Will. Congreve*, who is a very agreeable companion.

9. I was to-day in the city, and dined with Mr. *Stratford*, who tells me Sir *Alexander Cairnes* makes difficulties about paying my bill, so that I cannot give order yet to *Parvise* to deliver up the bond to Dr. *Raymond*. To-morrow I shall have a positive answer: that *Cairnes* is a shuffling scoundrel; and several merchants have told me so: what can one expect from a *Scot* and a fanatick? I was at *Bateman's* the bookseller's, to see a fine old library he has bought; and my fingers itched, as yours would do at a china-shop; but I resisted, and found every thing too dear, and I have fooled away too much money that way already. So go and drink your waters, saucy rogue, and make your self well; and pray walk while you are there: I have a notion there is never a good walk in *Ireland**. Do you find all places without trees? Pray observe the inhabitants about *Wexford*; they are old *English*; see what they have particular in their manners, names, and language: magpies have been always there, and no where else in *Ireland*†, till of late years. They say the cocks and dogs go to sleep at noon, and so do the people.

* In *Ireland* there are not public paths from place to place, as in *England*.

† They are now common every where.

Write your travels, and bring home good eyes, and health.

10. I dined to-day with lord treasurer : we did not sit down till four. I dispatched three businesses with him, and forgot a fourth. I think I have got a friend an employment ; and besides I made him consent to let me bring *Congreve* to dine with him. You must understand I have a mind to do a small thing, only turn out all the queen's physicians ; for in my conscience they will soon kill her among them. And I must talk over that matter with some people. My lord treasurer told me, the queen and he between them have lost the paper about the *First-Fruits* ; but desires I will let the bishops know it shall be done with the first opportunity.

11. I dined to-day with neighbour *Van*, and walkt pretty well in the *Park* this evening. *Stella*, hussy, don't you remember, firrah, you used to reproach me about meddling in other folks affairs. I have enough of it now : two people came to me to-night in the *Park* to engage to speak to lord treasurer in their behalf ; and I believe they make up fifty who have asked me the same favour. I am hardened, and resolve to trouble him, or any other minister, less than ever. And I observe those who have ten times more credit than I, will not speak a word for any body. I met yesterday the poor lad I told you of, who lived with Mr. *Tenison*, who has been ill of an ague ever since I saw him. He lookt wretchedly, and was exceeding thankful for half a crown I gave him. He had a crown from me before.

12. I dined to-day with young *Manley* in the city, who is to get me out a box of books and a hamper of wine from *Hamburgh*. I enquired of Mr. *Stratford*, who tells me that *Cairnes* has not yet paid my two hundred pounds, but shams and delays from day to day. Young *Manley's* wife is a very indifferent person of a young woman, goggle eyed, and looks like a fool: yet he is a handsome fellow, and married her for love after long courtship, and she refused him until he got his last employment.—I believe I shall not be so good a boy for writing as I was, during your stay at *Wexford*, unless I may send my letters every second time to *Curry's*; pray, let me know. This, I think, shall go there, or why not to *Wexford* itself? That's right, and so it shall this next *Tuesday*, although it costs you ten pence. What care I?

13. This toad of a secretary is come from *Windsor*, and I can't find him; and he goes back on *Sunday*, and I can't see him to-morrow. I dined scurvily to-day with Mr. *Lewis* and a parson; and then went to see lord treasurer, and met him coming from his house in his coach: he smiled, and I shrugged, and we smookt each other; and so my visit is paid. I now confine myself to see him only twice a week: he has invited me to *Windsor*, and betwixt two stools, &c. I'll go live at *Windsor*, if possible, that's pozzz. I have always the luck to pass my *Summer* in *London*. I called this evening to see poor Sir *Matthew Dudley*, a commissioner of the customs; I know he is to be out for certain: he is in hopes of continuing: I would not tell him bad news, but advised him to prepare for the worst. *Dilly* was with me this morning, to invite me to dine at
Kensington

Kensington on Sunday with lord *Mountjoy*, who goes soon for *Ireland*. Your late chief justice *Broderick* is here, and they say violent as a tiger. How is party among you at *Wexford*? Are the majority of ladies for the late or present ministry? Write me *Wexford* news, and love *Presto*, because he's a good bby.

14. Although it was shaving-day I walkt to *Chelsea*, and was there by nine this morning; and the dean of *Carlisle* and I crost the water to *Battersea*, and went in his chariot to *Greenwich*, where we dined at Dr. *Gastrell*'s, and passed the afternoon at *Lewsham*, at the dean of *Canterbury*'s; and there I saw *Moll Stanhope*, who is grown monstrously tall, but not so handsome as formerly. It is the first little rambling journey I have had this *Summer* about *London*, and they are the agreeablest pastimes one can have, in a friend's coach, and to good company. Bank stock is fallen three or four *per cent.* by the whispers about the town of the queen's being ill, who is however very well.

15. How many books have you carried with you to *Wexford*? What, not one single book? Oh, but your time will be so taken up; and you can borrow of the parson. I dined to-day with Sir *Andrew Fountain* and *Dilly* at *Kensington* with lord *Mountjoy*; and in the afternoon *Stratford* came there, and told me my two hundred pounds was paid at last; so that business is over, and I am at ease about it: and I wish all your money was in the bank too. I'll have my t'other hundred pounds there, that is in *Hawkshaw*'s hands. Have you had the interest of it paid yet? I ordered *Parvisol* to do it. What makes *Presto* write so crooked? I'll answer your letter to-morrow, and
send

send it on *Tuesday*. Here's hot weather come again, yesterday and to-day; fine drinking waters now. We had a sad pert dull parson at *Kensington* to-day. I almost repent my coming to town: I want the walks I had.

16. I dined in the city to-day with a hedge acquaintance, and the day passed without any consequence. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

17. Morning. I have put your letter before me, and am going to answer it. Hold your tongue: stand by. Your weather and ours were not alike; we had not a bit of hot weather in *June*, yet you complain of it on the 19th day. What, you used to love hot weather then? I could never endure it: I detest and abominate it. I would not live in a hot country to be king of it. What a splutter you keep about my bonds with *Raymond*, and all to affront *Presto*? *Presto* will be suspicious of every thing but *MD*, in spite of your little nose. Soft and fair, madam *Stella*, how you gallop away in your spleen and your rage about repenting my journey, and preferment here, and six-pence a dozen, and nasty *England*, and *Laracor* all my life. Hey dazy, will you never have done? I had no offers of any living. Lord keeper told me some months ago, he would give me one when I pleased; but I told him, I would not take any from him: and the secretary told me t'other day, he had refused a very good one for me; but it was in a place he did not like; and I know nothing of getting any thing here, and, if they would give me leave, I would come over just now. *Addison*, I hear, has changed his mind about going over; but I have not seen him these four months.——O aye, that's true, *Dingley*;

that's like herself: millions of businesses to do before she goes. Yes, my head has been pretty well, but threatening within these two or three days, which I impute to some fruit I ate; but I will eat no more: not a bit of any sort. I suppose you had a journey without dust, and that was happy. I long for a *Wexford* letter; but must not think of it yet: your last was finished but three weeks ago. It is d—d news you tell me of Mrs. F——; it makes me love *England* less a great deal. I know nothing of the trunk being left or taken; so 'tis odd enough, if the things in it were mine; and I think I was told that there are some things for me, that my mother left particularly to me. I am really sorry for ——; that scoundrel —— will have his estate after his mother's death. Let me know if Mrs. *Walls* has got her tea: I hope *Richardson* staid in *Dublin* till it came. Mrs. *Walls* needed not have that blemish in her eye; for I am not in love with her at all. No, I don't like any thing in the *Examiner* after the 45th, except the first part of the 46th; all the rest is trash; and if you like them, especially the 47th, your judgment is spoiled by ill company and want of reading; which I am more sorry for than you think: and I have spent fourteen years in improving you to little purpose. (Mr. *Tooke* is come here, and I must stop.)—At night. I dined with lord treasurer to-day, and he kept me till nine; so I cannot send this to-night, as I intended, nor write some other letters. *Green*, his surgeon, was there, and dressed his breast; that is, put on a plaister, which is still requisite: and I took an opportunity to speak to him of the queen; but he cut me short with this saying, *Laissez faire a Don Antoine*; which is a *French* proverb, expressing, *Leave that to me*. I find he is against her taking
much

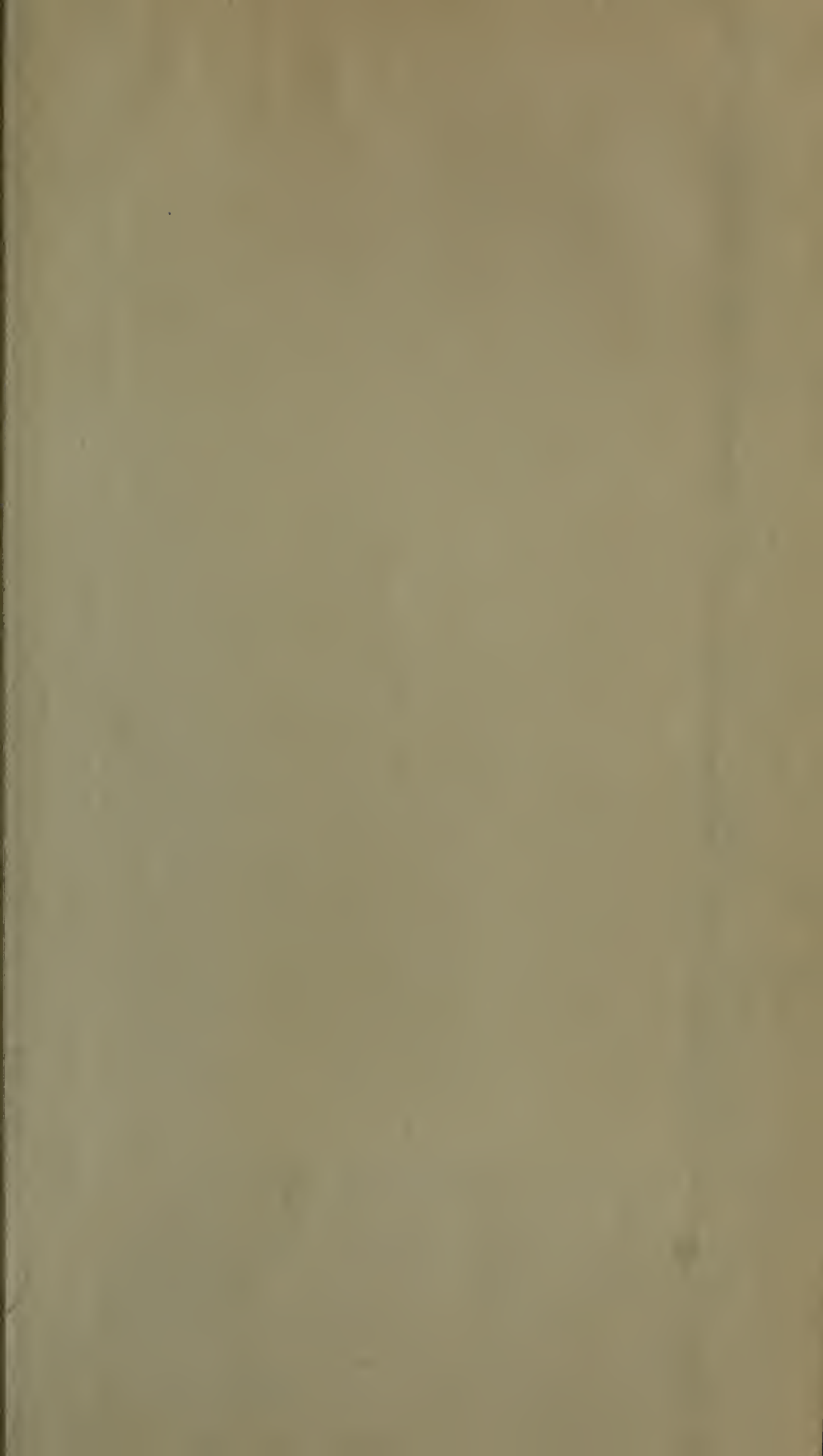
much physick ; and I doubt he cannot persuade her to take Dr. *Radcliffe*. However, she is very well now, and all the story of her illness, except the first day or two, was a lie. We had some business, that company hindered us from doing, though he is earnest for it, yet would not appoint me a certain day, but bids me come at all times till we can have leisure. This takes up a great deal of my time, and I can do nothing I would do for them. I was with the secretary this morning, and we both think to go to *Windsor* for some days, to dispatch an affair, if we can have leisure. *Sterne* met me just now in the street by his lodgings, and I went in for an hour to *Jemmy Leigh*, who loves *London* dearly : he asked after you with great respect and friendship.—To return to your letter. Your bishop *Mills* hates me mortally : I wonder he should speak well of me, having abused me in all places where he went. So you pay your way. *Cudtho* : you had a fine supper, I warrant ; two pullets, and a bottle of wine, and some currants.—It is just three weeks to-day since you set out to *Wexford* ; you were three days going, and I don't expect a letter these ten days yet, or rather this fortnight. I got a grant of the *Gazette* for *Ben Tooke* this morning from Mr. secretary : it will be worth him a hundred pounds a year.

18. To-day I took leave of Mrs. *Barton*, who is going into the country ; and I dined with Sir *John Stanley*, where I have not been this great while. There dined with us lord *Rochester*, and his fine daughter, lady *Jane*, just growing a top toast. I have been endeavouring to save Sir *Matthew Dudley*, but fear I cannot. I walkt the *Mall* six times to-night for exercise, and would have done

done more; but as empty as the town is, a fool got hold of me, and so I came home, to tell you this shall go to-morrow, without fail, and follow you to *Wexford*, like a dog.

19. Dean *Atterbury* sent to me to dine with him at *Chelsea*: I refused his coach, and walkt, and am come back by seven, because I would finish this letter, and some others I am writing. *Patrick* tells me, the maid says one Mr. *Walls*, a clergyman, a tall man, was here to visit me. Is it your *Irish* archdeacon? I shall be sorry for it; but I shall make shift to see him seldom enough, as I do *Dilly*. What can he do here? or is it somebody else? The duke of *Newcastle* is dead by the fall he had from his horse. God send poor *Stella* her health, and keep *MD* happy. Farewel, and love *Presto*, who loves *MD* above all things ten million of times. God blefs the dear *Wexford* girls. Farewel again, &c. &c.

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